№ CS71.L58 1928

GIVEN BY

Knapp Fund

MEMOIRS OF THE

LEONARD, THOMPSON AND HASKELL

FAMILIES

Of this book one thousand copies have been printed of which this is No. 41

MEMOIRS OF THE LEONARD, THOMPSON, AND HASKELL FAMILIES

With Their Collateral Families of

Alden, Andrews, Bell, Bourne, Brooks, Brown, Bryant, Chipman, Cooke, Crossman, Goodell, Goodenough, Gorham, Hall, Hathaway, Hicks, Hinckley, Hodges, Howland, Jenny, Kingsley, Lincoln, Merrick, Otis, Packard, Paine, Pearl, Phillips, Price, Smith, Sturtevant, Swift, Thomas, Wadsworth, White, Wood and many others

By

CAROLINE LEONARD GOODENOUGH

974.306

This shall be written for the generations to come.
PSALMS 102:18

If it is done well, and fitting it is that which I designed, but if slenderly and meanly it is that which I could attain to.
II MACCABEES II:38

8215

Published By The Author

1928

*CS71
.258
1928

COPYRIGHT 1928
AUBREY WARD GOODENOUGH

Knapp
Feb. 27, 1928

Printed at
THE ANTIOCH PRESS
Yellow Springs
Ohio

Mary Hall Leonard—1847-1921

Mary Hall Leonard.

TO MY TALENTED SISTER

MARY HALL LEONARD

whose indefatigable researches have furnished the data upon which this memorial is largely based, and

To my Posterity

now living and to come, in the hope that these pages will stimulate them to live worthy of their memorable ancestry, this book is affectionately inscribed.

"After completing a book for one now dead.

(O earth and autumn of the setting sun,
She is not by to know my task is done)
(. . . . farewell . . . . farewell . . . . farewell)
We dare not think too long on those who died
While still so many yet must come to birth."

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD
in *"Indian Summer."*

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Boston Public Library

http://www.archive.org/details/memoirsofleonard00good

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

CHAPTER I

Introductory 1

CHAPTER II

Our Leonard Quarter—Bridgewater Division 2

CHAPTER III

Our Leonard Quarter—Taunton Division 11

CHAPTER IV

Our First James Leonard Line 25

CHAPTER V

Our Second James Leonard Line 28

CHAPTER VI

Confluence of the Bridgewater and Taunton Leonards 31

CHAPTER VII

Children of David and Mary Hall Leonard 35

CHAPTER VIII

Our Haskell Quarter 53

CHAPTER IX

Confluence of the Leonards and Haskells 71

CHAPTER X

Our Isaac Thompson Quarter 81

CHAPTER XI

Confluence of the Thompsons and Haskells 88

CHAPTER XII

Our Nancy Thompson Quarter 103

CHAPTER XIII

First and Second Confluences of the Leonards and Thompsons 120

CHAPTER XIV
Third Confluence of Leonards and Thompsons 129

CHAPTER XV
Children of James and Jane Leonard 133

CHAPTER XVI
Later Descendants of James and Jane Leonard 154

CHAPTER XVII
Our Baronial Ancestry 172

CHAPTER XVIII
Our Royal Ancestry 184

CHAPTER XIX
Our Lincoln Ancestry 204

CHAPTER XX
Our Huguenot Ancestry 209

CHAPTER XXI
Our Pilgrim Ancestry 210

Index of Persons 233

Index of Places 245

ADDENDA

CHAPTER XXII
Summaries and Remarks 249

CHAPTER XXIII
A House of Memories 261

CHAPTER XXIV
Genealogical Tables 267

Epilogue—Oration by H. D. Goodenough 342

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Picture and Autograph of Author ..... *Frontispiece*

Picture and Autograph of Mary Hall Leonard ..... *Dedication Page*

James Keith and Joseph Leonard House ..... *opp. p.* 7

Dr. Jonathan Leonard of Sandwich ..... *opp. p.* 9

King Philip Signing Treaty at Taunton ..... *opp. p.* 13

Two George Leonards of Norton ..... *opp. p.* 15

John Williams House at Deerfield ..... *opp. p.* 17

Historic Green, Taunton ..... *opp. p.* 19

Bishop Abiel Leonard and Memorial Home .... *opp. p.* 21

Two Family Historians, Wm. A. Leonard and Fanny L. Koster ..... *opp. p.* 24

Heading of Thos. Leonard's Mourning Eulogy ... *page* 27

Lillian Russell (Helen Louise Leonard) ..... *opp. p.* 28

David, Mary, Geo. W. and Clementina Leonard, and John Hay ..... *opp. p.* 37

Leonard Coat of Arms ..... *page* 52

George E. Haskell at Haskell Field ..... *opp. p.* 55

Lot Haskell House and Rochester Church ..... *opp. p.* 67

Front Door of Mrs. Louisa Nevius ..... *page* 70

Elkanah Leonard's House and Autograph ..... *page* 80

Cephas Thompson and Thompson Coat of Arms . *opp. p.* 83

Hon. Isaac Thompson ..... *opp. p.* 86

Lucy Sturtevant Thompson ..... *opp. p.* 86

Joanna, Lucia, Zebulon, Abigail and Ezra Thompson ..... *opp. p.* 97

Haskell Coat of Arms ..... *page* 102

Abigail Crossman ..... *opp. p.* 110

Nancy Thompson and Caleb F. Leonard ..... *opp. p.* 118

The First Thanksgiving Day ..... *page* 119

Scotland Church, Ebenezer Gay, Howland Grave, *opp. p.* 123

Caroline Leonard Ward ..... *opp. p.* 126

James, Jane, Jennie, Joseph, Charles and Richard Leonard ..... *opp. p.* 129

Emma, Elizabeth, Clara, Edith Leonard and Dr. Fisher ..... *opp. p.* 137

Sitting-room and Dining-room of Rochester Home ..... *opp. p.* 146

Herbert and Charles Goodenough and Travelling in South Africa ..... *opp. p.* 151

Leonard Homestead by Nipenicket ..... *page* 153

Leonard, Harold, Aubrey, and Carolyn Goodenough ..... *opp. p.* 162

Edith Goodenough and Rochester Home ..... *opp. p.* 170

Ruin of Hurstmonceaux and Tomb of Dacres .. *opp. p.* 174

John Leonard ..... *opp. p.* 177

Daniel Leonard and Hurstmonceaux Castle ... *opp. p.* 178

Samson Leonard and Lady Margaret ..... *opp. p.* 182

St. Leonard and Symbols ..... *page* 183

Alfred the Great in Camp of Danes ..... *opp. p.* 189

The Huguenot Lovers ..... *opp. p.* 209

John Alden House and Return of Mayflower ... *opp. p.* 211

Robinson Prayer at Embarkation of Pilgrims . *opp. p.* 218

Howland House and Kingston Site ..... *opp. p.* 223

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

In September 1842 a newly married couple, James Madison Leonard and Jane Thompson Leonard began their wedded life in the ancestral Leonard farm-house by the Lake Nipenicket in that part of Bridgewater, Massachusetts known as Scotland. With them lived for many years until her death in 1863, Nancy Thompson Leonard, the mother of the bridegroom. Eight children were born to this pair, of whom my sister, Edith Leonard, and myself are the only survivors. This book is an attempt to trace the various ancestral connections of this family, and to bring to light their most interesting details.

Every human being has four grandparents. These have been collectively designated as his four quarters. Each of the four has long lines of ancestry, male and female, stretching back into the mysterious past. Each of us, although a composite of his ancestors, is yet a different individual from any of them, a new blending of inherited characteristics formed by a fresh turn of the kaleidoscope of life.

Mary Hall Leonard has traced eighty-four of our ancestral lines, some for a few links only, others a long chain: some ancestors are colorless, our knowledge of them being limited to a name, in a succession of names, and one or more dates; of other ancestors we know sufficient to be stirred either to sympathy for their sorrows, or to a thrill for their achievements or nobility.

We have a Leonard Quarter, a Haskell Quarter, an Isaac Thompson Quarter, and a Nancy Thompson Quarter, with each of which the following chapters deal, together with their various confluences and collaterals.

ERRATA

Add to List of Illustrations:

Home of Caroline L. Ward and Ruins of Raynham Forge ..... *opp. p.* 11

Fairhaven Academy and Schoolroom ..... *opp. p.* 88

Abiah Haskell Thompson ..... *opp. p.* 90

On plate opposite page 129 read "James" in place of "Joseph" Leonard.

CHAPTER II

OUR LEONARD QUARTER, BRIDGEWATER DIVISION

"I have taken pains to leave something in writing that my children and their children may have a good degree of information of the family affairs that have taken place in my time and in the times of my ancestors as far as I could obtain information, and I very much regret that my ancestors did not pursue a similar method. I should have considered such documents and notations as a very valuable legacy.

From the Memoirs of ABRAHAM HOLMES

THE Bridgewater Leonards were descended from the immigrant Solomon Leonard who was born about 1610 in Monmonthshire, England, which was formerly a part of Wales, but ceded to England by King Henry VIII in the early part of the sixteenth century. Solomon was a dissenter from the church of England, who went in early life to Leyden, Holland, doubtless like the other separatist exiles there, to escape the religious persecutions then prevalent in England.

Solomon came to America about 1630—probably John Fobes from Scotland was on the same ship—and settled first in Duxbury, near Blue Fish Rock, where my sisters and I once had a happy summer outing in our girlhood. One of Solomon's near neighbors was another ancestor of ours, John Alden, Mayflower Pilgrim. Both these ancestors were among the fifty-four original proprietors of Bridgewater, which was bought in 1649 from the good Indian Chief Massasoit or Ousamequin, as his name is sometimes given. Miles Standish was also associated with this purchase.

Solomon Leonard removed in 1656 from Duxbury to West Bridgewater when that settlement was actively undertaken, with his wife Mary—we do not know her maiden surname—and their children. They occupied a six acre lot at about the centre of the compact group of houses, built near together as a mutual protection against Indians, who

were a perpetual menace to the whole countryside for the next twenty years. They were also surrounded with woods which were infested with wolves. The houses were built of logs, with a chimney at one end, made of stones and sticks, and plastered with clay. Their tables were planks laid on supports like saw-horses. Their dishes were pewter porringers and trenchers, a man and his wife eating together from the same trencher; the salt-cellar was in the middle of the table, and it was more honorable to sit "above the salt" than "below the salt."

This West Bridgewater settlement centered about the house of its famous pastor, Rev. James Keith. This house, which is still standing, was presided over by the pastor's wife, Susanna Orcutt, a woman of majestic beauty. James Keith came to his people from Aberdeen University when he was very young, and as there was then no church building he stood on a boulder, ever since known as pulpit rock, and preached there his first sermon, taking as his text, Jer. 1:6, "Behold I know not how to speak unto you for I am a child." Solomon Leonard doubtless listened to that sermon. James Keith had a long and honored pastorate. It was through his counsels for justice and moderation that the colonists were restrained from putting to death the widow and young son of the Indian King, Philip. James Keith's fine old armchair is now the property of his descendant, Hon. Roland Keith, and is highly prized.

Solomon Leonard died before 1671. He was sometimes called "Goodman Lennerson."

The oldest son of Solomon and Mary Leonard was Samuel, who settled in Worcester at the west side of Lake Quinsigamond; the traces of his old cellar were still visible not many years ago. It was from this house that his young son, known as Samuel Leonardson, Jr. was stolen by Indians in 1695, and for a year and a half his friends could get no trace of him, and his mother died, probably of grief, before his return which took place in the following way:

In 1697 some Indians attacked the white settlers at Haverhill, Massachusetts, and took as captives two women. One, named Hannah Duston, was in bed following the birth of an infant, which was killed before his mother's eyes. The

other woman was a neighbor, Mary Neff, who was caring for Hannah. The Indians compelled Hannah to rise and go with them, partially dressed and with only one shoe. They drove the two women before them seventy-five miles, to Contoocook Island, at the junction of the Merrimac and Contoocook Rivers. Here they found the fourteen-year-old boy, Samuel Leonardson, a captive, but sufficiently habituated to the Indian life so that he understood their talk. He thus learned that the Indians were planning to take them all to Canada, and make them "run the gauntlet" in which the victims were compelled to run, partially or wholly stripped, between two lines of their enemies, who struck at them with whips from both sides as they passed. Rather than suffer such horrors and indignities, the prisoners decided to attempt an escape, and as a preliminary step young Samuel induced an Indian to show him how they killed their prisoners. The boy was looked on as one of themselves, and the information was given. One night shortly after, when the Indians were in a drunken sleep, the two women and boy simultaneously each killed an Indian with a tomahawk, then attacked others, killing ten in all. They scuttled all the canoes but one, and then paddled away to Haverhill, where they arrived safely, to the great relief of all the white settlers. The Massachusetts Court gave all three a reward for their bravery, and a fine monument to commemorate this exploit has been erected in Haverhill. Young Samuel was taken by his father to Norwich, Connecticut and kept there in seclusion for fear of Indian revenge. Samuel, Sr. was a close friend of John Leonard of Springfield, his relative, but just what the relationship was, is unknown.

One of the descendants of the two Samuels was Charles Collins Leonard (7) who was a builder and contractor in La Salle, Illinois. In 1870 he left home for Chicago for the purpose of buying materials for a large block he was building, taking with him a good deal of money. He was never heard of again, and was probably murdered.

Another descendant of the two Samuels was Truman Leonard (7) who became a Mormon at the age of twenty-two. He married Ortensia White, and the pair removed

to Utah, where they had ten children, but Truman left Ortensia to bring up their offspring, and went as a Mormon Missionary to England, where he married two more wives on the same day, January 6, 1857. By one of these he had seven more children and he left her also to bring them up, while he zealously proselytized in Europe and India, and resided in Canada. Ortensia still lived in Utah, but what she thought of Truman is unrecorded, as is also what became of the other two women.

The second son of Solomon and Mary Leonard was John, who seems to have occupied more prominent positions than his brothers. He married Sarah Chandler and settled in the South Precinct of Bridgewater, on the great Leonard farm which extended for about a mile north from Central Square, taking in what is now Main Street. As far as I know the only descendant of the Leonards now living on this extensive tract, is Mrs. Hector Gordon, Amelia Leonard by birth, who lives in the home of her childhood, the Philander Leonard house, on Union Street, where she and I had many delightful contests a year ago over the good old game of backgammon, which it is a pity is so little known by the younger generation. I met also there, her brother, Edgar F. Leonard, a Stoughton lawyer, and their nephew, Schyler Leonard Rust, son of their widowed sister, Mary, born the same month that I was, whose sweet smiling face when she was my classmate in Bridgewater High School in 1872, remains vividly in my memory.

John Leonard has had many distinguished descendants. One of these was Dr. Park Leonard (7), born 1822, a homeopathic physician of Fort Wayne, Indiana, said to have been the only doctor of the town to save any of his patients in the cholera epidemic of 1851-52. He was very generous in his practice, treating the poor without compensation, as faithfully as his rich patrons who were sure pay. He had a fine mind, a famous memory, was a contributor to the press, and the best chess player in Fort Wayne, and his office was the scene of many a hard fought chess game. His daughter Hattie (8), born 1858, married Hon. Robert M. Wright and now lives in Fort Dodge, Iowa, and is a musician, writer in prose and verse, a prominent social

worker and an artist.

Another descendant of John Leonard (2) was John Leonard (7) 1806-1865, who was a city missionary in Galesburg, Illinois, and organized in that city a Mission called "The Children's Friend." His memoranda for 1860 gives this record, "visited 1007 families, personal conversation with 953 persons, prayed with 412 families, made 376 visits to the sick, attended 150 prayer-meetings, also 44 funerals." His reports for several years were similar to this. Through all his life he was striving to do some kind deed, or speak some word which might have a good influence on those with whom he was brought in contact.

Another descendant of John Leonard (2) was Moses Leonard (7) 1805-1888, called "Uncle Mose," the great hunter of the Adirondacks, who killed 100 bears, 300 wolves, 45 panthers—five of these in one day—some of which measured ten feet in length. One day a panther drew his trap over a precipice, and a comrade let Uncle Mose down by a rope under his arms, and then drew him back with the panther that he had dispatched. On one occasion Uncle Mose entered a den of black bears, and killed four of them in the darkness by shooting at their glistening eyes.

Another of John Leonard's descendants was Dr. Nathan B. Leonard, of Bridgewater, born 1760. He was in the Revolution and an eye witness of the Battle of Bunker Hill. He gave up the practice of medicine, saying "it was a humbug on the people." His son, Seth, born 1789, died in Illinois, was a teacher, writer, and publisher of school text-books. One of these, teaching penmanship, is in our possession. In this he styles himself "Professor of Philology." It was published in 1828.

Another descendant of John Leonard (2) was Hon. Spencer Leonard of Bridgewater, born 1804, a distinguished public man, a State Representative and select-man in my native town for many years. His name was often on my father's lips during my childhood.

We are descended from Jacob Leonard (2) 1647-1717, the third son of Solomon and Mary Leonard. He married Phoebe Chandler, daughter of Roger Chandler and the sister of Sarah, his brother John's wife. This pair also lived on

Built about 1700 *by Joseph Leonard, Sr., Central Square, Bridgewater, Mass.*

the Leonard farm by Central Square in the South Precinct of Bridgewater. Phoebe, our ancestress, died in 1678—and Jacob married again. His will, written when he was near death in 1717, so weak that his signature is "by mark"—although previously he had written a very respectable hand—is recorded at Plymouth. In it, he calls himself "A Husbandman, being very sick and weak of body but of perfect mind and memory, thanks be to God for the same," and says, "I give and recommend my soul into the hands of God who gave it, and for my body I recommend it to the earth, to be buried in a Christian-like and decent manner, doubting nothing but at the General Resurrection I shall receive the same again by the mighty power of God."

One of Jacob Leonard's descendants was Rev. Levi Washburn Leonard (6) 1790-1863. He was a graduate of Harvard College, and an entomologist. He discovered a new insect which has been named in his honor, Hesperia Leonardus. We are relieved to be assured by the Department of Agriculture at Washington that this is a harmless little yellow butterfly. If it had been a biting, stinging or pernicious insect which was to bear the Leonard name to perpetual generations, we could not have rejoiced in our relative's discovery.

We are descended from Joseph Leonard, Sr., 1670-1749, the oldest son of Jacob and Phoebe Chandler Leonard. Joseph, Sr., married in 1695 Martha Orcutt, 1671-1752, a daughter of William Orcutt, one of the original proprietors of Bridgewater. Not later than 1700—possibly earlier—Joseph, Sr. built the interesting old house still standing opposite Central Square Bridgewater, which is now known as the "Clara Washburn House" from its present owner. Joseph, Sr. and Martha lived here for at least seventeen years, and their oldest son, Joseph, Jr., 1696-1786, also our ancestor, must have spent his boyhood in this ancient ancestral home of my family, of which I have lately had a painting made. Long may the iconoclast of commercialism spare this relic of the past which has a romantic history of value to posterity, as follows:

After the death of Jacob Leonard in 1717 there was a readjustment of the Leonard property, and this house was sold

as a parsonage for Rev. Benjamin Allen, the first minister of the South Precinct of Bridgewater of whose church Joseph, Sr. and Martha were members.

Later on, the house was bought by a prominent citizen named Col. Josiah Edson, who was in the employ of the British Government, and so continued at the time of the Revolutionary quarrel, to the intense chagrin of his fellow townsmen, who one day gathered in a threatening mob in front of this old house. Col. Edson, in a dignified manner, addressed the tumultuous crowd from the middle upstairs window over the front door, where imagination may depict the exciting scene. The next day, in broad day-light, Colonel Edson rode out of town on his horse, waving his hand to his well-known neighbors, never to return. The angry patriots confiscated all his property, including the old house, and Colonel Edson, doubtless heart-broken over what had occurred, soon died. Mr. Joshua Crane, our valued authority on local history has had a placard nailed to one of the old ash trees in the front yard of this house, which tells its story to those who pass on the street. This house would be a fitting shrine of precious memories if it could be preserved as a museum.

After his house was sold, Joseph, Sr. moved to the "Crooker House" on Main Street, part of which is still in existence, combined with a more modern structure. His oldest son, Joseph, Jr., four years later in 1721, married Mary Packard, 1696-1770 from the same Nipenicket farm where I was myself born 160 years later. This farm had then been in the possession of the Packard family for some generations, having been bought from the Indians by Samuel Packard, died 1684, one of the original proprietors of Bridgewater, who with his wife and sons, John and Nathaniel, had come from England on the ship, Diligence, in 1638. Samuel's grandson, Joseph Packard, son of Nathaniel, settled on the Nipenicket farm in that part of Bridgewater, known as Scotland—the name having been given in honor of two prominent Scotch settlers, James Keith and John Fobes. Joseph Packard's widow outlived him and died very aged on our old farm in 1761. His daughter, Mary, who is our great great grandmother, has a notable ancestry. Her grand-

DR. JONATHAN LEONARD, 1763-1849; *physician in Sandwich 59 years; son of David Leonard's twin brother.*

mother, Lydia Eliot, came to America at the age of three, on the Hopewell, with her father, Philip Eliot, a brother of John Eliot, who came on the Lion in 1631 with Governor Winthrop's family and was "yet to win a deathless fame as apostle to the Indians."

Joseph Leonard, Jr., 1696-1786, and his wife, Mary Packard, reared their large family of ten children in "the Constant Crooker house," on Central Square, Bridgewater. Our great grandfather, Capt. David Leonard, 1734-1813, and his twin brother, Jonathan, were the eighth and ninth of this flock. These twins both settled in Bridgewater, reared large families, and eventually died within two weeks of each other in 1813.

David's twin brother had a son, Dr. Jonathan Leonard, born 1763, who was a Harvard graduate, and practised medicine as the leading physician of Sandwich for fifty-nine years. He died January 26, 1849 at the age of eighty-six, and his two brothers, David and Benjamin, both in their eighties, died on the same day, January 8, 1848 in the same month with their distinguished doctor brother and were buried in the same grave with each other.

Four of Joseph Leonard, Jr.'s sons were soldiers; Dan, Simeon, David and Seth were all in the expedition to Nova Scotia under General Winslow against the French in 1755 and Seth died there. The soldiers were called out for this cruel work of deporting the Acadians without knowing what was to be required of them. Great grandfather David always called it "bad business." "England's be all the blame."

Some of these sons, and our Great Grandfather among them, took part in the taking of Fort Ticonderoga in the French and Indian war.

Dan, the oldest brother, nine years older than our great grandfather, also settled in Bridgewater. His daughter, Betsey (6), was the ancestress of James King Newton, my German Professor at Oberlin. Another descendant named Dan, was an ardent Methodist who settled at Ware, Massachusetts, and died at the age of eighty-seven. His home was the rendezvous for Methodist preachers and meetings. His son, Alvin Leonard, who also lived at Ware, was an ardent anti-slavery champion, who helped a runaway slave that he

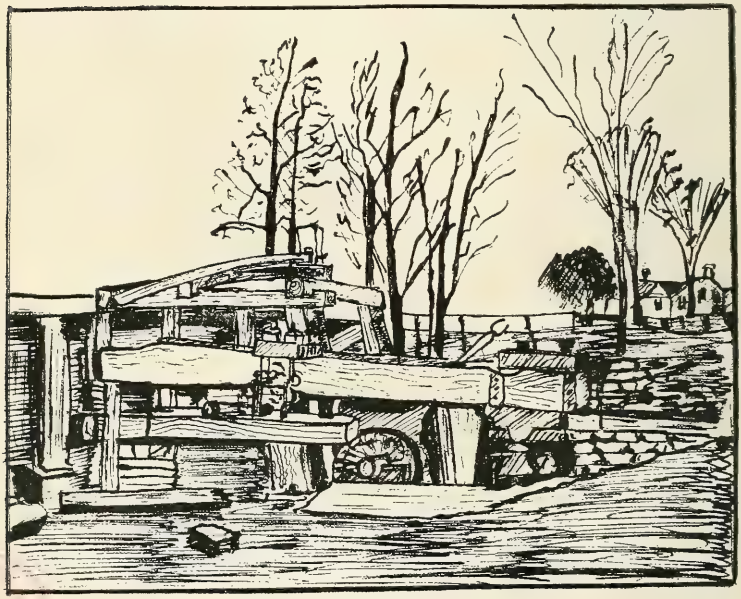
found in his barn, to escape, when the penalty for harboring a runaway slave was very severe. This was one of several instances in this book where our relatives broke the law of man in order to be true to the law of God written in their hearts.

Grandfather David's youngest brother, Simeon (5), 1737-1793, was the ancestor of Hon. Naham Leonard of Bridgewater, a Representative to the Massachusetts Legislature, 1870-1874, and was also much praised for his efficiency as Superintendent of the Bridgewater work house.

Great grandfather David's sister, Sarah, married Isaac Pool, had a son David, the namesake of our great grandfather, who was drowned when a boy in Nipenicket, probably when visiting his Packard relatives by the lake; so our beautiful lake has its tragedies. There was another drowning of a young man during my own childhood, a distant relative from Raynham, named Dean, I believe, whose funeral I attended.. He had been taken with a cramp while swimming, and his companions in a boat nearby could not rescue him.

In concluding this chapter on the earlier Bridgewater Leonards, I recall the mention of them as "an honorable family with many distinguished members" in the memorial address given by Benjamin W. Harris in 1899. Mitchell's "Monumental work," *The History of Bridgewater*, published in 1840, gives twenty-seven heads of Leonard families descended from Solomon Leonard. It should also be stated that both the Joseph Leonards and their wives, are buried in the old grave yard in Bridgewater, near the Unitarian Church. Jacob is probably buried there also, but Solomon, their progenitor, must have been buried in West Bridgewater.

Home of Caroline L. Ward, Lakeville.



Ruins of Raynham Forge.

CHAPTER III

OUR LEONARD QUARTER, TAUNTON DIVISION

"Honor the spirits of thy ancestors and act as though they were the ever present witnesses of thy actions." CONFUCIUS

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century 1645-50 there came from Pontipool, Monmouthshire County, England, three brothers, James, Henry, and Philip Leonard, the sons of one Thomas Leonard, 1577-1638, and his wife Lydia White. James Leonard brought his family with him. The maiden name of his wife was Mary Martin and he had two small sons, Thomas and James, Jr., both of whom are our ancestors by different lines. These immigrants were the founders of the first successful iron-works in America.

It is said that the Leonards had been in the iron industry for twelve hundred years, since the days of the "forest-smiths" of Germany, where the name Leonard is found in old German records of the sixth century. The Saxon Leonards, workmen in metals, came to England very early and settled among the iron hills of Kent and Sussex. Later, as the mines in this vicinity were less productive, some of them removed to the iron mining districts of Wales—later Monmouthshire, England—from whence James and Henry Leonard came, leaving their forges in England "plastered with mortgages," not only at Pontipool but also at Belston, Stafford County. In the nineteenth century the Leonards might have redeemed their title to this property, but it would have involved an expensive and lengthy suit in the Court of Chancery, which was not undertaken.

Being well versed in the iron lore, the secrets of which had been long handed down from father to son, James and Henry Leonard, on their arrival in America, at first found employment with one John Winthrop at his bloomery near Lynn, established by Adam Hawkes in 1630. The following entry has been found in an old account book of Winthrop's dated 1651. "James Leonard, fifteen days' worke in ye forge £ 1.13.0." John Winthrop's forge at Lynn collapsed

through a law suit brought against him for the flowage of land where he obtained iron ore. There is preserved a small iron pot holding about a quart and very heavy, which was the initial out-put of the Lynn forge. Iron was much used as a medium of exchange in early days.

After a short connection with John Winthrop's iron effort at Braintree, the Leonard Brothers struck out for themselves, testing the streams and ponds for chalybeate evidence, little Thomas and James who had come holding onto "Uncle Henry's finger," probably having the time of their lives fishing with birch rods on these expeditions. Their elders found large deposits of bog iron, particularly in Quittacus Lake, Middleboro, which were extracted by means of great tongs from the lakes and swamps. They made a contract with the town of Taunton to set up a bloomery there. A stock company was formed, one of the stock holders being Elizabeth Pole, who had bought Taunton from the Indians for a peck of beans.

The Leonards called their bloomery Raynham forge, doubtless from Raynham in England, which is the station where one alights to visit Belhus mansion at Aveley Essex, the head quarters of the English Leonards where the beautiful portraits are of our English ancestors. The owner, Sir Thomas Barrett Leonard, is a landed proprietor of at least 10,000 acres of land inherited from the early Leonards. It may be that James and Henry Leonard lived here in their boyhoods and had childhood's associations with Raynham, for which they named their forge. The site of this old forge which was carried on by seven generations of Leonards, was pointed out to me by my father, when as a child I rode with him through Raynham to Taunton.

This was the parent forge for many others not only in this vicinity but all over the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, substantiating the famous saying "Wherever you find iron works you will find a Leonard." The proudest accomplishment of these various forges was in 1775, when Eliphalet Leonard of the fifth generation made in Easton the first bar of American steel.

President Emery of the Leonard association says, "The great work of these two men lives in blazing furnaces that

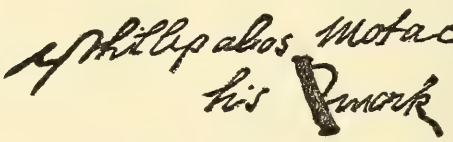
King Philip signing Treaty of 1671 with the Massachusetts Bay Colony in old church at Taunton, Massachusetts.

dot the iron fields from New England to Alabama, lives in the fortunes made in iron, in the miles of railroad that belt the hemisphere, lives in every movement of hundreds of thousands of iron workers, more intelligent, more skilled, and more profitably employed than any others in the whole world." The iron business so auspiciously begun 250 years ago is just reaching the full fruition of its greatness. A fitting memorial to the men who made this possible has been designed by the sculptor, Charles H. Niehaus. His classical design is one of great beauty and appropriateness, and it will be a proud day for Taunton when sufficient funds have been secured for its erection on Taunton Green. It is said that a $100,000 have already been promised for this desirable work of art.

James Leonard was a warm friend of the good Indian chief Massasoit who used frequently to visit him, sleeping under his roof and eating his bread. James gave him every assistance in the repair of his guns and making his weapons and tools. Massasoit, before his death, required a solemn oath of his son Philip that he would never harm a Leonard, and Philip in 1675 in an imposing meeting in Taunton Church at which James Leonard was present, affixed his mark to a document promising peace with the men of Taunton. Philip's tribe molested the white settlers in Middleboro and New Bedford, but the inhabitants of Taunton and Bridgewater suffered little in King Philip's war, and no harm was done to the Leonards with Philip's consent. Thus the name of Leonard represents to Taunton not only splendid enterprise, but the hospitality and friendliness which secured safety for the town at a critical period. King Philip had a summer home near the Leonards, and Lake Nipenicket between Raynham and Bridgewater was a favorite fishing ground of his. There is a tradition that Philip's head was secreted after his death under the old Leonard house in Raynham.

Henry Leonard, the brother of James, left Massachusetts in 1674 to found the iron industry in New Jersey, lured by the iron ore found there in large quantities. One of James Leonard's sons, Stephen Leonard, also settled in New

Jersey, and from there the iron industry spread into Pennsylvania. William Ellery Leonard, the poet, is a lineal descendant of Henry Leonard, the immigrant.



Autograph Mark of King Philip

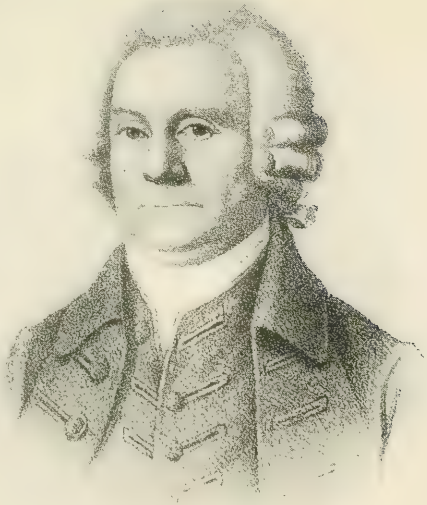
Philip Leonard, the third brother, who in one record is said to have come to America with James and Henry, is a shadowy figure. He does not seem to have had any part in the iron industry, but to have settled in Duxbury where his relative, Solomon Leonard, was living at the time, before his removal to Bridgewater.

Dr. Perez Fobes, an early Raynham minister who wrote a sketch of the Leonards with whom he was connected by marriage, mentions a fourth brother, but does not tell his name. It might have been Solomon of Bridgewater, John of Springfield, Rice Leonard of Rehoboth or some brother who remained in England.

Perez Fobes also made out a genealogical tree of the descendants of James Leonard, which was in 1851 in the possession of Wm. R. Deane who that year published in pamphlet form a memorial of the Taunton Leonards. Perez Fobes was an intimate friend of my great uncle Rev. Zenus Leonard and knew perfectly the relationship between the Bridgewater and Taunton Leonards of whom Manning Leonard, the son of Zenus, says in his admirable Solomon Leonard book, "the evidences are cogent if not entirely conclusive, that these two families are closely related, and have a common and not very remote ancestor." The wife of Dr. Perez Fobes was a daughter of Hasadiah Leonard, a granddaughter of the immigrant James through his son Dea. Samuel Leonard. Hasadiah married Rev. John Wales, the predecessor in the Raynham ministry of Dr. Perez Fobes, who was a descendant of John Fobes, the Scotchman for whom the hamlet of Scotland was named, and who came to

George Leonard.

Probate Judge in Norton, largest landed Proprietor of Massachusetts.
1670-1746



George Leonard jun'

He called together the first American Congress under the Constitution.
1698-1778

America on the ship with Solomon Leonard. Thus these families were closely intertwined.

James Leonard, the immigrant, died in 1691. His wife, Mary Martin, had died earlier and he had married a second wife named Margaret.

The oldest son of James Leonard was Judge Thomas Leonard, the little boy who came with his father and who has been called the Tubal-Cain of America, because he worked with his father at the forge and started so many other forges. He became in later life a probate Judge, a field officer, a town clerk, a deacon in the church, and if there had been any other public offices he wanted he might have had them for the asking, so eminent and beloved was he. The Judgeship was held in his family for a hundred years. A highly decorated mourning eulogy of him headed "In memory of the worshipful Thomas Leonard, Esq." was printed at the time of his death in "The Boston News Letter," the first newspaper ever published in America, except a single issue of a sheet called "Public Occurrences" which was suppressed. This eulogy is reproduced in "The Annals of the Leonard Family,"—as are also the pictures of his distinguished descendants, the Norton Leonards—by Fanny Leonard Koster. Judge Thomas Leonard—also known as Major Leonard—1640-1713—married Mary Watson, a descendant of Robert Hicks, Pilgrim of the Fortune in 1621, and the pair had eleven children, four daughters and seven sons, from one of whom, Elkanah, we are descended.

The most distinguished son of Judge Thomas Leonard was his third son, Major George Leonard. He acquired a large tract of land several miles square in Norton, and lived there much in the style of the English Nobility, as the historian Goodwin says, "in an almost baronial state." He was the largest landed proprietor in Massachusetts

and probably in New England. Major George was his father's agent in establishing an iron forge at Norton. He also had his land worked by a gang of negro slaves, who were called to their meals and prayers by a large bell on a standard outside the house. He evidently tried to combine the incongruous institutions of religion and chattel slavery. A poem published at the time of his death described him as "the prudent, pious, worthy and worshipful Major George Leonard." He, like his father, Thomas, was a Judge of the Probate Court. From his land in Norton the keel of the frigate Constitution was cut. This ship built in Boston 139 years ago, whose signal victory under Capt. Isaac Hull over the British-man-of-war, Guerriere, in our second conflict with Great Britain "broke the illusion of the invincibility of the British Navy and pulled the scales off the eyes of Europe," should not be allowed to go to the scrap-heap. Heartily as I detest war, I hope Old Ironsides will be preserved as a National Museum. Some of her timbers were used to build a phaeton which was presented to Andrew Jackson by the citizens of New York. This was not painted, but so highly polished that the natural grain and shading of the oak appeared to fine advantage. In this phaeton drawn by four beautiful white horses, Martin Van Buren rode to his inauguration at the Capitol beside his venerable friend, Andrew Jackson, the retiring President.

One of the sons of Major George Leonard (3) was Hon. George Leonard (4) 1698-1778 who was a Probate Judge as his father and grandfather had been before him. He was of mild disposition, a sociable companion, and of sterling worth, strict integrity and wisdom. He was a lawyer, but of such wealth that his practice was more of an amusement than an occupation for a livelihood. He was constantly in public affairs between the ages of twenty-one and eighty. He was a Massachusetts Senator and Speaker of the House of Representatives at the time of the Stamp Act. His circular called together the first American Congress in 1763. He was also a Representative to the First American Congress under the Constitution.

His daughter, Abigail Leonard, by her marriage to Rev-

Home in Deerfield, Massachusetts of Rev. John Williams, "The Redeemed Captive," d. 1729.

erend Warham Williams of Waltham, connects us with one of the famous colonial stories of New England. When Warham was four years old the Williams family, with the exception of the eldest son who was away at Harvard College at the time, were taken prisoners by the Indians, when through the negligence of the watchman they attacked Deerfield, Massachusetts, on the midnight of February 29, 1703. The two youngest children of Rev. John Williams were murdered at once. The rest with their parents were taken as captives on the terrible march to Canada over mountains, and through snow, sometimes three feet deep. The strength of the mother who had recently given birth to a child gave out on the fourth day of the march. She was killed by one blow of an Indian's hatchet. They could not be burdened with a sick woman. A monument now marks the place where she was killed. Warham and his little sister Eunice, seven years old, being too small to walk, were either carried in the arms of the Indians or put on sleds. On their arrival in Montreal, a French lady redeemed little Warham and cared for him for over three years, during which time he had forgotten his native language and could speak only French. Eunice lived with the Indians, who would not part with her for any amount of ransom, and her father was obliged to leave her in Canada when most of the captives were redeemed in 1706 by an exchange of prisoners. Eunice eventually married an Indian, but once in her womanhood she visited her family in Massachusetts, but returned later, voluntarily, to Canada, where she had a home and children. Rev. John Williams was kindly cared for in the house of the Canadian Governor while in Canada, but he was nevertheless a captive, isolated from his flock, who were also prisoners, and from his children. Every inducement was held out to him to become a Roman Catholic, but without avail. When promised that a location with his parishioners, and honorable support for all would be given if they would embrace the Roman Catholic faith, Williams replied, "If I thought your religion to be true, I would embrace it freely, but as long as I believe it to be what it is, the offer of the whole world is no more to me than a blackberry." He was also promised that he should have his chil-

dren again if he would become a Roman Catholic, and told that he had no other hope of recovering them. He replied that his children were nearer to him than all the world, but that he would not deny Christ and His truths for having them with him. Little Warham and his older brother, Stephen, returned to Massachusetts with their father and eventually were Harvard graduates and then ministers. Rev. John Williams returned to his pastorate in Deerfield, but not to his old home, which had been burned by the Indians at the time of his capture. He wrote a thrilling book about himself called "The Redeemed Captive," which went through six editions and is to be found in most of the well equipped libraries of the country. So Abigail Leonard's marriage links us up with one of New England's early heroes.

One of Hon. George Leonard's brothers was Rev. Nathaniel Leonard, 1700-1761, who graduated from Harvard at the age of nineteen, and was pastor of the church of Plymouth for nearly thirty years. His wife was Priscilla Rogers and the pair had sixteen children, the largest number by one wife that we have noted in the family connection. The size of these early families attests that the world has waited overlong for the scientific knowledge of birth-control.

Another brother of Hon. George Leonard was Ephraim Leonard of Norton who was married three times. By his first wife, Judith Perkins, he had a distinguished son, Judge Daniel Leonard, 1740-1829, whose tragic and eventful history must not be overlooked. Daniel, a scholar and orator and possessed of brilliant talents, was class poet at Harvard where he graduated in 1760 at the age of twenty. He became a lawyer and Judge in Taunton, with a beautiful house close by Taunton Green. He was an imposing figure with "broad gold lace around the rim of his hat, his coat glittering with gold lace still broader, and what is more remarkable for those times he set up his chariot and pair and constantly travelled in it from Taunton to Boston." John Adams, his contemporary, says, "This made the world stare! It was a novelty; not another barrister presumed to ride in a coach or chariot."

The first wife of Daniel Leonard was Anna White, youngest daughter of Hon. Samuel White of Taunton. Her

Daniel Leonard

Robert Treat Paine

Historic Green of Taunton, where was first displayed the slogan "Union and Liberty."

older sister, Experience, was the wife of Daniel's uncle, Hon. George Leonard of Norton. Another sister married Wm. Baylis, a famous lawyer of the period. Daniel, in his suit for Anna's hand, was the successful rival of Robert Treat Paine, afterward the only signer of the Declaration of Independence from the Old Colony. There is a story that during the rivalry of these two young men for the same woman, that on one occasion when Paine was joyfully escorting the beautiful Anna to the Commencement exercises of Brown University, his rival, Daniel Leonard, "butted in" making himself one of the party, to the intense discomforture of Paine, who afterward married a descendant of James Leonard. A year after the marriage of Daniel and Anna the young wife died, leaving a baby girl, who was cared for by a faithful nurse, Ann Barney, who accompanied her little charge during all the family vicissitudes to be related, finally dying in England in the family service. Daniel did not remain long a widower. He married a prominent Boston lady, for whom such anxieties and sufferings were in store through Daniel's false step in taking the British side in the Revolutionary quarrel as may have occasioned the nervous disabilities of their only son, Charles, who was born at this period. Daniel was persuaded by the blandishments of Governor Hutchinson, his tempter, into this terrible mistake of his life. From being the popular idol in Taunton, he and his family were threatened by angry shots around their house in the night, the bullet marks on the house being visible for many years, and were obliged to seek safety in Boston. While there, Daniel published in Draper's paper some famous letters signed "Massachussettensis" taking the Tory position. These were answered by John Adams in the Boston Gazette by other anonymous letters over the signature "Novanglus." This exciting debate was between December 1774 and April 1775. Adams published these letters in a volume in 1819. Daniel and his family "went to Halifax" and his property in Taunton was confiscated by the patriots who put his name on the list for hanging if he ever returned to America. Later still this family went to England, accompanied by two faithful male friends, one Seth Williams by name, who followed their precarious career

even to Bermuda, where Daniel eventually obtained a Judgeship, but not before "the flower of New England had to stand in line every quarter in London to receive ministerial bounty."

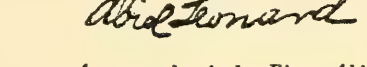
While in England Daniel hunted up his relative, Lord Dacre of Hurstmonceaux Castle, who acknowledged the relationship which will be explained in Chapter XVII. From the Bermudas where Daniel was Chief Justice, and where the family seems to have had some peace, Charles, the only son, was sent back to America for education, and his mother went back to her native land to die. Daniel went to America later, when the height of the Revolutionary quarrel was over, in order to participate in the settlement of his father's estate. Ephraim Leonard was a strong Whig and opposed his son Daniel's course, and left his property to only such of his descendants as would take the oath of loyalty to the new American government. Daniel would not do this, but his son Charles did, and it was understood that Daniel and his daughters were to share in the benefits of his son's inheritance. Daniel did not stay long in his native land where he had once been beloved and admired by the populace. He was entertained in his old home at Taunton Green by a man who had been his office-boy in happier years. He scraped away the briars from the grave of Anna, his first wife, and eventually put his son Charles—who luckily never married and who was dissipated and a nervous wreck —into the care of a guardian, and then he returned to England where he had married daughters. One unmarried daughter lived with him till the end of his sad and disappointed life in London. Shortly before his death he wrote a letter to thank the guardian of Charles for kindness to his unfortunate son. Daniel died by a pistol shot from his own hand, perhaps an accident, perhaps not. He had been annoyed by a dangerous man who climbed the roof that adjoined his chambers, and he therefore kept a loaded pistol by him. So ends one pathetic and romantic family tale. His married daughters have descendants on the British Isles. His story is told in a book called "Two Men of Taunton."

Judge Thomas Leonard (2) has among his descendants three Abiel Leonards in successive generations who were un-

ABIEL LEONARD, 1848-1903
Bishop of Utah

Living-room in Leonard Memorial Home for Nurses, Salt Lake City.

usual characters. The first Abiel, born 1740, a graduate of Harvard, was appointed by Washington as chaplain of a Connecticut regiment in the Revolution, and Washington wrote a letter speaking highly of him. Later he was dismissed from his position, with or without cause, and the subsequent mortification drove him to suicide. His memory, however, is honored by a memorial window in Woodstock, Conn. His son, Abiel second, was a prominent lawyer who fought a duel with and mortally wounded a Major Berry in 1821. The records of that time are full of the tragic stories of duelling among the respectable, who went out to murder each other in this "honorable" way. Our kinsman, Hon. Stephen Banks Leonard wrote to his wife from Washington in 1836. "This duelling practice is outrageously wicked, and ought to be frowned upon by every one who reverences the laws of his God and of his Country." Duelling is happily outlawed now, and in a few more years, war, a similar way of settling disputes on a larger scale, will yet be outlawed by outraged humanity. Abiel Leonard, Jr., however, did not lose his respectability by killing Major Berry, as he was State Representative in Missouri afterward. His son, the third Abiel, was a prominent Mormon missionary bishop in Nevada and Utah.



Autograph of the First Abiel

The second son of James Leonard, the immigrant, was Capt. James Leonard (2), 1643-1726. By his father's will he received a half share in the Raynham forge and is said to be the builder of the Gothic House of Seven Gables near the forge, which sheltered five generations of Leonards and descended to his son Zephaniah Leonard who kept up the traditions of the Old Mansion for hospitality and good cheer. Zephaniah was the great man of the locality in his day, a mayor and captain of Cavalry. His wife, Hannah, died the same day as himself, and the two were buried in one grave

in the neck-o-land grave yard. Their pastor, Rev. Perez Fobes, composed an epitaph on them, two lines of which are as follows:

"Even the Leonards undistinguished fall,
And death and hovering darkness hides us all."

The neighbors somewhat sarcastically paraphrased this as, "Even the Leonards must die," and Zephaniah's grandson, in chagrin, one day took a hammer and chisel to his grandparents' grave and obliterated the objectionable lines.

Another son of Capt. James Leonard (2) was Stephen Leonard (3), 1680-1743. His namesake and great grandson, Hon. Stephen Banks Leonard, 1793-1876, has had an intensely interesting book written about him by his grandson, Rt. Rev. William Andrew Leonard, Bishop of Ohio.

Stephen Banks Leonard married a beautiful woman named Esther Henrietta Sperry, of whom two fascinating portraits are preserved. This pair took their wedding journey in a carriage over the primitive roads of the wilderness from Oswego, N. Y. by the Indian stream, Susquehanna, to Esther's ancestral home in Connecticut. This marriage is beautifully reflected in the letters which passed between husband and wife when Stephen was a member of Congrss in Washington. How could their union have been other than ideal when Stephen's attitude toward his wife was one of constant consideration and gallantry. Wilfred Lay, in his great book, "A Plea for Monogamy," insists that in ninety-nine cases of domestic infelicity out of a hundred, the underlying cause is the failure of the husband, through ignorance, to "give due honor to the wife as to the weaker vessel." (See 1 Pet. 3:7.) He says in effect that any husband may, without self-degradation, make himself happy by deferring to his wife's instincts rather than to his own desires, in this most intimate of human relationships, unless it be that of a mother to her infant. A similar rule is not applicable to the wife because of the intrinsic difference in the sexes in the relation and sequence of affection and desire. This is the order of nature, and not selfishness on the part of the wife as it might seem. Marriage in the total may be a fifty-fifty partnership but not in its details.

When husbands defer to nature's teaching in their wives' instincts, children will be harmoniously born, and the other problems which beset the race will be well on their way to solution. Let those who seek a remedy for the divorce evil begin with the enlightenment of prospective husbands. Prospective wives need specialized instruction also, but chiefly in cookery and child-psychology. Perhaps society will get around some day to including marriage preparation for the sexes, in the curricula of the high schools.

The later home of Stephen and Esther Leonard was at The Locusts, a farm about a mile north of Oswego, N. Y., the road through which was edged with sweet-scented locust trees. Their farm house is graphically described by Bishop Leonard's gifted pen, the traditional garret full of treasures for children's play, the apple-cellar, the radiant old-fashioned garden—we seem to see it all.

Hon. Stephen Banks Leonard was always a public man, for twenty years the editor of the Oswego Gazette, the founder of an academy, to which he donated a library which he drove to New York City and Albany to select, and elected twice as member of Congress by the Democrats in the administrations of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren. He was a Free Mason like Washington, Franklin, La Fayette, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Webster, Clay, and Lincoln. Personally I am less in favor of secret societies than Universal Brotherhood which will be inaugurated when that which is in part shall be done away.

Stephen Banks Leonard died at the age of eighty-three. His obituary notices say of him, "Honored with high official positions, he never betrayed a public trust, or forfeited his claim to unqualified confidence in his integrity." It is also said of him, "A more perfect gentleman never lived."

The oldest son of Stephen and Esther was William Boardman Leonard, 1820-1893. He was a successful banker and business man in New York, and held positions of honor such as President of the Homeopathic Hospital, and President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. His name appears on the bronze tablet on the towers of Brooklyn Bridge as one of the trustees for its building. Twice he refused the nomination for the mayor-

alty of Brooklyn. He was musical and the President of the Apollo Club. He had a summer home in Oswego, his native town. His son Wm. Andrew Leonard is Bishop of the Cathedral Trinity Church, Cleveland, Ohio. He was educated at Philips Academy, Andover, Mass., St. Stephens College and the Berkely Divinity School. and in 1873 he married Sarah Louisa Sullivan of Brooklyn.

The second son of Stephen Banks Leonard was Herman Camp Leonard, "a forty-niner," who started a lumber business in Portland, Oregon, which he extended to Honolulu, Hongkong, Japan and Siberia, visiting these countries for business purposes in ships of his own. In 1860 he brought to America a Japanese political refugee, Kinzo, who was dramatically smuggled upon Herman's little ship, The Orbit, to evade the harbor police at Hadodada. Kinzo worked for Herman at Portland, went to night schools, and was called "a carnivorous reader" of all the books he could get hold of, with the result that on his return to Japan eight years later when his danger was over he became the Secretary to the first Embassy of Japan to the Court of St. James, England, where Herman met him in full management of the Embassy in the absence of his chief. Kinzo returned to Japan to die, just as he was about to sail as Secretary to the Japanese Ambassador to Washington.

The youngest son of James Leonard, the immigrant, was Uriah Leonard, who at the age of fourteen, had a thrilling escape from hostile Indians who wounded in the neck the horse he was riding, and put bullets through the hat he held, but the boy arrived unhurt at the forge, although with blood streaming down his horse's legs on both sides. Uriah is the ancestor of Fanny Leonard Koster, the writer. Joshua Eddy Crane is descended from James Leonard (2) through his daughter, Hannah.

BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

FANNY LEONARD KOSTER
Author of "Annals of the Leonard Family."

RT. REV. WM. ANDREW LEONARD *of Cleveland, Ohio*
Author of "Stephen Banks Leonard."

TWO FAMILY HISTORIANS

CHAPTER IV

OUR FIRST JAMES LEONARD LINE

"The Dead will I love and remember and the Living will I love and cherish and earth shall be the well beloved home of my fathers and Heaven the highest hall thereof." WILLIAM MORRIS

BOTH of our lines of descent from James Leonard (1), the iron manufacturer of Taunton, are female lines, which are—erroneously as we believe—supposed to be much less important than male lines.

By the first of these lines we are descended from Judge Thomas Leonard, born 1641, the oldest son of James (1) through his son, Ensign Elkanah Leonard, Sr., born 1682, the brother of Major George Leonard, the Nabob of Norton.

Elkanah, although a man of means, was not nearly as wealthy as his brother. We do not know very much about him, except that he was one of the eleven children born to Judge Thomas and Mary Watson Leonard, that his father performed the marriage ceremony in 1703,—that is when Elkanah was twenty-six years old—which united him to Charity Hodges, and that the pair lived in Middleboro and had seven children. Elkanah was an enterprizing and useful man, an officer in the militia. His autograph is preserved for us in the Annals of the Leonard Family, and there is also a little picture of his home, a typical Leonard homestead of the time, much like our Scotland home, except that there is a chimney at each end, instead of one mammoth chimney in the middle of the house.

Elkanah, Sr., named his eldest son for himself, Major Elkanah, Jr., 1703-1777, who was one of the most distinguished geniuses of his age and day. He was of great inventive power, and had a remarkable memory, so that "what he read was safely deposited in the cabinet of his recollections." He received the appointment of Major in early life, and was also the first attorney in Middleboro, and his advice was much valued by the House of Representatives

of Massachusetts of which he was a member for seven years, his counsel being sought in intricate cases. However, his mind became clouded in his later life. He is buried in the old Precinct church graveyard in Lakeville, around which I wandered one golden August Sunday in my girlhood, when on a visit to my Aunt Carrie Ward. Major Elkanah Leonard has an interesting descendant in Mrs. Sarah W. Capehart, who is an ardent student of ancestry.

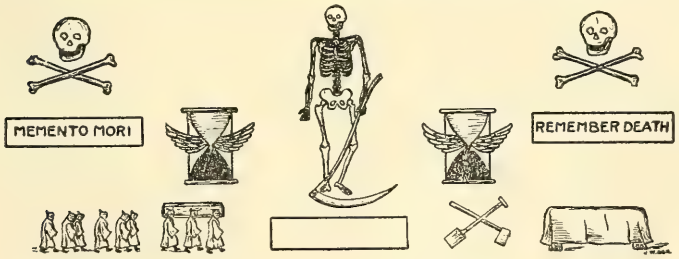
There is a curious story preserved of a woman named Deborah Sampson, who possessed herself of Major Elkanah Leonard's clothes, and disguising herself as a man by the name of Robert Shurtleff, served for three years in the Revolutionary war without her sex being discovered, although at one point she was wounded. She drew a soldier's pension till her death in 1827. She was present at the surrender of Cornwallis.

It is in Major Elkanah Leonard, Jr.'s, sister, Abiah Leonard, 1707-1791, we are chiefly interested, as she is the paternal grandmother, by her second marriage, of our own grandmother, Abiah Haskell, who was her namesake. The name Abiah goes farther back in the Leonard connection than Abiah Leonard, our ancestress, who must have been named for one of three earlier Abiahs found in the Leonard records.

Our great-great-grandmother, Abiah Leonard, was born and brought up in Middleboro, and married for her first husband, John Nelson, one of her neighbors. He belonged to a prominent Middleboro family, and was descended from Wm. Nelson, an original proprietor of the town, and also a Pilgrim of the Fortune, who came to Plymouth in 1621, whose wife was Martha Ford, the first girl born in Plymouth. The child was named for her mother, Widow Martha Ford, who also came on the Fortune, and who married subsequently Peter Brown of the Mayflower, our ancestor. One of Wm. Nelson's descendants was Thomas Nelson, who married Hope Hawkins of Barnstable. She lived to be one hundred and four years old. When she died she had two hundred and fifty-seven descendants then living, three of whom were Baptist preachers; doubtless my three

great-uncles, who were also Baptist ministers, knew them well.

Abiah Leonard's husband, John Nelson, died early, leaving Abiah, a young and fairly wealthy widow with one little girl, Abiah Nelson, named for her mother. We shall hear about this child's subsequent history later on. Abiah had real estate in her own right by the shore of Quittacus Lake, and also owned two islands in the lake. Since this lake was the greatest depository of bog iron in the vicinity it is natural that the Leonards should have invested in its shores and islands in property. Abiah's home by the lake was a stately mansion afterward known as Hay Hall. I saw it once in my childhood, after it had passed out of the hands of our family. This happened on the drive back from a summer outing at Duxbury, and I was told that my ancestors lived in that house, but I did not at the time understand who they were. Hay Hall was eventually burned down. The foundations are still visible, surrounded with beautiful trees. Hay Hall was not far distant from North Rochester, where a young widower called Elder Mark Haskell, was a prominent church worker. Mark and Abiah, probably drawn together by sorrow and religion, soon became husband and wife.



Mourning Eulogy of Judge Thomas Leonard

We do assemble that a funeral
With grief and sorrow we may solemnize,
(Opening lines.)

CHAPTER V

OUR SECOND JAMES LEONARD LINE

"What has been already brought to light by the original research of others."

OUR ancestor, Captain James Leonard (2), 1643-1726, son of James Leonard (1), the immigrant, and his wife, Mary Martin, was born in the old country and came to America as a small child. He was married three times, and had eleven children. His first wife was named Hannah. We are descended from his second wife, Lydia Gulliver, 1658-1705, of Milton, whose father, Hon. Anthony Gulliver, 1620-1706, an immigrant from Ireland, settled first in Braintree and then removed to Milton, was Representative at the Massachusetts Court in 1666 and died at the age of 86. Lydia herself died a year before her father at the age of 47. Her husband outlived her for twenty-one years and his third marriage to Rebecca Williams intervened. He is buried in the Neck-o-land graveyard. It is Elizabeth Leonard, 1694-1750, youngest daughter of Capt. James and Lydia Leonard, who especially interests us, as she is the grandmother of our notable great grandmother, Mary Hall Leonard, whose name is a household word with us. Little Elizabeth was born and reared in the House of Seven Gables, and was about nine years old when her mother, Lydia, died. She was contemporary with her second cousin, Abiah Leonard, of Middleboro, like herself destined to be a great-great-grandmother of ourselves, but Elizabeth was about eleven years older than Abiah.

Elizabeth married Capt. Joseph Hall, Jr., of Taunton, the middle one of the three consecutive Joseph Halls from whom we are descended. At the time of her marriage, she went from one beautiful Taunton house to another. I was taken as a child to the "old Hall House" which stood somewhat far back from Dean Street and I have a vivid recollection of its beauty with simple but elegant architectural lines, and surrounded with fine grounds. I was told that my great grandmother used to live there, but understood little about it.

BOSTON PUBLIC

LILLIAN RUSSELL

The real name of this famous golden-haired beauty was Helen Louise Leonard, 1861-1922. She was proud of the fact that she was a descendant of James Leonard of Taunton (9th generation) and she used the Leonard coat-of-arms as her bookplate. She was b. in Clinton, Ia., a daughter of Chas. and Cynthia Leonard. Her mother said, "Before her birth I determined she should be very beautiful and have a good voice. I kept my mind on this, and now look at her." She became a favorite opera singer and was before the public nearly forty years, retaining her youthful beauty during her long, eventful career which included four marriages. She was an active Progressive in politics.

Elizabeth's husband was a grandson of George Hall, 1600-1669, who came from Devonshire, England, in 1636 and was one of the original proprietors of Taunton. His second son, Joseph Hall, Sr., inherited his father's home and was a wealthy tailor and a bachelor until he was fifty-one years of age when he married Mary Bell, twenty-seven years his junior, whom he met during his frequent stops at her uncle's hotel on Summer Street, Boston, where Mary worked,—a lusty young woman who could lift a barrel of produce, and "put out" disorderly persons without assistance.

Mary's family had a tragic history. She was the daughter of James Bell and Esther Lugg, the daughter of John Lugg of School St. Boston, whose wife, Jane Deighton, was of Royal Descent from Louis III of France. James Bell was severely wounded in the Great Swamp Battle fought with the Indians at Kingston, R. I. on Sunday, December 19, 1675. Of this battle, H. Hubbard, of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, writes, "I have often wished some of my fighting ancestors could have been in the Narragansett fight. That has always seemed to me such a heroic stand and showed the right kind of spirit. I am one of those who hopes the time will come when all fighting shall be done away with, excepting perhaps, that which must always be going on for the victory over evil." For Bell's bravery the Old Colony Government awarded him an island in one of the large lakes of Middleboro or Rochester, which should have been called by his name, but he never took possession of it because he and his two sons were killed soon after by Indians in ambush, as the three were working together in the field in Squawbetty. His daughter, Mary, about seven years old, went to work for her uncle in Boston. This Uncle Haigbourne gave her an inheritance of £110. She came to live in Taunton after her marriage, and had four children. Her two daughters, Mehitable and Abigail, were buried near Taunton River and her son, Capt. Joseph Hall, married Elizabeth Leonard, as already stated. He had a ship in which he went on voyages between New York and the West Indies. He probably brought back slaves sometimes, for in his will he left slaves to his second wife. Sister Mary says in "Mattapoisett and Old Rochester," "A few slaves were

then owned in New England and the ships of Massachusetts brought them over rather freely."

Deacon Joseph Hall, 1720-1807, the son of Capt. Joseph Hall and Elizabeth Leonard, did not follow the sea as his father had done, but kept a grocery store in Taunton and had a farm besides. He and his wife, Mary Andrews, 1724-1814, had seven children. Mary was the great granddaughter of John Andrews who came from Wales in 1656 and died in 1679. Her grandfather, Capt. John Andrews, 1662-1742, and her father, Capt. Edmund Andrews, 1692-1750, seem to have been sea-captains, and it looks as though it were a maritime friendship between the Halls and the Andrews families that brought about the marriage between Joseph Hall (3) and Mary.

The mother of Mary Andrews was Hannah Lincoln, granddaughter of Thomas Lincoln, born 1603, a miller who came from England in 1635 with children, and settled in Hingham. Abraham Lincoln is a descendant of his brother, Samuel. This line therefore is one of especial interest as it connects us with the idol of the American people.

The first children of Dea. Joseph and Mary Hall were twins born in 1750 and named Peris and Mary. Peris married Zilpha Deane of Raynham, and Mary married our great-grandfather, David Leonard. There was another marriage with the Deanes in this family, that of Elizabeth Hall, who may have been the mother of the interesting Jacobin, Hannah Deane, whose correspondence with one Lloyd Shaw in 1798 has been preserved for us, where flint met steel, and sparks of contumely flew freely on both sides. Lloyd Shaw's letter addresses Hannah as "Most Pitiable Lady" and assures her that no respectable person had the slightest regard for a "Jacobin," which evidently was as much of a reproach at that era, as the epithet Bolshevik is in this, and seems to have meant about the same thing. That these old letters should be found in our family papers looks as though the Jacobin, Hannah Deane, were closely related to our great grandmother, Mary Hall Leonard, who had a sister Hannah. My father left a genealogical table of his Deane relatives.

CHAPTER VI

THE CONFLUENCE OF THE BRIDGEWATER AND TAUNTON LEONARDS

"The dry bones of History take on flesh, and the lusty lines of Romance."

THE two streams of our Leonard ancestry, which probably had parted at the gates of Hurstmonceaux Castle, the baronial seat of the Leonards in England, early in the seventeenth century, flowed together again when in 1770 the mature soldier, Capt. David Leonard, 1734-1813, of Bridgewater, brought his nineteen-year-old bride, Mary Hall, 1750-1839, sixteen years his junior and a descendant of James Leonard, the iron manufacturer, to his mother's birth place by Nipenicket. Up to this point this place had been a Packard farm, and the old deeds are still in the family possession, showing how David bought out his Uncle Packard, his mother's brother, to found a new home in this romantic spot. Its beauty impressed me afresh as I was privileged to stand one morning last year before sunrise on the shore of Nipenicket, and watch the white mist rise from the pale blue water, revealing the shores framed in their ring of maples, gorgeous in Autumn dress. As I stood alone entranced, I said to myself, "Has God a fairer spot on His Earth than this where I was born?"

The shore of Nipenicket was a fitting place for the union of the two lines of Leonards, as its eastern shore borders on Bridgewater where the descendants of Solomon Leonard had lived for a hundred and twenty-five years, and its western shore was the border of Raynham, where the famous Leonard iron forge was in full operation, Nipenicket itself helping to supply the bog iron for its many enterprises, and Taunton river, Nipenicket's outlet, making the forge's waterway to the sea.

We can only conjecture as to the forces which brought together David Leonard, the man of ripened experience, and Mary Hall, his girl-bride. It may have grown out of the fact that the earlier Halls were a maritime family, and that

Capt. David was himself "a master of marines" and had a ship and went on voyages. Probably his title of Captain comes through his sea life rather than his military life, but it might have come in either way. However, the Bridgewater and Taunton Leonards were kinsmen and must have always been in close touch, and since Mary's grandmother was a Leonard, this family connection may easily have furnished the inception of the chain of circumstances which brought David and Mary together.

Great grandfather David, who had been born and reared in Bridgewater village, close to Central Square, and whose early manhood had been so strenuous on both land and sea, seems for the most part to have settled down after his marriage, to the steady work of carrying on his farm by Nipenicket, yet five years later he marched with a company of minute-men from Bridgewater under Nahum Leonard to the defense of Lexington, April 19, 1775 at the beginning of the Revolutionary war. They arrived too late to take part in the actual battle, but from this circumstance, David's grave in Mt. Prospect cemetery is now decorated with the iron wreath of the Revolutionary Soldier. I suppose his company of militia held themselves ever ready to go for similar emergencies throughout the war.

He was a man of great energy and exemplary life. His picture has been preserved for us showing his fine strong old face. We also have his autograph with its curled letters. He was at first buried in a little triangular graveyard in Scotland, which I used to pass on my way to the district school. This spot had originally belonged to the Leonard farm, but later the adjoining fields were sold to foreigners, and my father at last had all the family graves in it removed to Mt. Prospect cemetery which is now the family Mecca. This was a great task for our father to undertake, burdened as he was at the time with the education of his large family. The receipt is preserved for the $335 he paid to our Uncle Zebulon Thompson for the stone-cutting work, including the Leonard monument with its comforting motto, "Peace in Jesus Christ."

The house where David and Mary reared their large family of children was the old Packard house, the site of

which was in the depression which we knew in childhood as "Below the Garden," where there was a large appletree, with a fine low seat where the two main branches came together. In this old tree David himself may have played when he visited his Grandfather Packard in his childhood. In 1798, a fine new house was reared a little to the north of the old family nest and a few years after, David's son, Caleb, bought part or all of his father's farm for $1500, and brought his wife, my grandmother, Nancy, to live in the house where I was born half a century later. Great-grandmother Mary herself eventually had rooms in this new house where she kept her own independent housekeeping, after the older house was torn down, following the death of her husband, and her son, Charles, and the scattering of her children for marriage or business.

The new house was modelled after the old Joseph Leonard house on Central Square, Bridgewater. The west front room where great grandmother Mary presided for over twenty years and where she served tea from her beautiful flower-patterned teacups to Elder Backus, the Baptist minister, who frequently called, was our family sitting room in the days of my own childhood, where our family life centered more than in any other room of the house. Here was the piano where we clustered for our lusty family sings. Here was where we sat in the pensive Sunday evening twilights, and sang hymns together, while one sister played softly by ear in the gathering darkness the familiar old tunes. It was here that mother did the family mending on winter evenings, while father read aloud to her the papers. The family funerals and weddings were from this room. Here I was myself married, and here we bring sometimes, by the kind permission of Mrs. Hanna, the present mistress, the younger generation, and show them from the windows of this hallowed room, the blue waters of Nipenicket glinting as in the days of yore, but where are the faces that smiled under this ceiling, and the feet that passed over this threshold? Almost all of them have passed out from this present life, and for the few that remain how soon there will be the inevitable two dates, following their names! Might we leave as goodly a heritage as did our saintly great-grandmother

Mary Hall Leonard, whose portrait hangs in the Rochester home, a constant stimulus to fine character and holy living. We append here a poem written by our sister who was her namesake:

TWO OLD PORTRAITS
By
Mary Hall Leonard

David and Mary, saintly scripture names,—
Puritans both are ye in every cast
Of feature! Will this effasive portraiture outlast
All other records of your earthly fames?

Would I might harken to your tones awhile!
But phonographs did ne'er in that far age
Capture the fleeting voice of seer or sage
On unborn lips to raise a wondering smile!

Grandparents far-removed, your portraits show
But glintings of the paths your footsteps went,
Nor recked ye aught of how my days are spent.
Say, did ye long posterity to know?

David, did you and Jonathan your twin
Have love surpassing that which brothers feel?
And did these kindly eyes not flash appeal
When England bade the Acadian wrong begin?

Ah Grandsire, not to thee that cruel shame.
Such dastard deed ne'er stained that high clear brow.
At stern command thou wentest forth to show
A soldier's duty: England's all the blame!

Grandam revered, with soulful, piercing eyes,
And kerchief folded o'er the beaded throat,
Your placid face in ruffled cap gives note
Of chastened life in motherhood that lies.

CHAPTER VII

THE CHILDREN OF CAPT. DAVID AND MARY HALL LEONARD

"The study of ancestry will prove a counter tendency to certain forces specially dominant in our modern life. One of these forces is the prevailing material consideration of the day, resulting in the creed of utility as the rule of life."

THE oldest child of David and Mary Leonard was Rev. David Augustus Leonard, 1771-1819. The picture of his beautiful refined face is preserved to us. His disposition was highly aesthetic and he was given to books from his childhood. He was such an ardent young Baptist that a hole was cut in the ice for his immersion by Rev. Backus in Titicut, December 17, 1794, when he was twenty-three years of age. He was at that time already a graduate of Brown University, having been prepared for college by Abner Alden. At his graduation in 1792, at the age of twenty-one, he delivered the class poem, a function repeated in the same college by his celebrated grandson, John Hay, in 1856. David helped his younger brother, Zenus, also to graduate at Brown, and both brothers became Baptist ministers. David in 1797, married a talented Middleboro belle named Mary —or Polly as she was usually called—Pierce. The echoes of the beauty and brilliance of this young lady are still reverberating after a hundred and twenty-five years have fled. Mrs. Chas. Haskell, of Rochester, recently told me with pride, that she was related to Polly Pierce, and that because the Pierce family perceived that they had in her an unusual daughter, they bestowed on her more educational advantages than on their other children.

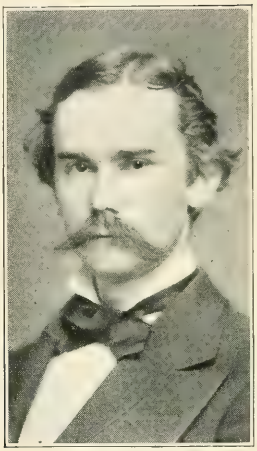
After a short pastorate in Nantucket, David became the minister of the leading Baptist church in New York City, which then worshipped in Gold Street, but the same organization now worships in Park Avenue. In addition to his pastoral duties, David assisted his brother, Bernard, in teaching a classical school. Leonard Street in the lower

part of New York City is named for these two brothers. On account of a change in his doctrinal views. David relinquished his pulpit and in 1808 he went to Bristol, R. I. and edited a newspaper, was also postmaster and had some mercantile business besides. While he was in Bristol he made a translation of the New Testament, which was never published because his manuscript was destroyed in a great storm in 1815 which also demolished his wharves and storehouses. He then went west, trying to take his family to Vincennes, Ind. but he stopped on the Ohio River at Laconia, Harrison County, Ind. Uable to go any farther he bought some land there, and died in July, 1819, at the age of forty-eight, leaving a widow forty-two years old, with a family of thirteen children on her hands, and her property mostly in unbroken wilderness land. She showed her remarkable powers in the way she conquered this situation, gaining a notable reputation on both sides of the Ohio River for ability and excellence. She lived seventeen years after her husband's death, long enough to see her children well established in life, their education having been carefully attended to by their father as long as he lived. The girls married into prominent families, one of them, Helen, becoming the wife of Dr. Charles Hay, and the mother of John Hay, Secretary of State under Roosevelt, Ambassador to England under McKinley and Biographer of Abraham Lincoln, to whom he was private Secretary. He was instrumental in the handing back to China for educational purposes, her indemnity after the Boxer Rising, thereby gaining the lasting gratitude of China to our country. It was truly said of John Hay "in whatever position he has been placed, he has borne himself with dignity and strength and has accomplished his task unobtrusively but well." William Allen White says of him, "His halo never flickered." Cleveland, where he made his later home, is proud of him. Brown University, his Alma Mater, has fitted up a beautiful memorial room in his honor.

It is said that "Nothing but Art Remains," and John Hay may be longest remembered by his "Pike County Ballads," two of which are specially thrilling. It is said that on one occasion George Eliot recited his poem, "Jim Bludsoe," with

David Leonard
1734-1813

Mary Hall
1750-1839
(*Mrs. David Leonard*)



John Hay
1838-1905

Geo W Leonard

1790-1856

Clementina Leonard
Paine
1808-1870

tears at a London dinner party, where a brilliant assembly of authors was gathered, and that she pronounced it one of the finest poems in the English language. Its closing lines are:

"And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
On a man that died for men."

My own favorite among John Hay's poems is "Little Breeches," who was carried "hell to split over the prairies," by a runaway team in a blizzard and who was finally found safe and warm in a sheep-fold.

"How did he git thar? Angels:
He never could have walked in that storm,
They jest scooped down and toted him
To where it was safe and warm,
And I think that savin' a little child
And bringin' him to his own
Is a derned sight better bizness
Than loafin' around the Throne."

The second child of David and Mary Leonard was Rev. Zenus Lockwood Leonard, 1773-1841. He graduated with honor from Brown University in 1794 and was ordained as a Baptist preacher two years later, at Sturbridge, Mass., where his pastorate of thirty-six years was laid down finally on account of failing health. His life-long connection with Sturbridge began in the following romantic way. Soon after his graduation at Brown, having been licensed to preach from the Titicut Church of which he was a member, he conceived an idea that he was called to be an evangelist and rode westward on his horse, not knowing whither he went. Arriving one nightfall at Sturbridge, he applied for a night's lodging at the house of one Dea. Henry Fiske, who took in the young stranger, and during that evening's conversation was so impressed with his ability and spirituality that he constrained him to remain and preach in that neighborhood. Soon after this, Zenus married the good deacon's pretty blue-eyed daughter, Sally, eighteen years old, and Papa Fiske set the young folks up on a piece of land, and helped them build a house, modelled on the plan of Zenus' Scotland home. Zenus had a successful ministry for a small place. During his pastorate he baptized 175 con-

verts. His salary was never more than $200 a year in cash, and he eked out his living by farming and preparing young men for the ministry. For five successive years he was sent as a Representative to the Massachusetts Legislature. He was particularly devoted to his aged mother, and made her an annual visit, sometimes taking with him his son, Manning, who as a boy, listened with deep interest to the conversations on family matters between his father and grandmother, in the Scotland sitting-room. The early interest thus awakened, was developed through circumstances, and eventually this boy became the author of the much prized book, "Solomon Leonard and His Descendants," the completion of which fell to Manning's eldest daughter, Anna Leonard, after her father's death—she having resigned her position as teacher of visible speech in Clark Institute of Northampton for this important work, in which she was also assisted by her brother, Bernard Leonard. This book contains two fine pictures of Manning Leonard. One, the frontispiece, shows him as an elderly man, the way in which I remember him, as he, my father's favorite cousin, looked when he visited us in Scotland. The other picture, taken in Manning's early life, shows delicate features, smooth face, and an expression soft and smiling, perhaps the most beautiful picture in the book. That he was far from being effeminate is proven by the following incident. At the age of seventeen he was engaged to teach a school of seventy pupils at So. Amherst, where teachers had failed for several preceding winters owing to a gang of rough boys who were determined to oust any teacher who might be placed over them. Young Manning not only succeeded in keeping the reins in his own hands, but so well satisfied his committee that at the close of the session they presented him with two dollars extra, above his wages which was thirteen dollars a month.

My brother Jamie spent three winters of his boyhood at Sturbridge in Cousin Manning's family, and this fine relative so won his boyish affection, that in later years he named his only son Charles Manning. I well remember Jamie's setting out from home at the age of thirteen, for the first of these three winters. I was eight years old, and was anxious lest Jamie should get lost in crossing Boston from

one depot to another, and asked him how he would find his way. He laconically replied, "I've got a tongue in my head," an answer which has helpfully come to my mind, in many times of perplexity since then.

Cousin Manning's oldest son is Dr. Charles Leonard, of Providence, R. I. He has two daughters, and one of them is the first lady librarian of the Athaneum. The second son of Manning, Bernard Leonard, had a village in North Dakota named Leonard in his honor. He lived in De Pere, Wis., and has left three sons and a grandson to carry his father's line to the future.

Anna Leonard, without whose efficient labors her father's monumental book could not have been completed, is now deceased. She and her sister, Fanny, who greatly resembles the portrait of her great grandmother, Mary Hall, made their later home in Boston where Fanny still resides, often visited by her youngest sister, Mrs. Sarah Green, a widow with two daughters. Her son, Wm. Manning Green, with his family lives in Salt Lake City. He married Effie Margaret Chapman and their children are Wm. Manning, Jr., born 1916, and Margaret Sarah, born 1923. I met cousin Sarah at Fanny's home in Boston recently.

The brothers and sisters of Cousin Manning Leonard and their families were interesting people. His oldest sister, Mary, 1803-1889, married Rev. Francis Emmons, a Baptist preacher, and graduate of Brown University, who was later associated with Rev. Alexander Campbell, having embraced the doctrines of the Church of the Disciples. He celebrated the Lord's Supper in his home every Sunday morning with his family. Rev. and Mrs. Emmons lived at Sturbridge and had a large family of children; our family album contains a picture of this group. One of the daughters, Julia, was a schoolmate of Sister Emma at Mt. Holyoke Seminary and visited us at Scotland.

Cousin Manning's sister, Vernera, highly accomplished teacher, married a successful business man, Francis E. Corey, and lived in Chicago, where their descendants still live. The Coreys were warm friends of Aunt Carrie Ward who spoke of them affectionately. They were part of the

coterie of brilliant people who gathered in our Aunt's summer home at Lakeville.

Cousin Manning's sister, Sarah, also a teacher, married Thomas Spooner, of Cincinnati, who filled important public offices. He was a Senatorial Representative from Ohio to the Convention in 1860 which nominated Abraham Lincoln for President. In 1861 he published the "Spooner Memorial" which contains valuable information about the Leonards. After Sarah's death, Thomas Spooner married the younger sister, Frances. All these were Aunt Carrie's friends and visitors.

Cousin Manning's younger brother, Linus Leonard, was a farmer who succeeded his father on the Sturbridge farm. He died in early manhood leaving two young sons, Zenus and Henry, dignified and promising boys, whom I remember as visitors to Scotland in my childhood, and who both became distinguished doctors. Dr. Zenus Leonard is a specialist in eye, nose, and throat diseases in Pittsfield. His daughter, Edith, married in 1916 a teacher in Pennsylvania named Warren Drum. This pair have two children, Margaret, born 1921, and Leonard, born 1925.

Dr. Henry Leonard was not only an M. D., but owing to his fondness for animals, took afterward the degree of M. D. V. at Harvard, and became a clinical lecturer there in veterinary and comparative anatomy. He was also a member of the Harvard Faculty, but died a few years ago leaving a widow and one son, Edward, a high school teacher, who married Mary Stewart in 1918 and the pair have two children, Edward, Jr., born 1919, and Virginia, born 1920.

The third child of David and Mary Leonard was Mary, 1774-1842. She was her mother's namesake, but is known in the family as "Aunt Polly." In 1791, at the age of seventeen, Polly married Daniel Leonard, a Middleboro merchant and a descendant of the sixth generation of James Leonard, of Taunton, through his fifth child, Benjamin. The death of Daniel Leonard, which occurred in 1801, ten years after his marriage to Polly, was a tragedy. He had gone to Providence on business, and was put into a hotel room to sleep where there was a stranger who was ill, his malady

being unknown. After a few days' absence Daniel returned to the same hotel and learned that the stranger had died of small pox. Daniel went home to Middleboro in apparently good health, but told his family that he had taken small pox. They laughed at him for this, but his words proved fatally true. Polly was left a widow with three children. Her son, Daniel, died in early manhood at Mobile, Ala. Her eldest daughter, Mary, married Oliver Conant, and I knew her in my childhood, as a birdlike and slightly lame little widow, who used to spend winters with us in Scotland helping mother with the family sewing, and who at evening sat in the warm corner of our sitting room with a pinch of snuff daintily poised between thumb and finger which she took during the pauses of her long conversations with my father, discussing religious doctrines and ancestry, while I sat in father's lap by the fire. Aunt Polly's youngest daughter, Clarinda, married Henry Willis Pratt, whose granddaughter, Frankie Pratt—a particularly pretty girl as her photograph showed—corresponded with me when we were both about twelve years old, she being in Davenport, Ia., and I in Massachusetts, the correspondence between the small cousins, strangers to each other, having been arranged by our respective families, and only lasting a year or two. The most that I remember about it is, that Frankie, being the daughter of William Henry Pratt, who was the head of a business college, had a beautiful chirography, which discredited my own, and also that she firmly believed that her family had received genuine communications with her little dead brother in the spirit world.

Our great-aunt Polly, after five years of widowhood, married Clifford Carver, who operated a nailshop on the Nipenicket farm for a number of years, during which Polly and her children must have lived with, or close by, her mother. Later on, the Carvers moved to Norton, Mass., where I went once in my childhood with my father to visit Theodore Carver, Polly's son by her second marriage. I was shown on that visit, the beautiful flower patterned teacups which had belonged to great grandmother Mary, whose personal effects had mostly gone to her only surviving daughter, Polly, after her death in 1839. Our Aunt Carrie Ward

would have been glad to buy one of these treasured cups, which had belonged to her dear grandmother, but they were not to be purchased at any price. There are, however, now in our home in Rochester, Mass., a few articles which once belonged to our great grandmother, Mary Hall Leonard.

The fourth child of David and Mary Hall Leonard was Bernard Leonard, 1777-1834. He graduated, like his two older brothers, from Brown University, and his classical teaching in New York City, which was finally relinquished for his mercantile career, has been already noted. In the fall of 1813, he took, in company with his younger brother, George, a stock of goods to New Orleans to sell, and the brothers walked back to the Atlantic Seaboard in Virginia on their return, a surprising feat. In 1816 he took more goods to Louisiana where he finally settled in Natchitoches, after his marriage to Ann Bludworth, daughter of Hon. Timothy Bludworth, a congressman from North Carolina. My father, who visited his Uncle Bernard in Louisiana in 1833, described his Aunt Ann in one of his letters, as "a plain, social, intelligent, motherly-looking lady." Uncle Bernard prospered in business, and would have liked to have my father remain in Louisiana and go into partnership with him. He died childless in 1834, and cousin Manning Leonard was made the executor of his will. The family information gained through the settling of Uncle Bernard's estate, proved to be the decisive link in the chain of events which culminated in the Solomon Leonard book, through which Cousin Manning has immortalized himself. This may seem an extravagant statement, but experience proves that such books of record are far from being of ephemeral quality. They became increasingly valuable with the passing years.

The fifth child of David and Mary Hall Leonard was my grandfather, Caleb Francis Leonard, 1778-1840. He was the stay-at-home son who settled on the farm of his ancestors, in the substantial and still beautiful Leonard house by Nipenicket, where he lived the quiet life of a farmer and country gentleman, universally respected and beloved, a Justice of the Peace, known as "Square Leonard." "Mrs. Alphy Leach," his next door neighbor on the north, told me in my childhood that my "grandpa was a nice man," and Mrs. Ira

Conant, who as a Bassett, was in her girlhood his next door neighbor on the south, told me last year of how my grandfather used to bring her family baskets of beautiful peaches as a neighborly gift. It seems that my father's delight in raising choice varieties of fruit was derived from a similar admirable trait in my grandfather Caleb.

In 1806 he was a sergeant of a Company of Cavalry at Bridgewater, and later was a Lieutenant of the Militia of Massachusetts, and a call for this Company to meet September 15, 1813, is still among the family papers with this N. B. attached, "Notify Lieutenant Leonard." Caleb's sword with silver chains on it, and a "silver lion on the hilt" reminiscent of "Lion Heart"—the original meaning of Leonard —was always kept in the garret of our Scotland home when we were children; also its scabbard and Caleb's old knapsack, and the cradle that Caleb and his brothers were rocked in. The sword and Caleb's old family Bible with its pictures, and the precious records in it, are now in Berkely, California, the possession of Richard Leonard, the only direct male descendant in Caleb F. Leonard's line. It seems probable that the Francis in our grandfather Caleb's name is from Francis the 14th Lord Dacre, who was contemporary with Solomon Leonard, and very likely his uncle. The two may have known each other before Solomon's emigration to America in 1630. The Bridgewater family were in full knowledge doubtless of their connection with the nobility of England and with Lady Margaret's descent from royalty.

Caleb was a careful business man, as is evinced by his neatly kept sheepskin ledger—now cherished as a possession of my own, the unused pages of which I am filling with family information. Caleb was active in various worthy public causes. He was a member of a temperance society, organized in Bridgewater in 1828.

We insert here a copy of a faded letter in Caleb's writing which casts light on our grandfather's fine character:

To the Trinitarian Society in the south Parish of Bridgewater.

Gentlemen and Friends:

Feeling desirous to do something for the sup-

port of Morality and pure religion in this place, and after much study and due deliberation on the subject, I have thought best to present you with the within 25 dollars for the sole benefit of supporting and encouraging the Sunday School in this place, to be appropriated, managed and distributed in the following manner, viz.

The money is to be put out at interest and to be kept in safe hands, under the care and inspection of the officers of the Society, and the note signed jointly and severally by two substantial men, and thence in the hands of the treasurer.

Lawful interest arising therefrom, is to be collected by said treasurer in the month of October annually, and by him and the pastor of the Society at these dispersions to be laid out in cheap religious books or tracts, to be distributed in the school, each scholar to have one book or tract, but the size of the book or tract that each scholar may have, is to be at the discretion of the Pastor according to merit, or the improvement that said scholar has made in the school the season preceding such distribution, all which is humbly submitted by your friend and well wisher.

Affectionately yours,
CALEB F. LEONARD

Bridgewater—January 3, 1825.

I went personally last year, a hundred years after the above ingenious plan for encouraging Sunday School scholars was inaugurated, to the clerk of the church to which this money was presented, to inquire what had become of my grandfather's twenty-five dollars. He very courteously and assiduously but unsuccessfully tried to discover its fate, but could get no trace of it from the church records, some of which had been lost. He was obliged to report that it had probably been absorbed with other funds. Personally I think my grandfather's plan should have been carefully and conscientiously carried out, and should be operative at the present time. It was certainly a well thought out device, worthy of perpetuation.

The story of grandfather Caleb's marriage to my grandmother Nancy in 1807 and his life as a husband and father are considered in Chapter Nineteen.

The sixth child of David and Mary Leonard was Olive Leonard, 1780-1819, who in 1802 at the age of twenty-two, married Cephas Thompson, a distinguished Middleboro artist who wisely took up portrait painting, where his talents lay, instead of going through college for which he prepared. The five connections of this interesting man with our family by either blood or marriage, are enumerated in Chapter Twelve.

We have, as we believe, a picture of Olive with her first baby, obtained in the following way. The second daughter of Cephas and Olive Thompson was Elvira, who married George Bonney, of Rochester, and many of her father's pictures went eventually to her. I well remember seeing the stairway of the Bonney house lined with beautiful pictures, when visiting Rochester in my childhood. After Mrs. Bonney's death in 1885, her daughter, Anna Bonney, removed these pictures to her home in Taunton, but left behind in Rochester an unfinished picture of a family group, which showed a virile looking man, and a graceful woman sitting by a table and feeding an infant with a spoon. This unfinished picture was subsequently photographed, and we have a copy of it, which my sister, Mary, has marked—correctly as I believe—"An unfinished portrait of Cephas Thompson, and his wife and child, painted by himself."

There is another theory extant that this picture represents the Hay family, and that the infant is no other than John Hay himself, the future Secretary of State. This theory seems to me improbable, both because there is no evidence that the Hay family at this period visited Massachusetts, or that Cephas Thompson ever visited Indiana where they lived, and also because the strong resemblance between the lady in the picture, and Aunt Sally, Olive's sister, whose portrait hangs in the Rochester house, is an indication that the two ladies were sisters. Therefore the lady in the unfinished painting probably is our great aunt Olive, and the infant is the first child, whose unique name is variously given as Marietta Tintoretta Tintontario

Thompson, or Marietta Tintoretta Catherina Francesca Vanderlyn Thompson, or Marietta Tintoretta Cinteretta Catherina Vanderlyn Thompson. This daughter seems to have developed a personality as odd as her name, but she became a very skillful miniature painter, and I have seen some of her exquisite work.

Two of the sons of Cephas and Olive Thompson, namely Cephas, Jr., and Jerome, became successful portrait painters in New York City. Jerome is the painter of the lovely portrait of our aunt, Carrie Ward, which in our childhood stood on an easel in the great Lakeville parlor—the chief ornament of an elegant room. This portrait was given by Aunt Carrie's will to her oldest niece, Delia Paine Stetson, and now is the property of Frederick H. Paine, of Brooklyn, a grandchild of Caleb Leonard. Cephas and Olive had eight children. The youngest, Charles Frederic, born 1816, was named for Olive's young brother, Charles F. Leonard, who had died at the age of nineteen, only a year before his namesake's birth. This second Charles died in the south at the age of twenty-three, shortly before the completion of his college course at Amherst. Olive herself died only three years after the birth of her youngest son, when she was thirty-nine years of age. Her husband subsequently married Lucy Thompson, my mother's aunt, thus forming another of these intricate relationships with our family.

The seventh child of David and Mary Leonard was Hannah, 1782-1786. She died at the age of four, and is buried near her parents in Mt. Prospect Cemetery, Bridgewater. It seems appropriate in recording the death of this little one to quote the following from our sister Mary's article on *The Modern Search for Ancestors.* "Our sympathies do not stop with the thought of our own progenitors. We became interested in the brothers and sisters who lived and grew up under the same roof with these ancestors of ours, and a pathetic interest attaches itself to the little grand-uncles and aunts who died in infancy, leaving no mark upon the world into which they were born, except a lasting hidden sorrow in the hearts of these others, who lived and sent their heredity down to us." I can imagine that the loss of little Hannah, deep as the sorrow must have

been at the time, may have ceased to be a grief in after years to our great grandmother Mary. Thirty-three years after Hannah's death, her mother faced a crisis where two married daughters near her were in a decline which proved fatal. Her oldest son, David, was similarly doomed, and so far away that she could not see him, and at least three of her other sons were braving the perils of the unsettled western country and so—as our Mother said afterward of the similar loss of sister Lizzie's little Nina—"that little one that died so early was the only one its mother could feel safe about," so God will eventually take all the sting out of the sorrows he permits us to bear and wipe away tears from all faces. Little Hannah was undoubtedly named for her mother's sister, Hannah Hall.

The eighth child of David and Mary Leonard was Linus Romulus Leonard, 1784-1841. As far as we know he spent the first twenty-five years of his life on the farm by Nipenicket. We wonder if he was the great uncle that tradition says was cutting wood in the forest we afterward knew as the "Huckleberry Pasture," and was there attacked by a huge snake, which did not bite him, but tightened around his middle, from which terrible situation he extricated himself by cutting the snake in two with a large clasp knife he had with him. I heard this story when I was a child, and my sister Lizzie, with whom I spoke about it in after years, told me that she also had heard it as one of the traditions of our farm. I thought of this story last summer when huckleberrying alone in the New England woods. I looked down and saw a monstrous brown snake coiled at my side where I had been peacefully picking berries for sometime. I fled and thereafter carried with me on such expeditions a small clasp knife, which, however, I had no occasion to use.

Uncle Linus in 1809 went into mercantile business with his brother David, in Bristol, R. I., an arrangement which was terminated by the famous storm which devastated these shores, broke up Uncle David's business, and drove him west. Linus drifted about with business ventures in various places, having at one time a store in Baltimore, and another on the Pamlico River, N. C. Later still he was in business in

Madison, Ind. with his younger brother, George. In 1819 at the age of thirty-three he married Julia Ann Baker, whose family had come from Williamstown, Mass. My father's letters from the west in 1833, speak of Aunt Julia as "a goodlooking agreeable person." At that time Linus and his family, with my father in their company, migrated down the Mississippi River in a steamboat, expecting to locate at Natchitoches, La., where Bernard, the brother of Linus was successfully established. Linus, however, found conditions there so inauspicious that he did not remain long. The season was wet and cold. The family could get no comfortable shelter, and to increase the misery of the situation a murder occurred in the vicinity. No wonder Aunt Julia was homesick, with the result that the family, in which there were nine children, went North again, this time to locate permanently in Brownsville, Tenn. Linus died in 1841. His wife survived him four years, and their descendants now live in Tennessee and South Carolina. The picture of Uncle Linus shows him to have had slightly curly hair and a pleasant face.

The ninth child of David and Mary was Sarah Leonard, 1786-1818, usually called in the family, Aunt Sally. In 1813 she married her next door neighbor, Jonathan Bassett, the son of Joseph and Hannah Lothrop Bassett, who was descended from the prominent Timothy Lothrop family of New Bedford, "who held their heads high." Hannah was intimate with great grandmother Mary, and we can be sure that the two mothers were elated by the match between their children. Sally lived close by her old home for her five short years of childless married life. We have a portrait of this lovely girl painted by her brother-in-law, Cephas Thompson, and showing dark curly hair, a brilliant complexion, a smiling face, and a pretty white dress. There is also a charming letter preserved, written before her marriage, by Sally, to a girl chum in Sturbridge, by the name of Fiske—probably a sister-in-law of her brother Zenus—and as full of girlish nonsense about beaux, as a modern girl's letters would be likely to be. Sally was sick for sometime before her death, as is shown by an anxious letter written in the West by her brother, George, who said he

wished to get home to see his sisters, Sally and Fanny, who were both ill at the same time. Sally was already dead when that letter was written, but owing to the slowness of mails in those days, George had not received the tidings.

Sally was doubtless buried in the Bassett tomb, the mysterious door of which, we used to see in a nearby field when we were children, but she has no honored grave. Her husband, after her death, went west and remarried. The grandson of Joseph and Hannah Lothrop Bassett had his grandparents' coffins removed from the family tomb, and buried with fitting markers in Mt. Prospect cemetery. The other family coffins in the tomb were abandoned, Aunt Sally's among them. The younger generation of the Bassetts do not know what became of them. The tomb was finally demolished and the field where it was, put under cultivation. It seems a pity that Sally's bones could not have been buried with these of her parents, her two brothers and her little sister in the Leonard lot in Mt. Prospect cemetery, but that is what comes of her having become a Bassett and no longer a Leonard. So goes the world!

The tenth child of David and Mary was Fanny Leonard, 1788-1819, who in 1816 married Zephaniah Dean, a merchant in Middleboro, but from a Raynham family, the son of Job and Judith Williams Dean. We know less about this great-aunt than about most of the other children in this family. Fanny was twenty-eight at the time of her marriage and doubtless her sister, Olive—Mrs. Cephas Thompson—was delighted to have a married sister living near her in Middleboro. How little these sisters knew that three years later, and within three months of each other, both would be called over the Great Divide. Fanny and Zephaniah had less than eleven months of wedded life. Fanny was left a childless widow in 1817 and survived her husband only two years. Whether these years of widowhood were spent in Middleboro, or with her mother in Scotland we do not know. If it was the latter, she and Sally were near together during that period of feebleness to which their brother George's letter referred. Fanny died in February, 1819, four months after Sally's decease. She was doubtless buried beside her husband, Zephaniah, but whether

the young man was laid in Middleboro where his married home was, or whether he was taken to his family's burial place in Raynham, is not recorded. It would seem that the latter supposition is more probable. The only souvenirs we have of Fanny, are two elegantly shaped solid silver teaspoons marked F. L., doubtless wedding gifts from her family, and returned to her sorrowing mother after her passing. Fanny's sister Olive died the next May, and David Augustus, the idolized oldest son, the next July, so their mother was bereft of four of her children in the space of less than nine months.

She must have felt that her sorrows were overwhelming, but the strong calm face that looks down upon us from the Rochester wall speaks of consolation, outlasting all earthly trials.

The eleventh child of David and Mary was George Washington Leonard, 1790-1856. He was the last survivor of the thirteen children of this family and the only one of them who was personally remembered by my own generation. He was probably the most prosperous, financially, of the large family, unless it was Uncle Bernard, who also had an extensive and lucrative business. Uncle George was a much respected and honored citizen of Madison, Indiana, and was an affectionate son and brother, and very fond of his early home, which he delighted to visit whenever possible.

In 1821 he married Sarah Tucker Baker of Madison, Indiana, when he was thirty-one years of age and by her he had six children. My father saw this aunt when he visited Madison in 1833. She was then apparently well, and father was inexpressibly shocked when he was in Louisiana a few weeks later to hear of her sudden death. She was not thought dangerously ill at noon, and at 6 P. M. was a corpse, leaving a new-born infant. Uncle George took her death very hard. One little son of this marriage was a cripple named George. He died when about five years old and had never walked. Most of these six children lived to grow up and have families. The third daughter, Sarah, married a Mr. Bower, and visited Scotland with her little girl Madeline who died in France eventually at the age of nineteen. I heard my mother tell laughingly how this child

had two china images given her, and that she broke one open to find out why it rattled inside, and then she broke the other one open to find out why it didn't rattle. Mrs. Bower went to France, is said to have lived a gay life there, died at the age of thirty, and is buried in Mont Matre Cemetery.

Two years after his first wife's death, Uncle George married Charlotte Farnham of Newburyport, Mass., from whom was derived my sister Clara's middle name. There were no children by this marriage but Aunt Charlotte visited our family in Scotland and sister Lizzie, who remembered the visit, told how this smartly dressed lady daintily held up her skirts as she walked over mother's freshly washed kitchen floor remarking "as neat as wax." Uncle George's silhouette and autograph are preserved. He was spoken of with affection always in our family.

The twelfth child of David and Mary was James Manning, 1792-1847. He was early apprenticed to his brother-in-law, Cephas Thompson, to learn portrait painting. Possibly his parents thought by this means to keep this son near themselves. Vain the hope! Uncle Manning—as he was known in the family—learned well how to paint portraits, as is evinced by the beautiful painting of his mother, done by him, which graces our Rochester home. He also followed his profession several years in Middleboro and in the Southern States, but the lure of the West, and the success in business some of his brothers were having, was too strong for him, and—deplorably—as it seems to me—he abandoned his pursuit as an artist, and descended into money-making and commercialism.

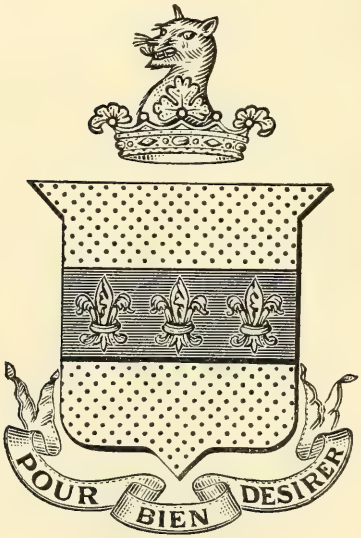
When my father went West in 1833 he found Uncle Manning, a widower with four children, at Madison, Ind. The deceased mother of his eldest child was Sally Thompson, of Middleboro, to whom he was married at the age of twenty-three in 1815. The deceased mother of his next three children was Clarinda Wood, also of Middleboro, to whom he was married in 1826. During father's visit to the West, Uncle Manning removed to Ottawa, Ill., where in 1834 he married his third wife Minerva Dimmick, by whom he had four children. His posterity live in the Middle West. Manning's picture shows him to have been a hand-

some man with the usual Leonard characteristics of dark curly hair, sloping eyebrows and slightly aquiline nose.

The thirteenth child of David and Mary was Charles Frederic Leonard, 1796-1815, a much loved boy, the baby of the flock, who died at the age of nineteen, two years after his father's death.

How deeply mourned he was by the whole family is indicated by the naming of two nephews for him, one in the family of Cephas Thompson, and the other in the family of his brother, David Augustus. Charles lies with his parents in the family lot in Mount Prospect Cemetery. We have his careful autograph preserved on the old deed which David Leonard gave Caleb for 100 acres of the farm which Charles witnessed with his signature, although only a boy at the time.

Charles F. Leonard.



The coat of arms of the Leonards bears the device of the Dacres, the tiger's head and shield.

CHAPTER VIII

OUR HASKELL QUARTER

"This inheritance ought to make us serve the Kingdom well, and breed more reformers."

WM. GOODELL FROST

THE name of our mother's mother was Abiah Haskell. There are known to be over five thousand Haskells in America, and it is claimed that their ancestry can be traced back to one Oskitel, a Norseman who ravaged England in the ninth century. His descendants settled in England. Their family seat is said to have been Rowlstone castle. However, one of them, Roget de Heiskel, went to France, and then returned with William the Conqueror to whom he presented a refreshing apple during the battle of Hastings. This incident is memorialized in the family coat-of-arms by the figure of an apple tree.

In the Battle Abbey Roll of the great Norman occurs the name Roget de Beaumont of Heiskell and this name seems to be preserved in the long line of Rogers in after generations.

One of these Rogers—whose father, Mark Haskell, remained in Bristol, England—came to Beverly, Mass., with his two brothers and his sister, Jane, about 1832.

"Oh Mark, William, and Roger were three subjects
of the King,
Who lived in England far across the Sea,
Till one day to seek their fortunes they decided they
would come
To the wilds of the new country."

PHOEBE HASKELL AND WINIFRED LEWIS

The adventurer's spirit of the bandit, Oskitel, must have been strong in these boys, the oldest of whom, Roger, was only nineteen when the party arrived in America. One wonders how they were allowed to come so far at such an early age without their parents. Presumably Jane was older and sent to America to look after her young brothers,

who seem, however, to have settled down quietly enough to make a living. Ulysses Haskell, of Beverly, has written a genealogy of the Haskells descended from William, which was published in 1896 in the Historical Collections of the Essex County Institute. There is also a genealogy of the Haskells in the Hardwick library.

Our ancestor, Roger Haskell, 1613-1667, was a fisherman in Beverly, which at that time included Salem. He was married twice. We are descended from his second wife, Elizabeth Hardy, daughter of John Hardy, who owned fish houses in Salem harbor. Roger's fishing catch was probably sold to this merchant, and led to the larger catch of his daughter.

Roger Haskell's oldest son was John Haskell, a husbandman who married Patience Soule, of Plymouth. He owned land in Rochester in 1683 near Mary's pond, but he settled in Middleboro and died there "in the church" in 1706. He may have been a lay preacher.

Mark Haskell, the third son of the immigrant, Roger Haskell, was an individual thinker who valued his honest convictions more than personal ease as the following incident will show. He was living with his family in Salem when the witchcraft hysteria broke out in 1692. Mark was summoned to act as juror in a witchcraft trial, but being utterly opposed to such proceedings, which he deemed illogical and wrong, he determined not be mixed up in them, and so on the midnight before the trial was to take place, he packed his saddlebags and under cover of darkness surreptitiously rode away on his horse from Salem, and the next day was nowhere to be found. He had gone first to Boston, and then had pushed on to Rochester. Whether his brother John was there at the time, on the land he owned, is not known, but John's connection with Rochester was undoubtedly the reason why Mark decided to settle there, which is the underlying reason also why we ourselves live there for part of each year. Mark, although not one of Rochester's original proprietors, yet bought out Isaac Little's share, and thus obtained proprietory rights in the town. His farm extended from Rochester common, to the brook which now divides Edith Leonard's property from that of Arthur Wilbur. On this tract

SCOTT FOREST LIBRARY

GEORGE E. HASKELL, *at site of original Haskell field, Rochester, Massachusetts.*

have stood at least eight Haskell houses, several of which remain to the present day. The story of Mark Haskell and his action of energetic protest against the hysteria of his age, comes like a fresh breeze blowing across the spiritual doldrums of our own period, characterized as it is by apathy toward high ideals, and cowardly silence in the face of public wrong. Mark Haskell ran the risk of punishment by the court for ignoring its legal summons to serve on the jury; also he and his wife endured five years of separation and the break-up of their plans in order that Mark might be true to his convictions. Therefore I count this plucky couple among my most admired progenitors and as I pass the Haskell field in Rochester where they lived during the last two years of Mark's life, I glance over with deep interest to the clump of trees which marks the site of that reunited home in 1697. Mark built his home far back from what is now the New Bedford road, in the field opposite Dea. George Haskell's house. The remains of his old cellar and well have been there till recent times. Here his wife and children joined him five years later, when he had become the Town Clerk of Rochester. Two years after the reunion of this family, "Witchcraft Mark," as we designate him, was called away by death at the age of forty-nine. His must have been one of the first burials in Rochester cemetery, then newly laid out, but his grave-stone—if there were one—has not been found. At the time of his death he was on the committee for building the first church ever erected at Rochester Centre.

His wife, Mary Smith Haskell, is to me a very interesting ancestress as she is a granddaughter of Roberte Goodele, who came to Salem in 1634 from Ipswich, Eng., with his wife, Catherine, on the ship Elizabeth, from which circumstances he named his daughter Elizabeth. She was the mother of our ancestress, Mary Smith Haskell. This line connects us with our honored and lifelong friend, Pres. Wm. Goodell Frost of Berea College, whose line of descent from Robert Goodell, of Salem, is given in his own handwriting in his finely gotten up record of "Puritan Ancestors." Wm. Goodell Frost is named for his grandfather, Wm. Goodell, a distinguished anti-slavery worker.

My sister Mary's notes say that after Mark's death, his oldest son, Roger, then nineteen years old, became the head of the family. We opine, however, that Mark's energetic widow, Mary, should by good rights have been considered the head of the family. We learn from the church records that she was hired once in fifteen days to sweep the church "to keep it decent," and thus she eked out the family living. Also we find her, after two years, acquiring land by Mary's pond for her son, John, 1681-1728, who settled on this land very likely originally owned by the uncle for whom he was named. He married Mehitible Clark and the pair had ten children and many descendants. There have been six old Haskell houses on the John Haskell farm, only one of which, now known as the Paine House, is still habitable. One of these old houses, called the Perry House, was burned down in August, 1926. There were beautiful carved panels in it, and it may have been the home of John Haskell (3). It was a story and a half high, and a photograph of it is owned by Miss Sarah Haskell. Some of John Haskell's descendants are Mr. Ira Haskell of Lynn, and Mrs. Wood, of Taunton, a devoted member of the Haskell association, whose grandfather, David Haskell, was a son of John Haskell, Jr., who married Ruth Sprague, a descendant of John and Priscilla Alden, Mayflower Pilgrims, Rev. Timothy Ruggles performing the ceremony. This John Haskell, Jr., joined the church when an old man of seventy. He willed a negro slave to his son, David, slavery not being considered as incompatible with Christian character at that period. Mrs. Wood's father was Hiram Haskell. She is now a widow and has a married son and grandchildren who live in Seattle. Her son is a professor of music.

One son or grandson of John Haskell (3) was Timothy Haskell, who was drowned at sea in his thirtieth year. Another grandson, Zachariah Haskell, was thrown from a wagon and killed. One grandson, Phillip Haskell, served throughout the Revolution. Another, Roger Haskell (5), enlisted three times in the Revolution and was granted an annual pension of $42.50, but never drew it. One granddaughter, Miss Lydia Haskell, who lived in Rochester un-

married, was greatly revered as a nurse and lovely character. One descendant of John Haskell (3) is Rev. W. A. Lloyd, pastor of the Congregational Church at Ravenswood, Chicago. There are no descendants of John (3) in Rochester now. Some of his many descendants are people of wealth and influence in the West.

The third son of "Witchcraft Mark" and Mary Haskell was Mark (3), whom for convenience we shall differentiate as "Savery House Mark" because at the time of his marriage to Rebecca Thomas in 1709, he built the interesting old house still standing on the New Bedford road, known as "the Old Savery House." This is the oldest of the old houses in all the three and a half towns which have been carved out of the original Rochester; namely, Marion—originally Sippican—Mattapoisett, which happily retains its musical Indian name, and half of Wareham. The pathetic interest which adheres to these old homes where generations have lived and died is well expressed in these words of Longfellow:

> "All homes wherein men have lived and died
> Are haunted houses."

And also by these words from Samuel Adams Drake:

"Certainly the houses men have lived in, do bring us
Closer to their lives than all other means put together.
They are no longer the phantoms of our imagination, we
See them in their very habits as they lived."

In 1919 my sister Edith and I exchanged poems about this old house. My own lines are as follows:

The Old Savery House

Wailing into the light
Our kindred here were sent.
To death's mysterious night
From these low rooms they went.
Built two hundred years ago
Gambrel-roof, huge chimney square;—
What a wealth of memories
Old Time has garnered there!

Imagination sighs
O'er the low garden bed
Where flowers perennial rise
Planted by hands long dead!
So owner, prithee, spare
This relic of the past.
Respect these memories!
Let the old land-mark last!

"Savery House Mark" and Rebecca had four sons, Mark (4) the eldest, married Elizabeth Whitridge and had eight children. One of his descendants is Mrs. Fuller of Acushnett a member of the Haskell association. One son, Thomas, was the executor of his father's will, but did not settle in Rochester. Another son, Moses, born 1719, who married Lydia Clark, had a tragic experience of being taken prisoner in a naval battle, and was imprisoned in England for a time. We are especially interested in Seth, another son of Mark and Rebecca, born 1722, who married Abiah Nelson, the child already mentioned in Chapter Four, the step daughter of Seth's cousin, Elder Mark Haskell of Lakeville who lived at Hay Hall with her mother and step-father. Seth brought his bride to the house he had built on the most westerly strip of the original Haskell farm, twenty acres of which he had bought from his father. This house was destined to be, in after years, the birth place of our own mother, Jane Thompson, as the development of this family story will show. This little farm where we now spend our summers has upon it an eskar or ridge of land left by a most obliging glacier several millions of years ago. By means of it we are able to traverse my sister Edith's wood-lot from end to end on its western side. Otherwise that part of her property would be a morass with mud so deep that it could not be crossed. Some years ago the mud at the right hand of the high and dry eskar path, was measured, and found to be twelve feet deep.

Seth and Abiah Haskell had a large family of children who grew up on the same place where our mother spent her childhood a generation later. One of their sons, Job, was the ancestor of Edward Gray Haskell of Indiana, and through his

daughter, Roxallana, who married Noah Dean, is the ancestor of Mrs. C. F. White, of Brookline, a valued member of the Haskell association and also of Mr. E. G. Haskell, who has been Vice President of the Association. Another son of Seth and Abiah Haskell was Zebulon Haskell, named evidently for Abiah's half-brother, our great grandfather of the same name. He married Thankful Dexter from Dexter lane, Rochester, where the old Dexter homestead still stands. The Haskells and Dexters seem to have been fond of intermarrying as several such marriages turn up in the various records. The Dexters were descended from the immigrant, Richard Dexter, who with his wife, Bridget, and three children fled from Ireland during a great massacre of Protestants in 1642. We shall run across these Dexter connections again in the course of our story.

Zebulon and Thankful Haskell had a family of nine children which they reared near Mary's pond in Rochester. One of their sons, Leonard Haskell, named for his little Uncle Leonard who died, became a sea captain. This little Uncle Leonard Haskell was a twin of Abiah, Jr., the daughter of Seth and Abiah Nelson Haskell. Abiah, Jr., married Benjamin Pickens and eventually sold out Seth's farm after his death, to my grandfather, Isaac Thompson, as will be hereafter explained. It is interesting to note that Abiah Nelson Haskell, who was a granddaughter of Elkanah Leonard, Sr., of Middleboro, gave her ancestral name to her little son who died so young. It is also interesting to note that there were three Abiahs closely related to each other, who were successively the mistresses of the first house on our Rochester place, viz., Abiah Nelson Haskell, Abiah Haskell Pickens, and Abiah Haskell Thompson. The first of these three Abiahs, after she was left a widow by the death of her husband, Seth Haskell, went back to her early home at Hay Hall, Lakeville, making her home there with her half-brother, Zebulon Haskell, our great grandfather, who then owned the place. She was thus closely associated with Zebulon's daughter, Abiah, our grandmother to be, who was at that time a growing girl in her early teens. The older Abiah died there at Hay Hall in 1803, but whether she was buried in Lakeville beside her mother—the still older Abiah

—or whether she was taken back to Rochester for burial beside her husband, Seth, is unknown to me. Zebulon Haskell, the son of Seth Haskell, of Rochester, was evidently named for his mother's half brother, Zebulon Haskell, of Hay Hall, Lakeville. His second marriage was with Mrs. Susanna Sherman, and by this union he is the ancestor of two valued members of the Haskell association, Mrs. Mary Moore, of Haddonsfield, New Jersey, and her daughter, Mrs. Minnie Tatem. I had the pleasure last summer of showing these ladies our Rochester place, which was to them the ancestral farm where their progenitors, Seth Haskell and his son, Zebulon, lived, and called their attention to the old stone door-step which belonged to that earliest house on the premises, which Seth built, and where Zebulon was born. My conversation with these ladies that day brought out the fact that they, as well as ourselves, are also descended from John Howland, Pilgrim.

The youngest son of "Witchcraft Mark" and Mary Haskell was Joseph (3), born about 1692, and who in 1716 married Bethuah Hammond of Mattapoisett. He built a house close by Rochester Common, which "went down" about 1770. This pair had ten children, two of whom settled in Rochester, but most of them went to the new town of Hardwick for the settling up of which their father was a business agent. He became a wealthy man, in spite of the fact that he was a partner in a disastrous bank failure where many suffered loss. His son, Elnathan Haskell, Sr., succeeded him in the house by Rochester Common. He married widow Dorothy Peckham, a kind woman who deserves honorable mention for her good habit of refilling the foot-stoves of the women on Sunday noons that they might endure the rigors of their unheated church during the afternoon service.

Elnathan Haskell, Sr., and three of his sons, Elnathan, Jr., James, and Nathan, fought in the Revolutionary War. Nathan was killed in a sea-fight off the coast of France at the age of nineteen in 1780. His inscription—on his father's monument in Rochester cemetery—has a historical value as it is the only known record of such a naval engagement. Major Elnathan Haskell, Jr., born 1755, was a distinguished

Revolutionary officer. His picture as one of Washington's Aids may be seen in the great painting representing Burgoyne's Surrender, in the dome of the Capitol in Washington. Maj. Haskell went to South Carolina with General Greene when he took command of the Southern Department, and after the Revolution ended settled in that State, and married a daughter of Col. William Thompson, of Fort Moultrie fame. He has many descendants today in the prominent families of South Carolina.

One of the sons of Elnathan Haskell, Sr., was Nathaniel Haskell, who built a house on the Walnut Plain Road which leads from Rochester to Middleboro. He married Delea Hall and had ten children. One son, Charles, was drowned in Forge Pond at ten years of age. His son Major Nathaniel Haskell, Jr., built a house near his father's, which still stands with its fine grove in front, set out by himself and his beautiful daughter, Eugenia Haskell, 1820-1907, whom I remember to have seen in my childhood and who was the last survivor of the Joseph Haskell line in Rochester.

The tales of Miss Eugenia linger lovingly on the lips of her old Rochester neighbors. I have heard this saying of hers laughingly quoted, "There are three kinds of Haskells in Rochester, the King Haskells, the Religious Haskells, and the Common Haskells." Needless to say Miss Eugenia herself belonged in the first category. There were in her home many distinguished visitors, and much gaiety. I was permitted last summer to drink from a beautiful goblet which had belonged to her and had once been used by the first Napoleon at a dinner party where one of the prominent military Haskells, who had gone to France on State business, was present. Napoleon, who was the lion of the occasion, was requested to sip wine from each of the goblets used on the table, that they might be taken by the guests as souvenirs. This was done, and one of these treasured goblets was given to Miss Eugenia. Her sister, Julia, had in early life been courted by a prominent Rochester man who eventually jilted her and married another. Julia was thereafter embittered toward all men, and did not wish her idolized younger sister, Eugenia, to marry at all. She used to take a candle after Eugenia was asleep and let its beams

fall on her face so she could gloat over the Sleeping Beauty, who fulfilled her sister's wish never to marry, but not because she was a misanthrope toward men. The old neighbors believe they know the name of the man she loved, but who never asked her hand. Eugenia kept her gaiety and made her many conquests. Miss Anna Holmes relates that on one occasion, our mother's bachelor brother, Zebulon Thompson, asked her if she had ever seen the list of Miss Eugenia's rejected suitors, saying his own name would have been found somewhere in it, and also that when Miss Eugenia used to stand up in a boat on Mary's pond and sing, there was not a man who heard her, who did not wish to possess her. Vain the hope! She rejected them all, and pursued her "Genius for Happiness" in her friends and beloved books.

Eugenia's brothers, William and Paul, went West, and Paul had descendants who lived in Chicago. Her parents and two sisters died, after which Eugenia carried on her farm with the help of a hired man. On one occasion while entertaining guests in the parlor, her man hurried in to say that one of the cows had a turnip stuck in her throat. Leaving her guests Eugenia went to the barn and deftly turning back the sleeve of her pretty pink frock plunged her dainty hand and arm into the animal's throat while her man held its jaws open. After extracting the turnip Eugenia returned to the parlor to charm her visitors with the wealth of her sparkling conversation with its wide range of topics from the public affairs of the day to literature, art, nature, and religion.

I looked recently into the same barn where on March 8, 1907, she was destined to die among the cows—her dumb brute friends. Her hired man had been away for days, and there had been a terrible snow storm. Eugenia was alone that Monday morning and she struggled out through the cold and snow to the barn to attend to the animals, and there, chilled and exhausted, the angel of death met her. Her body was not discovered till the next day, and the community was shocked at the tragic manner of her death. But life had held to her lips a brimming cup and she was wont to say, "I've had a happy life."

From the four sons of "Witchcraft Mark Haskell,"

which we have enumerated, viz., Dea. Roger, John, "Savery House Mark," and Joseph, were descended the twelve Haskell families who were at one time living simultaneously in the little town of Rochester, which might at that period have been appropriately called Haskellville. The following verses of their own composition were sung at the Haskell association meeting August 13, 1914, by Phoebe Haskell and Winifred Lewis, who accompanied themselves on the banjo and mandolin:

"If Marcus thinking primly to hang witches was not right,
So from Salem rode to Rochester on horse-back in the night,
If all his kinsmen settled there, and if they live there still
How many more Haskells would it take to make Rochester Haskellville?

Problems such as these have we, when we trace our family
Back through Ebenezer, Lot, Jesse, Roger, Mark.
By and by perhaps you'll come to Noah and his ark."

The Haskell descendants now in Rochester are from "Witchcraft Mark's" oldest son, Dea. Roger Haskell, born 1680, who about 1706 married Joanna Swift, of Sandwich, named for her ancestress, Joane, the wife of William Swift, of Bocking, Essex County, England. The pair came over to America about 1630 and settled in Sandwich. They were of a prominent family that had a coat-of-arms. There are several Swift-Haskell marriages on record.

In the same field where "Witchcraft Mark" had built the first Haskell house, and close by the New Bedford road in Rochester is a patch of red lilies surrounding an old stone door-step, which marks the site of the house of Dea. Roger and Joanna Haskell. This door-stone which had been overgrown with weeds, was laid bare last summer by the friendly hoe of Dea. George B. Haskell, who lives opposite. My

cousin, George E. Haskell, before his decease put a rude fence around this spot to keep the cows from destroying the lilies which speak eloquently every spring as they bloom of the old house here where lived three generations of Haskells. I do not believe it is mawkish sentiment which makes us wish that this site and relic might be permanently preserved and marked. Such reminders of those brave pioneers who have blazed the trail for succeeding generations are educative and stimulating. A protest arises within me over every old historic home, and every noble old tree that is obliterated.

Dea. Roger and Joanna Haskell had seven children; there was twenty years difference in the ages of the first and last of these. While the parsonage was being built, this family took as a boarder, Rev. Timothy Ruggles, who had to supply the glass and nails for his new home. This famous minister is so closely connected with our Haskell ancestors that we must digress from our story to speak of him and his twelve children, six of whom settled in the town of Hardwick of which Reverend Timothy was a promoter. His most famous son was Brigadier General Timothy Ruggles, Jr., a graduate of Harvard in 1736, who married Bathsheba Newcomb. Timothy, Jr., once as a practical joke succeeded in getting a law passed "that all men who owned swine should have their noses ringed." He became a noted Tory leader and was a member of the Mandamus Council in 1774. He was obliged to escape to Halifax, where his sons followed him into exile. His daughters married men on the side of the Colonists and never saw their father again. Timothy's property was confiscated, but this was a small calamity beside the heavy tidings which came to him in Halifax that his beautiful married daughter, Bathsheba Spooner, named for her mother, had been hung in 1778 for complicity in the murder of her husband through love for another man. Bathsheba was the last woman hung in Massachusetts, and is buried on the beautiful Andrew Green Estate near Worcester. Her grandfather, the old Rochester minister, Timothy Ruggles, Sr., had happily died ten years before this tragedy occured.

Dea. Roger Haskell's close association with minister

Ruggles may account for his religious fanaticism which appears in the incident related of him that on one occasion at a meeting he caught hold of a boy's finger and touched it to the flame of a candle saying, "that is how hell feels." We must not conclude from this lurid story that our progenitor was a hard-hearted man. It is only an index of the bigotry of his time which showed itself particularly in the rigidity with which Sabbath keeping was enforced. In 1815 the little town of Rochester had no less than twelve tithingmen, part of whose duty it was, to keep a vigilant eye on Sabbath-breakers and fine them for their sin. One tithingman in Rochester imposed a fine of a dollar on a neighbor woman who called on his own sick wife on Sunday afternoon, thereby disregarding the rule that no visiting might be done on the Sabbath. There is a case on the Plymouth records where a man was fined for writing a business letter "too early" on Sabbath afternoon, that is before sun-down. We are reminded in these stories of the old English gibe about the Puritans:

"Where I saw a Puritan
A-hanging of his cat on Monday
For catching of a mouse on Sunday."

Dea. Roger and Joanna finally withdrew their membership from the Rochester Church because Joanna was aggrieved by a case of discipline there, and the pair became members of the Church in Sandwich from which Joanna had originally come.

Of their eldest son, Elder Mark Haskell, our ancestor, we shall speak in the next chapter. Ephraim, 1711-1773, the second son of Dea. Roger, built the first house on the site where Dea. George B. Haskell's house now stands, at the time of his marriage, in 1738, to Mehitible Tobe, of Sandwich. They had eight children, and various distinguished descendants, one, Samuel Haskell, a captain, was killed at North Bend, La., in the Civil War in 1863. Another descendant was Jabez Haskell, a manufacturer of silk at Windsor Locks, who was also a genealogist. Dr. Robbins, of Mattapoisett, is also a descendant of Ephraim Haskell.

The third son of Dea. Roger and Joanna was Ebenezer Haskell, Sr., born 1716, who succeeded his parents in the

lily-patch house and died there. Ebenezer, Sr., in 1757 married widow Anna Fearing Gurney, who outlived him and who, after the burning down of her old home among the red lilies, moved with her youngest son, Jesse, into the house built by his Uncle Ephraim across the street, whose descendants sold out and moved to Maine. This house was shaded by a large button-wood tree which still stands and shades the veranda of the later house built on the same site where now lives our valued kinswoman, Miss Sarah Haskell, who asked me at our last Haskell party to write some lines about the old tree. I complied and give the result here:

The Haskell Button-wood Tree

Button-wood tree! Shading this pleasant porch tonight
As you shaded a hundred years ago another house on the self-same site!
Here with her son widowed Anna came, when they had watched in deep dismay
Their dear old home go up in flame where the red lilies bloom just over the way.
Anna lived here with Jesse, her son—another son, Lot, lived down the road
Further on, Ebenezer, named for Anna's good husband gone to God.
Anna died here, and Jesse wed, and children seven 'neath the old tree played.
One child, Sarah, born eighteen-three, climbed one day—somewhere near eighteen-ten.
Broke off a limb, see the scar, and then, out came this new one rival in size
Of the main trunk, towering up toward the skies.
The daughters went to homes of their own. One son, George, in the old house stayed.
Deacon George took the old house down, built here this one staunch and strong.
Here live his children, grandchildren too, like the old tree may their days be long!

Lot Haskell House, Rochester, built 1800.

Rochester Church, built about 1836. *Christopher Wren architecture.*

As the poem implies, Anna's three sons were all living at the same time on the north side of the New Bedford road with their families, at short distances apart. The oldest of the three, Lot Haskell, born 1758, married first Desire Vincent and lived with her probably in the lily-patch house, but after his second marriage to Elizabeth Cotton, he built in 1800 the substantial house still standing and in good condition, which we in childhood used to call "Aunt Joanna's house," as our mother's eldest sister was at that time the mistress there. Her husband was William Haskell, the son of Lot and Elizabeth, who came from the distinguished Cotton family of Plymouth. All Elizabeth's descendants were proud of that family connection, and the name Cotton was incorporated in several of their names. Elizabeth herself must have been a notable lady. A piece of her beautiful pink silk wedding dress was shown last summer at our Haskell party. She was an ardent Revolutionist, who belonged to a society of women who pledged themselves at that stormy period to buy no imported goods from England. Lot Haskell's name has come down to us with a good report of his kindness and hospitality, and as being an authority on matters of local history. He was also a town officer. His old Bible, dated 1798, is owned by his great granddaughter, Phoebe Haskell. His old home has been sold.

Lot's younger brother, Ebenezer Haskell, Jr., bought out the heirs of his great uncle, "Savery House Mark (3)," and settled down in the Old Savery House, with his wife, Bathsheba Crocker, and the pair had three daughters. The eldest, Hope, called "Aunt Hope" by the whole neighborhood, remained unmarried, and lived in the old house until her death in 1863, when it passed into the ownership of Rufus Savery.

Hope's sister, Almira, married Henry Bourne, of Sandwich, a descendant of our own eminent ancestor, Richard Bourne, missionary to the Indians, of whom more anon. One of the sons of Henry Bourne and Almira Haskell was Henry Bourne, Jr., who was the rescuer of his half brother, Thomas Bourne, civil war hero, as presently related.

The youngest daughter of Ebenezer Haskell, Jr., and Bathsheba was Louisa Haskell, who married Charles Holmes, of

Rochester, whose friend, the great Daniel Webster, used to visit him in Rochester. His father, Hon. Abraham Holmes, is the author of a very interesting personal journal, never published in full, but partly copied by my sister, Mary, and this much prized manuscript is replete with information which gives a clear picture of the Rochester of the first half of the nineteenth century. In it he gives his recipe for domestic happiness, namely: that each of the pair should earnestly strive to please the other. He believed that happiness might thus be attained by every married couple, and it is said that he and his wife agreed at the start that they would thus achieve happiness and that they succeeded. Charles and Louisa Holmes were the grandparents of our three valued neighbors and relatives in Rochester, the Misses Mary and Anna Holmes, and Mrs. Louisa Stillwell Nevius, the widow of the son of a missionary to India. She has several adult children, John, Miriam, Richmond, and Stillwell who married Helen Brown and the pair have a daughter, Jane. The Holmes sisters have a brother, Charles, who married Anna Pratt. The family have two sons, Charles and Lincoln, and live in Fall River.

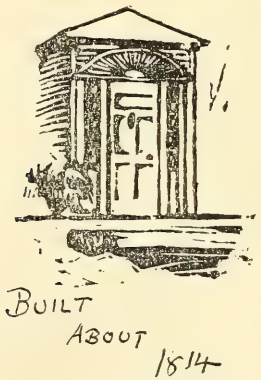
Jesse, the youngest son of Ebenezer Haskell, Sr., held important offices. He was State Representative, and a commissioned officer in the cavalry. He married Zeruiah Burgess, of Wareham, and the pair had eight children. Their daughter, Anna, married Dr. Thomas E. Gage and lived in Rochester. Dr. Gage was prominent in the military activities of the time. Great muster days were celebrated in Rochester's training field when the women made "muster cake" for the soldiers. Jesse Haskell's daughter, Susan, married Addison Weld, of New York, whose fine picture hangs in the house he built across the road from Jesse's, where his son, Addison Weld, Jr., and his daughter, Mrs. Caroline Lewis, now live. Winifred Lewis, the only daughter of Caroline, and the author of several of the merry rhymes of this book, died suddenly in 1916, the year following her marriage to Victor Gibbs. Winifred was greatly beloved and deeply mourned by the whole community. It seemed sad that her infant died also. The double tragedy leaves Mrs. Lewis especially bereaved. Her sister, Mrs.

Lucy Weld Scott, who also lived in Rochester, died January 24, 1927.

Dea. George Haskell, Sr., the son of Jesse and Zeruiah, succeeded his parents on the home place. He married Martha Burgess, and their two children, Miss Sarah Haskell, and Dea. George B. Haskell, Jr., live there still. The latter, who married Annie Joslyn, had three children, Ernest—now deceased as is also his mother—Ethel, who is a trained nurse, and Royal, an investigator of plant diseases in the employ of the Federal Government. Royal married Myrta Brown, and Rochester welcomes them back frequently to the home of their father and aunt, both of whom are highly valued workers in the church. Miss Sarah Haskell was an intimate friend of my sister, Emma. She was named for the Aunt Sarah—who as a child broke off the limb of the great Button-wood tree—and who in later years became the second wife of Henry Bourne. One of the sons of this second union was Thomas Bourne, a Civil War veteran who is still living, and who has a thrilling history. He enlisted in the Civil War at the age of eighteen, and eight days after leaving Rochester was taken prisoner at the Battle of Antietam, and confined in the prisons at Andersonville and Florence. The condition of those rebel prisons was appalling. They were in open stockades, without proper shelter, and the only food given was beans of poor quality which they were obliged to cook themselves, undoubtedly without proper facilities. This diet could not be digested, and the prisoners were ill and starving. Thomas said in after years that he had been through all the horrors of death by starvation. In this nearly dying condition he was at last removed to the Union lines by an exchange of prisoners. His half brother, Henry Bourne, hearing of this went to find him, but Thomas was emaciated past recognition and Henry was leaving the hospital in despair having passed him by without knowing him. Providentially Thomas opened his eyes just as Henry was about to pass out, and a faint call, "Henry," caused him to turn back. The devoted brother owned a ship and took the invalid by it to his home in Brooklyn where Thomas was nursed until able to travel to his mother in Rochester. Thomas recuperated sufficiently to be back in the Union

ranks for the final muster-out in 1865, and he still lives to tell the story to the thrilled and admiring children in public schools.

Thomas later married Harriet Payson and had four children, Philip, Jesse, Susan, and Katherine, who also have posterity. All these and also Thomas' sister, Annie Z. Bourne, who married a Hitchcock, and had three children, are all descendants of our great missionary ancestor, Richard Bourne. These ancestral lines will be found in the appendix of this book. There was another Haskell-Bourne marriage in Jesse Haskell's family, as his daughter, Martha, married William Bourne. One of Jesse's sons, Ebenezer (6), married Harriet Ruggles and the son of this union, Edward Haskell, lived in New Bedford, where his daughter, Mrs. Helen Westgate, still lives.



Front door of the hospitable home in Rochester, Mass. of Mrs. Louisa Nevius, whose grandfather, Charles Holmes, the builder of the house, used frequently to entertain there his friend Daniel Webster who was fond of playing cards with him.

CHAPTER IX

THE CONFLUENCE OF THE LEONARDS AND HASKELLS

"I was always pleased to find any little anecdote of my ancestors."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

WITH the burning of the Lily Patch House in the Haskell field in Rochester, the last of the three old houses which had stood there disappeared. There are traces still of their sites. The first of these houses which "Witchcraft Mark" built for the reception of his family in 1697 and the house by the road where the red lilies still bloom, have been already mentioned. The site of the third old Haskell house in this field, was on the west side by the lane which leads to the Haskell mill and swamp. The place is marked by two old apple trees and lilacs which once surrounded it, and perhaps by traces of an old cellar. It is not verified as to who occupied this third house, but sister Mary's notes contain an interesting suggestion which is more than plausible, namely, that this was the first married home of our great great grandfather, Elder Mark Haskell, born 1709, the oldest son of Dea. Roger Haskell, that here he lived with his first wife, Mary Spooner, that here his sons by this marriage, Nathaniel, Samuel, and Mark (5), were born, and that after Mary's death, and Elder Mark's remarriage to Abiah Leonard Nelson, 1707-1791, and the family's removal to the new wife's beautiful home, Hay Hall, by Lake Quittacus in Middleboro, that the earlier home in the Haskell field was abandoned, and fell to decay.

By this second marriage in 1740 to the daughter of Ensign Elkanah Leonard, our James Leonard ancestry and our Haskell ancestry flow together. It thus becomes a new point of departure in our family annals, and we must study this group as closely as our meagre details of information and the distance of time will permit.

Elder Mark and Abiah have been already introduced to our readers in Chapter Four. Theirs must have been a

complex family life at Hay Hall where there were three sets of children living together. There were Elder Mark's three sons by his first marriage; there was Abiah Nelson, by her mother's first marriage, and there were finally three sons, Roger, Elisha, and Zebulon, born to Elder Mark and Abiah through the second union of each. We must now briefly sketch the career of each of these seven children and what we know of their descendants.

Elder Mark's oldest son, Nathaniel, by his first marriage had a distinguished military son named Prince Haskell, who was once taken as a prisoner to Canada by the Indians. He was the recipient of a complimentary personal letter from George Washington praising his services in the Revolution. He had a son, Edward Wilder Haskell, born 1819, whose son, Burnette Haskell, born 1857, was the editor of the Haskell Journal, four numbers of which were published in San Francisco in 1898. Burnette has a son, Astaroth Haskell, born 1886, whose picture was in that Journal which has now been discontinued.

Samuel, the second son of Elder Mark Haskell settled in Hardwick and had posterity. The third son, Mark (5), changed his own name to Micah to avoid the multiplicity of Marks—who can blame him! He lived in Rochester and had no posterity, but made his namesake, Micah Ruggles, one of his heirs.

Little Abiah Nelson, whose mother was the second wife of Elder Mark, has been already sketched in the preceding chapter. She became Mrs. Seth Haskell and was the first mistress in the house in Rochester where our mother was born and where three Abiahs successively held sway. All have derived their names from Abiah Leonard, of Hay Hall, who must have been highly thought of to have had so many namesakes.

The eldest son of Elder Mark's and Abiah's union was Roger Haskell, born 1742. He married Judith Nelson, evidently some connection of his mother's by her first marriage, and the pair moved to North Brookfield. Their grandson, Simeon Haskell, moved to Chatauqua County, N. Y., and had a son, Mark, who "made his mark" holding civic offices in Oakham and who had a millionaire grandson, George,

"the only democrat ever known among the Haskells" who made his money as an oil speculator. We hope he left some of it to his blind Baptist preacher brother, Franklin Haskell, and the other two ministers in this family, who doubtless needed it. Roger Haskell (5) had a distinguished descendant named Thomas Nelson Haskell, son of Capt. George Haskell, who moved from Chatauqua County, New York, to Bloomfield, Ohio. After being a pastor in Washington and Boston, Thomas was a professor in Colorado College, and has been called one of the founders of that institution. He was the author of a well-written and beautifully illustrated book of poems called "Kankaput," the name of an Indian Ute chief. This book contains a picture of Thomas Nelson Haskell—showing him to have had a face of great spiritual beauty. It also contains an obituary notice of an older brother of the writer, named George Henry Haskell, of Bloomfield, Ohio, and records the dying exclamation of this humble Christian man, "I am happy—so happy." To have achieved such a state of mind as one leaves this state of existence is noteworthy indeed!

Elisha Haskell, the second son of Elder Mark and Abiah, had a home at first near Hay Hall, where his son, Silas, succeeded him, but the family eventually moved to Acushnet and New Bedford. Alice Lee, the first wife of President Roosevelt, was a descendant of Elisha Haskell and came from the Acushnet Haskells. This connects us with Alice Roosevelt Longworth. This curious story is told of a daughter of Silas Haskell—was her name Mary Ann? —who lived where a yellow house is said to still stand on a cross road between the two Quittacus Lakes. She became enamored of a designing peddler, who, professing love for the young lady, induced the family to accept a large quantity of his wares, as being their prospective son-in-law. When he had gotten them financially into his power, the love affair collapsed and the family lost their property and moved away. I cannot vouch for the truth of this tradition. Elisha Haskell and some of his descendants, including a granddaughter, Miss Elmira Haskell, 1803-1883, are buried in the little Haskell graveyard near Lake Quittacus. Elmira knit stockings to procure the money with which to erect a

neat fence around her grandfather's burial lot, a praiseworthy example of family devotion. Thomas Haskell is buried in this yard, a grandson of Elder Mark, by his son, Roger, who lost his life by drowning in Lake Quittacus one Sunday morning when crossing the lake on the ice on his way to church.

The third son of Elder Mark and Abiah was our great grandfather, Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820. His wife, Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, was the daughter of Capt. Jonathan Swift, of Sandwich, and Elizabeth Bourne, born 1731, of Falmouth, both of whom have notable lines of Pilgrim ancestry as both are descended from John Howland, John Tilley, and Richard Warren, all Mayflower Pilgrims. Elizabeth is also descended from our great missionary ancestor, Richard Bourne, a sketch of whom is here inserted.

Our Bourne Ancestry

Richard Bourne, 1609-1682, a merchant of education and some wealth, was born in Devonshire, England, and came to America between 1625 and 1630. He settled in Sandwich in 1637 at the age of twenty-eight, about the time that his future father-in-law, "Mr." Andrew Hallet, came from England with his family and settled on Cape Cod at Barnstable or Yarmouth. Hallet is recorded as "a gentleman," a term used in England to denote a person not dependent for subsistance upon trade, labor, or profession, and of gentle birth and breeding. Hallet's wife was named Mary and his daughter, Bathsheba, was of marriageable age when the family arrived. The only other item we possess about "Mr." Andrew Hallet is that at his death he left a cow to the poor of Yarmouth, a charitable act, especially as cattle were so scarce at that period. He is the ancestor of the Yarmouth Hallets.

His daughter, Bathsheba, married Richard Bourne, who, having become interested in the Indian population around him on Cape Cod, began, although only a layman at the time, to preach to them, with such success that an Indian Church was gathered at Mashpee and in 1670 John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, and Rev. John Cotton, the pastor at Plymouth, ordained Richard Bourne as a minister to the

Indians. His influence over them was so powerful that he prevented his converts from joining King Philip's forces five years later, thus probably preventing the white colonists from being exterminated. Bourne's extensive parish took in Middleboro, and in 1683 he had 1,439 adult Indian converts, besides boys and girls under instruction.

In 1794 three of Richard Bourne's great grandsons were in the United States Congress, and his name is held in great honor. The town of Bourne on Cape Cod is named for him. One curious incident of his life is referred to by my sister, Mary Hall Leonard, in an article called "The Modern Search for Ancestors," published in *Self Culture,* March 1899, which says, "It gives one a peculiar feeling, to come upon a record that seems uncouth or inconsistent with one's preconceived ideas of one's progenitors. The writer well remembers the curious feeling that arose on reading of a pious and famous colonial ancestor, that in 1639 he was fined eighteen pence for leaving three swine unringed, yet the quaint record gave a new and vivid interest in the personality of this ancient divine thus suddenly revealed as a man of ordinary frailties." Personally I must confess to a feeling of satisfaction whenever I come across such proof of my worthy ancestors' failings or foibles. It makes them more real, more human, and I take them into my heart all the more lovingly.

> "And who knows how a life at the last may show?
> Why, look at the moon from where we stand,
> Opaque, uneven you say, yet it shines
> A luminous sphere complete and grand."

These ancestors of ours, so very human, were yet the honest, God-fearing people who developed south-eastern Massachusetts with their sturdy arms and arduous toil. "Their personal faults passed with them into the grave, their just principles and noble actions survived, and blossomed into a living harvest of sacred and immortal memory."

We are descended from the third son of Richard Bourne who, as the historian Goodwin says, "loaded one of his sons with the name Shear-Jashub," a scripture name meaning "a

remnant shall return." It is said to denote that Richard hoped some of his family might eventually return to England. Since later generations perpetuated the name Shear-Jashub it evidently was not resented in the family. Shear-Jashub Bourne, 1644-1718, married in 1673 Bathsheba Skiff. Considering the stern morals of the colonists the frequency with which they chose the scripture name of Bathsheba is surprising. Does it betray a lurking sympathy with such as stray from the narrow path of the "unco' guid"?

Shear-Jashub and Bathsheba Bourne "loaded" one of their sons with the scriptural name, Melatiah, 1673-1742, who became a Representative to the Massachusetts Court, and married Desire Chipman, 1673-1705, a granddaughter of John Howland and Elizabeth, Mayflower Pilgrims. Desire died at the age of thirty-two leaving a little seven-year old son, John Bourne, born 1698, our ancestor "who died early in life leaving a good estate." His wife, Mercy Hinckley, nine years younger than himself, was the great granddaughter of Samuel Hinckley, who came from England on the Ship Hercules in 1634 with his wife and four children, one of whom, Thomas, then sixteen years old, was destined to become a Governor of Massachusetts for twelve years, 1680-1692. Samuel was a dissenter who, in order to get away from England, had to swear conformity to the Episcopal form of worship. We wonder if his conscience troubled him afterward about this lapse from strict truthfulness. He was a liberal minded man who afterward was indicted for "entertaining strangers," probably Quakers—Oh these curious records! Samuel built a house at Barnstable, the site of which is still visible. He is the ancestor of all the Hinckleys on Cape Cod, and his great granddaughter, Mercy, born 1707, was the mother of our ancestress, Elizabeth Bourne.

Elizabeth's first husband, Capt. Jonathan Swift, died at the early age of thirty-two, leaving one little daughter, Abigail Swift, who was probably brought up in Marion as her mother was remarried to a celebrated clockmaker there named Thomas Tabor and was later the mother-in-law of another Elizabeth Tabor who was the founder of Tabor Academy in Marion, and is gratefully remembered for many

civic improvements donated by her in that town. It seems probable that the great altruistic principles which flowed down from the earlier Elizabeth's heredity to her son, enkindled his wife to her munificent gifts.

How the union came about between Abigail Swift and our great grandfather, Zebulon Haskell, can be only conjectured, but they very likely met in Sandwich where both had relatives, as the grandparents of both lived there. The Swifts, Bournes, and Haskells are all closely related. Elizabeth Bourne Tabor curiously enough is buried in the little Haskell graveyard by Lake Quittacus, the only grave there which is not of a Haskell. When an aged widow she went to live at Hay Hall with Abigail, the daughter of her youth, and died there.

Zebulon and Abigail Haskell had three children. Their only son, John Swift Haskell, lived in Middleboro and after his wife's death his daughter, Lois, went to live with her Aunt Betsey Howard, in West Bridgewater, and there married Molbry Ripley. Their son, Frederick Ripley, was a classmate of sister Edith's at Bridgewater Normal School, where their cousinship was recognized in their schooldays. Mr. Ripley is a teacher in Boston and sometimes attends the meeting of the Haskell Association. His sister, Helen, married Sumner Packard, of West Bridgewater, and their daughter, Louise, is a teacher. Aunt Betsey Howard, with whom Lois Haskell lived when a girl, was the youngest daughter of Zebulon and Abigail Haskell. She married Edwin Howard of West Bridgewater. Her two sons, Charles and Horatio Howard, were my mother's own cousins and used sometimes to call upon her at our Scotland home when I was a child. I have heard my mother tell the story of a visit she made with her mother to her Aunt Betsey when she was about three years old, and how she then fell one day into Town River and would have been drowned had she not been rescued by her cousin, Charles Howard, then a small boy about seven years old, who saw her little skirt floating on the top of the water, and pulled her out in time to save her life. Charles Howard had a family. One daughter, Isabelle Howard, 1845-1922, who never married, I saw six years ago at Mt. Prospect Cemetery, at the burial

of sister Emma. She has herself passed away since then. A few years before her death Isabelle sent sister Mary an old letter written by our grandmother, Abiah Haskell, in her girlhood, to her sister, Betsey, who was Isabelle's grandmother to be. Abiah was a little over twenty when this sprightly letter was written from New Bedford or Fair Haven where she was prosecuting her artistic efforts in painting and embroidery. The letter was in reply to one from Betsey urging Abiah to come home to Hay Hall where she was much missed. Abiah demurs from this, saying she is more favorably situated where she is for obtaining her artistic designs. There is a spice of jollity and independence about Abiah's letter indicative of her decisive character. I was impressed by this playful sentence, "I think a great deal of myself, I always did."

Isabelle Howard's sister, Abigail, born 1842, named for Abigail Swift, her great grandmother and ours also, is still living. In 1869 she married Horace Bartlett, of West Bridgewater, where the family now lives, about a mile from the center. Their son, Henry, born 1871, a large purveyor of milk, and their attractive daughter, Helen, born 1874, whom I have recently met at the meeting of the Historical Society in West Bridgewater, live with them. Their youngest daughter, Jane, born 1877, is in business in Washington, D. C.

Grandmother Abiah evidently did not go home to stay long until after her marriage when she was driven by financial disaster to that kindly refuge as will be related later. For the next few years following the writing of the above mentioned letter to her sister, Betsey, we find her ardently pursuing her painting and needlework, becoming the Preceptress of a young ladies' school at Fairhaven, where she taught these accomplishments. We have in our Rochester home some of the beautiful work done at this period of her life. On our sitting room wall is a pastoral tapestry picture of a shepherd with his flock, and also a painting of a bouquet of old-fashioned flowers, in which sweet williams are prominent. The best of her paintings, however, were given to my sister, Clara, and went to her home in New York. The favorite among these pictures was that of "The Little

Gypsy" fortune teller, with this verse in Abiah's fine writing written below—I quote from memory:

> My hand, kind Sir, with silver cross!
> Who knows but you'll be rich?
> A sixpence Sir! how small the loss!
> Then trust a little witch.

This pictrue which I especially admired hung in my childhood on the wall of the chamber where all of mother's children were born in the old Leonard homestead by Nipenicket. Several of Abiah's paintings have under them what seems to be an original verse, showing that while her paramount taste was in the line of artistic handicraft, that she also possessed an undeveloped literary talent. At our Haskell party in Rochester last August another quaint picture of Abiah's was exhibited: "The Melancholy Maria," showing the sentimental Maria holding a tiny dog by a ribbon, and in the background a curious carriage of the period. At the same meeting was also shown Abiah's beautiful yellow silk "freedom dress," the tiny bodice of which was exactly as she wore it at the age of eighteen, proving that Abiah must have had a very slight figure. There was a larger bodice also, worn with the original skirt by Abiah's oldest daughter, Joanna, when she in turn arrived at the age of legal freedom, eighteen. These articles are now the property of Phoebe Haskell, Abiah's great great granddaughter through our Aunt Joanna, mother's eldest sister.

There is also preserved some of Abiah's exquisite embroidery, about which she was determined to know all there was to be known. My mother told this anecdote of her. At the time she was the Preceptress of the Fair Haven School, a lady stayed there one night who had a veil on her bonnet embroidered with a stitch unknown to Abiah. The bonnet and veil were left in the hall when the lady retired for the night, and Abiah seized the opportunity to take the veil to her room, and pick out enough of the embroidery to discover how the stitch was made. She then deftly embroidered back the ravelled figure and replaced the veil in the hall as good as before. Abiah's make-up was evidently

one of daring and adventure, perhaps inherited from Oskitel, her bandit ancestor.

There was an elaborate embroidered collar of Abiah's work which my mother wore on special occasions. It had a closely filled-in pattern of forget-me-nots, and when I saw my mother with that collar on, fastened by her beautiful mosaic breast-pin, I thought her the acme of elegance. That collar must have been worked in Abiah's maiden days; after her strenuous married life began, which will be related in a future chapter, she could not have found time for it. Abiah's father, Zebulon Haskell, joined the first Church of Middleboro in 1789 and three years later the new creed and covenant of the North Rochester Church was adopted at his home. Zebulon's grave is in the little Haskell cemetery near Quittacus Lake and has the following inscription:

> Our Life contains a thousand strings,
> And dies if one be gone,
> Strange that a harp of thousand strings
> Should keep in tune so long.

Elkanah Leonard

ELKANAH LEONARD HOUSE
MIDDLEBORO, MASS

CHAPTER X

OUR ISAAC THOMPSON QUARTER

"Let us not forget so to live that those who come after us may feel that we, too, have been ancestors worthy to be cherished."

THE name of our mother's father was Isaac Thompson. The name Thompson is very numerous in the old countries, England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, but the name has been variously spelt, on both sides of the Atlantic and among our own progenitors also. We use uniformly the later spelling Thompson, although our earliest progenitor in this country spelt his name Tomson, and his descendant, our grandmother, spelt her name Thomson, as did the Scottish branch of this family.

Our ancestor, Lieut. John Thompson, 1616-1696, was born in the North of Wales and came to Plymouth at the age of five with his mother and step-father, whose name is unknown, John's father having died in Wales when his son was an infant. This family emigrated from England in the third embarkation, one of the two Thomas Weston ships which brought sixty or seventy men, some of them with families. The passengers on these ships are not reckoned as Pilgrim Fathers, and one of the historians who calls them "a brawling profane crowd," intimates that their motives were not of the same high religious order as those which actuated the Pilgrims of the Mayflower, the Fortune, and the Anne. However this may be, our little John Thompson grew up among the Pilgrim Fathers, and married one of their daughters, Mary Cooke, and his future history shows that he was made of the same religious stuff that they were, and had imbibed their stern integrity. The Separatist movement was working in Wales at this period, and this fact probably accounts for the coming of John Thompson's family to Plymouth in 1621.

John became a carpenter and with Richard Church built the first framed meeting-house in Plymouth, for which ser-

vice they were obliged to sue the colony for payment. John finally accepted land in payment, as ready money was then so scarce. After a short sojourn in Sandwich, John bought from Westasquin, Sachem of the Neponsets, about 6,000 acres of land in Middleboro, a tract said to have been five miles long, and from which eventually more than a hundred farms were carved. No wonder that it is stated in the records, that the boundary between Rochester and Middleboro was to be decided with "the Tomsons and others."

The selection of the site of John's first home in Middleboro was in the following manner. One noon time, being thirsty when working alone in a field, he followed to its source in a spring a brook that had a few fish in it. By this spring he built a log house about twenty rods from what was then the Plymouth, but later the Halifax boundary line. The early settlers frequently, as in this case, built their homes in secluded spots, in order to take advantage of some natural water supply, as they had no tools for digging wells, other than wooden shovels bound with iron. This log house was destined to be burned down by hostile Indians at the outbreak of King Philip's war in 1775.

One Sunday before this, some Indians had entered John's home and tried to take away his famous gun, seven feet long and weighing nearly twenty-two pounds. This gun is now treasured in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth. John protected his gun by brandishing his pistol and sword. The Indians departed, but trouble was brewing. One morning when John's wife, Mary, was preparing breakfast, two threatening Indians entered the house, and pulled from the frying pan by its tail the fish she was cooking. She drove out these interlopers with her new splint broom. Another day some squaws came around, pretending to be friendly, and helped Mary pick beans. On John's return that night, he took alarm, secreted his valuables in a swamp, and driving his cattle before him, went with his family to the stockade near what is now "Middleboro Four Corners." On the way thither they passed the settlement of a neighbor named William Dawson, whom John urged to go with him to the stockade for safety. Dawson replied that he would wait till morning. That night while watering his horse at the

Thompson Coat of Arms

CEPHAS THOMPSON, *Artist, with wife (Olive Leonard) and child.*

brook which has ever since borne his name, he was murdered by Indians. Before the Thompsons reached the stockade they looked back and saw the flames arising from their own home.

The thirty-one families of Middleboro which composed its entire population at that time, were soon gathered in the fort protected by its little garrison of sixteen fighting men.

Daily thereafter upon a high rock—now known as Indian Rock—on the opposite side of the river, Indians came out to make insulting gestures at the white people, as one old record put it, "presenting the seat of honor and slapping it with the hand," believing that they were too far away from the fort to be in any danger. Lieutenant Thompson ordered Isaac Howland, a famous marksman, to take his long gun and shoot this Indian leader while in this position. There was anxiety lest the gun-shot should not carry so far, but it did, nearly half a mile. The Indians, in revenge for their dead leader, tried to shoot the miller who was at work just below the fort. He escaped by the ruse of putting his hat and coat on a stick in the bushes as a target, while he came by a round-about way and reached the fort in safety. The hat and coat were found later perforated by bullets, and the mill was burned down.

When the Indian war was over in 1677, John built on the same site where his log house had been burned, a substantial building which served both as a house and fort. Here five generations of his family lived, and here my own grandmother, Nancy Thompson, was born. We have in our Rochester home an oil painting of a cosy corner in the sitting room of this house—probably the very room where Grandma Nancy was married—painted by Cephas Thompson, our artist relative, and himself a descendant of John.

The grandparents of Cephas had lived in this house and his father had spent his boyhood there, and Cephas naturally loved the old place well enough to make an interior painting of it, for which we are glad. This picture is one of the most treasured ornaments of our Rochester home. The old house was finally taken down in 1838, having been inhabited by the Thompsons for one hundred and sixty years. Some of the summer sweeting trees of its close-by orchards bore

in 1878 thirty bushels of apples. The trees had been set out by a grandson of the old soldier.

John Thompson and his wife, Mary, rose daily at four in the morning, and the family breakfast was finished at sunrise. On Sundays either John or Mary would accompany the children in walking to the church at Plymouth thirteen miles away. It is related that on two Sundays in one June Mary took this thirteen-mile walk and back carrying her baby, Elizabeth.

John closed his life of virtue and courage on June 16, 1696 in his 80th year. At the end of his will he says, "I commit my body to the dust, and my soul to God who gave it me." His low brown stone lies flat on the ground over his grave in the old Nemasket grave-yard with its inscription now indistinct from age:

> "This is a debt to Nature due,
> Which I have paid and so must you."

After he had lain there a hundred years, his remains were exhumed in order to make room for a monument to him, and his skeleton in good preservation was found to be six feet and two inches in length confirming the tradition that the old soldier was very tall. He was reburied in the same spot and the foundation of the fine monument he was to have had is there, but the treasurer of the funds that had been collected for the purpose proved untrustworthy and there is no present prospect of the erection of the monument.

Mary Cook Thompson, who died March 20, 1714 in her 88th year, had outlived her husband for eighteen years, and was the mother of his eleven children, from two of whom, John, Jr., and Jacob, we are descended. Lieutenant John built not only his own house but also houses for at least two of his sons, and so many Thompson families lived there of his descendants that the street was called Thompson Street, and the locality Thompsonville. It was in the part of Middleboro known as the Lowlands. A redivision of town boundaries threw the site of the John Thompson house into the borders of Halifax.

Grandfather Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, was descended

from John Thompson, Jr., 1648-1725, the oldest son of the old Puritan soldier. He, like his father, was a carpenter and had a home near that of his parents. His wife, Mary Tinkham, 1664-1731, who died in her 76th year, was a daughter of Ephraim Tinkham, a first comer, and Mary Brown, a daughter of Peter Brown, Mayflower Pilgrim, and his wife, Martha Ford, Pilgrim of the Fortune, 1621. Thus was our Thompson ancestry deeply rooted in the life of the Pilgrims.

John Thompson, Jr., who died in his 77th year, like his father before him, had eleven children. We are descended from the fourth son, Shubael Thompson, 1685-1734. His wife was Susanna Parler, daughter of Thomas Parler. Neither Shubael or Susanna lived to be old. They died within a month of each other, Shubael in his 48th year and Susanna in her 47th year. Two of their children died in the same month with their parents, June, 1734, presumably the result of some epidemic. Shubael is a scripture name found in Chronicles, and means "A Captive of God," which reminds me of the comforting saying of one of our South African missionaries—Rev. William Ireland—that "mothers are God's prisoners." Shubael's mother may have chosen this name for her son in view of her restricted life—all hard working mothers have restricted lives, and fathers also—but my sister, Edith, suggests that perhaps Shubael's father put his finger in the Bible and named his son from the verse where his finger rested.

None of the children of Shubael and Susanna were very small when suddenly left orphans, by the almost simultaneous death of both parents. Their son, John (4), 1717-1766, was seventeen years old when his parents died. Seven years after that, in 1741, when he was twenty-four years of age, he married his first wife, Lydia Wood, 1722-1761, a girl of nineteen, and this pair are our great great grandparents on this Thompson line.

Lydia, our ancestress, has a peculiar interest for us, although we know very little personally about her except for the startling fact that her mother was Mary Billington, a descendant of John Billington, Mayflower Pilgrim, and martyr to the unbending bigotry of his age. His story is

told in Chapter XXI, as also is the story of Lydia's other Pilgrim ancestors, Hon. John Jenny and his wife, Sarah, who were Pilgrims by the "Little James" in 1623. John Thompson (4) died on his 49th birthday and was the last of his family, Lydia had died five years earlier in her 39th year, leaving ten motherless children. Her husband naturally felt the need of a step-mother for his children, and the next year married Sarah Soule, by whom he had more children.

Our great grandfather, Hon. Isaac Thompson, born Saturday, February 1, 1746, died 1819, was fifteen when his mother, Lydia, died. He married in 1774, Lucy Sturtevant, 1754-1834, descended from the line of four Samuel Sturtevants, of Halifax, said to be direct descendants of Peter Styvesant, first Dutch Governor of New York. Lucy's brother, Lemuel, married Priscilla Thompson, a sister of Hon. Isaac Thompson, and Lucy's sister, Deborah Sturtevant, married William Thompson, another descendant of the old Puritan soldier. William and Deborah Thompson were the parents of Cephas Thompson, our family artist, who painted the portrait of his Aunt Lucy and her husband, and so the pictures of our fine looking great grandparents, Hon. Isaac and Lucy Thompson, have come down to us.

Hon. Isaac Thompson died Tuesday, December 21, 1819, at the age of seventy-three, leaving a notable record. The books of the First Congregational Church, of Middleboro, say of him, "He was a man of great usefulness in the church and commonwealth. For twenty years he was either a Representative or a Senator of Massachusetts, and for a long time was a select-man of Middleboro. He was esteemed an honest man and well approved, was prompt and punctual at meeting and an intelligent and active Christian." We have every reason to believe that his namesake, our grandfather, Dea. Isaac Thompson, born Wednesday, November 7, 1781, died Friday, at 3:00 P. M., March 26, 1835, was the worthy son of such a worthy father. His mother, Lucy Sturtevant, was next to the youngest child in her family, her parents having been married twenty years at the time of her birth, April, 1754. Her mother's maiden name was Bryant, from a family that had a distinguished

Hon. Isaac Thompson, 1746-1819, *of Middleboro; for 20 years member of Massachusetts Legislature.*

LUCY STURTEVANT *from Halifax,* 1754-1834; *wife of Hon. Isaac Thompson.*

descendant in Capt. Charles Bryant, of Rochester, a Representative to the Massachusetts Legislature, and through the influence of Charles Sumner and Louis Agassiz, was appointed as the first Governor of Alaska, and put in charge of the seal fisheries of Sitka, because of his knowledge of seals.

Our great grandmother, Lucy Sturtevant Thompson, died Tuesday, November 4, 1834, at the age of eighty, having outlived her husband by fifteen years.

HEREDITY

By Louise Manning Hodgkins

WHEN I look on a blue-veined wrist
  And think how its pulsing tide,
Began in a far-off mist
  Where centuries breathed and died,

There is something within me yearns
  For that kindred of long ago,
Who govern my life by turns,
  Whether I will or no.

'Tis a Quaker the ages know
  Who can soften my varying mood;
Not to forgive my foe
  Were to wrong that gentle blood.

There's a priest in gown and stole
  Stands rapt at an altar-rail,
Above him an aureole:
  Through him must my prayer avail?

And one with a wind-filled sheet
  For alien lands outspread;
I follow with roving feet
  His haunts revisited.

Not a long procession of saints
  But a line of honor fast,
  The brush of history paints
  On the canvas of my past.

And I love them one and all
  And offer a "Bidding Prayer"
For a race without stain or thrall,
  That blesses me unaware.

Printed by permission of author.

CHAPTER XI

THE CONFLUENCE OF THE THOMPSONS AND HASKELLS

"I have only found one time given me to do a thing."
JANE N. LEONARD.

IN THE year 1808 there was living in the town of Fair Haven, Mass., on Buzzard's Bay, a young store-keeper named Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, then twenty-seven years of age. He was the fourth child of Hon. Isaac Thompson, of Middleboro, and was prospering in his mercantile business, with every prospect before him of a successful career, and a life of material comfort for himself and his highly talented fianceé, Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, the preceptress of a young ladies' finishing-school in the town. Abiah's parental home was also in Middleboro, but at a much nearer point to Fair Haven in the large township than was the Thompsonville neighborhood where Isaac was reared. The courtship between these lovers had been promoted by a series of rides in Isaac's chaise, as he drove home to Middleboro for holidays or week ends, taking Abiah with him and dropping her at Hay Hall, her parental home on his way. The pony was the only listener to the conversations between the lovers on these romantic rides, about which we should never have known, had not their oldest son, our Uncle Zebulon Thompson, told what his widowed mother said about them long years after.

After their marriage on November 30, 1808, they lived for a short time in Fair Haven, when a terrible storm crashed Isaac's business by wrecking a schooner on which he had a shipment of goods, and also by demolishing his warehouse, store, and wharf. A ruined man financially, he was forced to go with his wife to her early home at Hay Hall, where Abiah's parents, Zebulon and Abigail Haskell, received them with all kindness and sheltered them for several years until after their first three children were born. During this period, in 1811, Abiah's mother died. In 1814 Abiah's

Fair Haven Academy—1797

School-room still preserved in Fair Haven Academy where Abiah Haskell was Preceptress.

good father assisted his harassed and unsettled son-in-law to purchase from his niece, Abiah Haskell Pickens and husband, the little farm in Rochester, which had been the home of his half-sister, Abiah Nelson Haskell, and is now, through that purchase, my sister Edith's home.

On this little farm Grandfather Isaac Thompson supported his growing family of seven children, eking out his slender resources by making shoes for his own family and others, and especially by taking up the business of stone-cutting, making many of the slate grave-stones which are now seen in the Rochester cemetery, on some of which we recognize grandfather's willow-tree pattern, and his mourning-figure pattern we have found among the family papers. This pattern sheet, and a memorandum book about the Thompson family is all we now possess of our good grandfather's work, except that his old shop—now used as a tenement—is still standing. It is a matter of regret that we have no picture of him, as we have of all our other grandparents and some of our great grandparents also. A diligent comparison, however, of the pictures of his wife and children convinces us that our uncle, Dr. Ezra Thompson, whose picture we have, very closely resembled his father, our grandfather, Isaac. Ezra's picture shows dark curly hair, and especially full lips, a characteristic also of our Aunt Abbie, and which has descended to some of our own family. I believe that the Thompsons as a rule were dark complexioned people, and that the Haskells were of light complexion. Both light and dark complexions are found among the descendants of Isaac and Abiah. I have heard a theory advanced by a descendant of the Thompsons, that their prevailing dark complexion and high cheek bones, indicate a strain of Indian blood, but I have not found any data among the Thompson marriages, that would support this theory, and do not personally hold it. My own theory being that Lieut. John Thompson brought with him from Wales the dark complexion and other physical characteristics of his ancestors, the early Britons.

Grandfather Isaac was a deacon in the Rochester church, served on the school committee with Abraham Holmes, a prominent lawyer, and was of such strong

temperance principles that he had difficulty in getting his neighbors to help him raise his barn, because he could not conscientiously treat them to whiskey, in return for their services, as was customary at that time. He died of pneumonia March 26, 1835, at the age of fifty-three, when my mother was fifteen years old, a terrible blow to the family in every way. There was always in mother's voice a deep inflection of sorrow as she spoke of her beloved father.

Upon our Uncle Zebulon, the oldest son, fell the almost staggering financial burden of the bereaved family. Grandfather Isaac, snatched by death from the midst of his active life, had left materials for his stone-cutting business, and also unfinished contracts for grave-stones, which it fell upon Zebulon to fulfill. He was thus thrust by circumstances into stone-cutting in which business he continued for the rest of his life. He was a good son, caring for his widowed mother as long as she lived, and a good brother, helping his younger brother, Ezra, to a physician's education, and doubtless assisting his sisters to such education as they obtained. Aunt Abbie learned the trade of a tailoress, and Jane, our mother, went away to school at Middleboro and became a teacher for a few years before her marriage. She was fond of books and the story is still told in Rochester of how she studied Latin when none of the young women of the vicinity were expected to do so. Mother studied French also, and I took her girlhood's French lexicon with me to Oberlin, and used it there in my own college days about forty years later. Zebulon was a good uncle also. He helped all his Rochester nephews in getting a start in life and after my father's death he gave to my mother and her daughters a home in the new house he had built in the fifties of the nineteenth century, to replace the old house where his parents had struggled with penury, and closed their hard pressed lives. The front door stone of that earlier house is also the front door stone of the present one, which Uncle Zebulon willed to my unmarried sisters, and now belongs to my sister, Edith Leonard.

Grandmother Abiah's life after her marriage was very different from that of her free independent girlhood. She could not of course, with the care of such a family, and

Abiah Haskell Thompson
1779-1853

hampered by poverty, indulge in her artistic tastes for painting and embroidery, but we have in Rochester some beautifully executed quilts that she made for her family, and some lace that she netted when she was over seventy years old. She probably never wholly relinquished her ambitious spirit. Our mother told us how Grandmother Abiah said to her as a young lady, "Jane, you need a silk dress," and mother who prefered education to clothes and could not have both, replied, "I do not want a silk dress." Abiah died in 1853 after eighteen years of widowhood. The crushing sorrow of her son Ezra's death in 1850 may have hastened her end. The only picture we have of her is a daguerreotype taken in this later period of her life, showing a face where resignation seems the principal characteristic. What a pity it is that there could not have been preserved for us a likeness taken in her high-spirited youth! Although I never saw either of them, it is clear to me that Abiah's and Isaac's characters were strongly contrasted.

I compare the composite figure of Ezekiel's vision to the composite blending of our four grandparents, the resultant of which we ourselves are. I find the symbol of the Lion best fitted to our Leonard ancestry, their military character, and social dominance. The symbol of the Eagle I ascribe to our Grandmother Nancy, the aspiring and poetic member of the group. The symbol of the Ox is appropriate to our toil-worn, self-effacing grandfather Isaac, and the "face of the man" in the generic sense, belongs to our notable, many-sided grandmother, Abiah, with her versatility, executive ability and artistic tastes combined with ambition and positive and self assertive personality.

The precious little note book, the paper brown and spotted with age, wherein Grandfather Isaac carefully put down the dates of the births, marriages, and deaths of the Thompsons of his own line, away back to the old Puritan soldier, John, is before me as I write. It is very clearly written and in many instances gives the day of the week, even the hour in some cases, of the recorded event. This booklet clearly indicates his methodical habit of mind.

The entry of his eldest child is as follows:

"October 3, 1809, Joanna Haskell Thompson was born and it was Tuesday."

This event occurred at Hay Hall, Middleboro, and her name harks back to her ancestress, Joane Swift, about 1630. Joanna was five years old when the family moved to Rochester. She was pretty, and must have looked beautiful in her mother's yellow silk "freedom dress," made over for her at the age of eighteen. She seems to have had the light complexion of the Haskells. In 1831, when she was twenty-six she was married to a distant cousin, who lived in Rochester, Israel Haskell, the son of Lot, whom she must have known from childhood. One of the stereotyped Victorian gift-books for young ladies that Israel gave Joanna during their courtship, is in the possession of Joanna's only grandchild, Phoebe Haskell. The first child of Israel and Joanna was the little fairy, Elizabeth, 1832-1837, so tiny that she only weighed one pound at birth, and with an arm so small that an ordinary lady's finger ring was slipped over her elbow. She was very bright and perfectly formed, but the miniature trunk which holds her belongings seems to contain doll's clothes, so small are they. With them is the patchwork she sewed with exquisite little stitches.

Lucy Thompson Haskell, the second daughter of Israel and Joanna was of ordinary size, and lived to be a lovely girl of nineteen. We have a daguerreotype of her which bears out the family tradition that Phoebe Haskell resembles her much mourned Aunt Lucy.

Israel Haskell died in 1837 and in 1843 Aunt Joanna married his younger brother, William, then a widower with three children, William Prince, Mary, and Anna. Aunt Joanna "could not have done more for these step-children if they had been her own." I remember Mary and Anna as semi-invalids. Neither of them married and they did not have long lives. In addition to these step-children, Aunt Joanna had eight more by Uncle William, some of whom died in infancy. Also she cared for a motherless nephew and niece of her husband's, Willie and Lucy Cobb, and Uncle William's unmarried sister, who was "Aunt Patty" to the whole neighborhood. No wonder her daughter-in-

law, Mrs. Charles Haskell, says of her, "What a life that woman had!" I remember her sweet patient face when I visited her in my childhood at the old Lot Haskell house, as she piled the dinner table with the food she had cooked for the ravenous crowd of men, her husband, sons, and hired help as they came in for dinner from the lumber mill.

Of Aunt Joanna's four sons who lived to maturity, two had a sorrowful history, which it is well did not develop until Aunt Joanna herself had mercifully been taken to her heavenly home. Her oldest son, John Cotton Haskell, named for his father's oldest brother, was very promising, and engaged successfully in business in Lynn, but unfortunately his mind became clouded and he took his own life by throwing himself in front of a moving train. His youngest brother, Henry, is the only one of Aunt Joanna's children who is still living. His mind became clouded in early manhood and he has for many years been cared for in an institution, where, however, I understand he is contented, and looks upon the place as home. I knew him well as a boy, and had many a merry hour with him over dominoes and backgammon at which he was very clever.

Aunt Joanna's second son, George E. Haskell, was a devoted Christian man, who used regularly to visit the shut-ins and read to them. He suffered at times from melancholia and undeserved self-accusations. His brother, Charles, who spent one year in Kansas taking up land, was the only one of Aunt Joanna's children who married. His widow, Mrs. Mary Ellis Ryder Haskell, is a smart old lady, who the winter before she was eighty-three, carried two and a half cords of wood by armfuls into the house for her fuel and also carried in her own coal. She does her washing and cooking, rakes her yard, and cultivates her lovely flowers with her own hands. She has two talented daughters, one, by an earlier marriage, is Mrs. Amy Wilbur, the librarian and organist in Rochester, and the other, Phoebe Haskell, cousin Charles' daughter, and a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College, was for several years Principal of the girls' department in Tabor Academy, Marion, and now is promoting a summer camp for girls in Maine. She drives about, an attractive figure, in her pretty car. Cousin Charles Haskell was the janitor

of Town Hall and Public Library and a pillar and sexton in the Rochester church, and his faithful, exemplary and benevolent life was a blessing to the community. This little touch is an index of his kindly character. One day last summer when I was admiring one of the large trees near his home, sister Edith said, "It was under this tree that Cousin Charles used to feed the hungry birds in winter." He died suddenly at the age of 71 of angina pectoris, and left considerable property, largely in woodland.

Grandfather Isaac's notice of the birth of his second child reads thus:

> "Sabbath, Feb'y 3d, 1811, Lucia Church Thompson was born."

I heard my father once say, "Joanna and Lucia were pretty girls." Lucia resembled her mother and had the light complexion, I believe, of the Haskells. My mother was very fond of this sister. She married Robert C. Randall, who held various town offices in Rochester. For many years the Randalls kept the boarding-house for the pupils of the village academy which then flourished. This house was eventually burned down in 1885. The Randalls had several children, but only four lived to maturity, and of these, two sons, James and Robert, died in early manhood. There were two Roberts among the children. The second Robert was named for the first one, who died of fever on the Isthmus of Panama when returning from a disastrous and unsuccessful search for gold in California in 1849. Robert and his father and our Uncle Ezra were among those who rounded Cape Horn with high hopes in a ship called the Mayflower. Uncle Robert was the only one of the three to return home and he came with broken health. The love and sorrow that filled these parents in view of the son left in the lonely grave at Panama, reveals itself in the naming of their youngest son, Robert, Jr., for him. This anecdote was told about the second Robert by Aunt Abbie who lived with the family. When a tiny child, a neighbor called in the evening, and asked Aunt Lucia "Where's Robbie?" Aunt Lucia replied, "Robbie's a-bed." Whereupon a little protesting voice came piping from the bedroom adjoining, "Robbie is a Robbie. Robbie isn't a bed."

Our cousin, Robert Randall, learned the stone-cutting trade with Uncle Zebulon, who later set him up in business at Wareham, where he now lives with his family. He and Henry Haskell are our only surviving first cousins. Uncle Zebulon was thus accustomed to start his apprentices in independent business for themselves, and to rejoice in their future success.

Aunt Lucia's daughter, Lucretia, 1838-1919, married William Prince Haskell, Aunt Joanna's step-son, in 1862, and this pair settled in a home next door to the old Lot Haskell house. They had three children. The eldest, Ellen —or Nellie as we always called her—married Edward Barrows and had one son, Chester Barrows, who was a child playmate of my own children. He graduated at Boston University and is now a teacher in Brooklyn. He married Mildred White and the pair have two daughters, Barbara and Louise. I met Mr. and Mrs. Barrows last summer at the meeting of the Haskell Association. Cousin Nellie is now deceased. Nellie's sister, Lucy Haskell, married William Sturtevant, and thus became Lucy Sturtevant, like the great great grandmother whose name she bore. She is now a particularly attractive and talented widow and is in business in Boston. It was a joy to meet her and her brother, William Fred Haskell, last summer at the meeting of the Haskell Association. Our cousin Fred is a shoe manufacturer in Lynn where he lives with his family. By his first marriage to Lilla Taylor he has a son, Robert, a graduate of Boston University who is married to Margery French. Cousin Fred also has by his second marriage to Ella Frazier a young daughter, Louise. His wife is especially interested in missions and all good work.

Cousin Lucretia was left a widow in 1902 and spent the closing years of her life in Lynn, but her energies had been given to Rochester where she was President of the Missionary Society, a sweet singer in the choir, and the starter of a Do-Right-Club among the boys. She was a woman of intelligence, energy and executive ability and carried with her always a heartening atmosphere of cheeriness. I shall never forget a visit I made to her home when I was

a child, and hearing her sing hymns with her three children as they gathered around the organ while their mother played. The fervor of that singing must have wafted as incense to heaven. Cousin Lucretia has gone to her "own place," which is naturally in the singing choirs above.

Grandfather Isaac's birth entry for his oldest son is as follows:

> "Wednesday, January 20th, 1813, Zebulon Haskell Thompson was born."

Uncle Zebulon was born at Hay Hall, Middleboro, at the home of his grandfather, Zebulon Haskell, for whom he was named, this naming being an indication of the gratitude which Isaac and Abiah had for their benefactor. It is interesting to note how family names have been handed down from one generation to another. Our Uncle Zebulon was named for his mother's father, who in turn was named for his mother's brother, Zebulon Leonard, son of Elkanah Leonard. Much has been said already of our good bachelor uncle, and of his toilsome and self-denying life. He worked literally night and day for sixty years, giving himself neither luxuries or rest. At the end of his life, he, who had started with practically nothing, had accumulated an estate valued at $50,000. But he was no miser as far as helping others was concerned. At Christmas time various poor homes would have a barrel of flour rolled in from some mysterious donor, and only in some round-about way would it be ascertained that the gift had come from the eccentric old bachelor, Zebulon Thompson. He helped many people who came to him in trouble, and did not let his left hand know what his right hand did in such matters. "Be kind to the poor. Help the needy," was the advice frequently on his lips as he lay in his last illness. In his will he gave thousands of dollars to institutions for poor children, and aged women, and thousands more for public improvements. He gave much toward the construction of the fine road which runs from Marion to New Bedford, through Rochester, on which there is an almost constant stream of automobiles. What Rochester would be without this road, would be deplorable.

I have recently seen our Uncle Zebulon's picture in the town hall of Fair Haven in recognition of his public bene-

Joanna Thompson Haskell
1809-1895

Lucia Thompson Randall
1811-1895

Abigail Thompson
1814-1889

Zebulon H. Thompson
1813-1895

Dr. Ezra Thompson
1817-1850
A typical Thompson face.

factions there. The town of Marion is similarly indebted to him.

After his mother's death in 1853 he for a while contemplated marriage, and was even engaged to a lady who finally married another man. Our uncle, instead of harboring resentment, bought an especially long and luxurious hair-cloth sofa as a wedding gift for his erst-while fianceé, but her jealous bridegroom would not allow her to possess anything given by his rival, Zebulon Thompson. For this, we are deeply grateful to him, for as consequence this sofa is now a most comfortable resting-place for old bones in our Rochester home. Uncle once said in a confidential way to Miss Anna Holmes, "Miss Anna. I'm lonely now. Don't do as I have done. Get married." We are indebted to this lady for another story of our odd uncle which she related in her inimitable and delightful way at a "Zebulon Thompson party" given in his memory last summer at the house of our relative, Mrs. Nevius. In effect she said, "In the summer of 1885 my sister and I wished to rent a house where we might receive our friends for a summer holiday. We applied to Mr. Thompson for the use of his house. He consented to this, but when asked what his price would be, he replied, "I shall have to think it over." He reserved the use of his own room upstairs, but did not occupy it very often. One day he said to me with great deliberation, clearing his throat for punctuation as was customary with him, and shutting one eye as he talked—being able to see more with one eye than most people do with two—"Miss Anna, I see many beautiful young ladies here, blondes and brunettes, and it has struck me that there ought to be more hitching-posts at the house." Soon after this two more hitching-posts were set up in the front yard. At the end of the season Uncle was again asked to name the sum to be paid him for the summer's rent. He carefully cleared his throat and replied, "Miss Anna, many years ago your grandfather did me a kindness for which I was never able to repay him. I take pleasure now in doing something for his granddaughters. I cannot accept any rent." The next year the Holmes ladies again occupied Uncle's house, but when pressed to name the sum to be paid for rent, he

replied as before, "I shall have to think it over." Autumn came, and when the merry house-party broke up and again Uncle was asked to state what was due for the summer's rent. Shutting one eye, and clearing his throat, he slowly replied, "Miss Anna, it has given me such pleasure to see so many beautiful young ladies going in and out of my house that I am already abundantly repaid, and cannot accept any rent. What are houses for?" The next summer my widowed mother and her daughters occupied the house.

It should perhaps be mentioned that Uncle Zebulon united with the church in Rochester at an early age, but that later they dropped his name from the church roll because they considered him heretical in theology. I believe he was a deeply religious man, however. In his later life he said, "God will do what is exactly right with me." I think that sentiment, and practical kindness was the summary of his religion. He died February 22, 1896, the last of his family to go. People smile at his oddities and honor his great kind heart.

Grandfather Isaac's entry of the birth of his fourth child is as follows:

"Friday, October 16th, 1814, Abigail Haskell Thompson was born."

Our Aunt Abbie was named for her mother's mother, as was fitting since her brother was named for her mother's father, Zebulon Haskell. However, Abigail seems to have been, physically, pure Thompson, with dark curly hair, merry dark eyes, and full lips, not at all like her mother's people. The following story is told of her childhood. When a little girl in the district school in Rochester, it first became fashionable for children to have pockets in their dresses, and Aunt Abbie begged her mother for one, saying, "All the girls are getting pockets." Our busy grandmother did not see the necessity of gratifying what she regarded as a child's whim, and replied, "I do not think you need a pocket." Aunt Abbie thought the matter over. She knew her mother's decisions too well to tease, but she had a little apron which had been given her by her grandmother, upon which she considered that her mother had no claim. It was her very own. Surreptitiously, she cut a pocket from the treas-

ured apron, and took it with her when she started for school, carrying also her sewing utensils. Stopping in a secluded spot, she ripped open a place in the seam of her dress skirt, and sewed in the pocket she had made. At night on the way home, she stopped again, ripped out the pocket, and sewed up the seam. This process was repeated each day for sometime before her mother discovered what was going on. We are glad to be able to relate that Grandmother Abiah did not punish Abbie, but that when she fully realized her little daughter's intensity of desire on the subject, she relented and gave her a pocket.

Aunt Abbie never married. She lived with her sister Lucia, and in the financial struggles of that family she helped them from her earnings as a tailoress. She was a merry soul. If she had any troubles she kept them in her pocket. We were all fond of her. She died in 1889 at the age of seventy-four.

Grandfather Isaac's entry on the birth of his fifth child is as follows:

> "On Saturday, November 29th, 1817—Ezra Thompson was born."

Our Uncle Ezra was named for his father's uncle of the same name, who died at the age of twenty-eight in 1777. His life started off brightly. He had a physician's education and he married a fine young woman, Jane Wendall, of Rochester, about whose early home there still are related somewhat lurid stories. The house which was called "The Wheel of Fortune" still stands at the corner of the New Bedford and Mattapoisett Roads. Jane's father kept here a public resort which had a sinister reputation. It is said that a wheel would be revolved, and a glass of liquor produced thereby in some mysterious way. It was probably a drinking and gambling place. Just how it happened that such a home could have produced such an exemplary and high minded a daughter as our Aunt Jane is not clear.

We have a picture of Uncle Ezra, showing a dark complexioned, forceful young man, wearing glasses, and with the full lips of the Thompson side of the house. At the age of thirty-two, just as it seemed that he was on the threshold of a prosperous and useful professional career, he became

imbued with the infatuation for California gold, which carried away so many adventurous young men in 1849. Six men from Rochester went on that ill-fated voyage of the Mayflower around Cape Horn. I have read that many more went from the immediate vicinity on this ship. Uncle Ezra got no gold, but took a fever and became terribly ill. Being a physician he realized the seriousness of his disease, and convinced that he could not recover he sent his attendant from the room, and purposely—as is believed—he took an over-dose of opium from which he never waked. I can enter deeply into the grief his mother must have felt when the heavy tidings of her son's tragic end reached her, for I also have lost a young doctor son of about the same age in a distant land. Thus history repeats itself. I have never been told that Uncle Ezra was his mother's idol, but I can easily believe that it must have been so. He was the only professional child she had, and with her ambitious nature, never satisfied in her own life, and naturally passing into ambition for her children, I can see how her hopes must have chiefly centered on Ezra. When he passed out in this way, our grandmother must have felt that she had drained the last drop of her cup of sorrow. Our mother never told the details of her brother's death to her children. We learned the facts about them in recent years from one to whom our Uncle Zebulon told them. I think our mother knew them. There were tears in her voice when she spoke of Ezra.

His widow, Jane, took up her life bravely after her husband's death. She fitted herself for a teacher at Bridgewater Normal School, and for thirty-six years thereafter, she was a successful public school teacher in New Bedford, where on her eighty-sixth birthday she held a sort of reception, many people calling to pay their respects to her. She owned, in later life, her old Rochester home, no longer a "Wheel of Fortune." She occupied it as a summer residence, and a motherless niece of hers, named Ella, lived much with her.

Grandfather Isaac's entry of the birth of his sixth child is as follows:

"Friday, October 15th, 1819, Jane Thompson was born."

Mother wrote her name Jane N. Leonard but when asked what the N. stood for she smilingly replied, "Nothing." She did not enjoy her name. I heard her say once, "Jane is so hard." She fancied that a middle letter could soften it. Her youngest daughter was her namesake but was called Jennie Thompson Leonard.

We know, strangely, little about our mother's childhood. The incident of her near-drowning in West Bridgewater has been already related. She worked a pretty sampler when she was nine years old. This was sent to me in Africa after mother's death and I prized it so highly that I had it framed and hung on the wall. When we had to fly from Johannesburg at the time of the Jameson Raid in 1896, I took this with me in our one tiny family trunk, for fear it would be destroyed if the city were burned, as seemed likely.

Mother had two intimate girl chums. One was Eliza Bigelow, the minister's daughter, and some pretty gifts that Eliza made for mother in their girlhood days are still in the family possession. There is a braided hair-bracelet of Eliza's rich brown hair, and there is a dainty needle-book with the stitches like pearls. At our Haskell party last summer one of the ladies exclaimed, "I'm glad I didn't live then, and that we don't have to do that." Oh those pathetic embroideries and microscopic stitches of a bygone day, the efforts at self-expression in restricted lives!

The other girl chum of mother's was Elizabeth Haskell, the daughter of Dr. Joseph Haskell, the village physician. I must tell here a sad little story of this good lady's youth. She became engaged to a brilliant young man, who studied, and later still taught, in Rochester Academy. Elizabeth loved passionately her talented lover, who, however, during his theological course at Andover, became interested in another lady whom he married. Elizabeth never married, and this blighted love of her youth was a life-long sorrow. I have heard that this eminent divine always retained a deep regard for Elizabeth, and that in later years he sometimes visited her, and left her an annuity after his death, which was only just.

Grandfather Isaac's two entries for his youngest child are as follows:

"Wednesday, January 14th, 1824, John Thompson was born."

And later this one:

"February 14th, 1825, being Monday, 5 P. M., John Thompson died, aged 13 months."

Our mother spoke tenderly of her baby brother, Johnnie. There is another entry in the little Thompson date-book in a different hand writing, doubtless Grandmother Abiah's, as follows:

"1835—March 26th—Isaac Thompson died, being Thursday, three P. M., aged 53 years."

They are gathered now, the patient father, the high-spirited, talented mother, the self-sacrificing oldest son, the ill-fated physician, the hard-worked married daughters, the cheery spinster daughter, Baby Johnnie, all safe in the home where tears are wiped away, and in the beautiful summers sister Edith and I live on the little farm where they spent so many toilsome years.

The Haskell Coat of Arms

CHAPTER XII

Our Nancy Thompson Quarter

Our Ancestors! We teach their ways
Through storm and calm, through ill and good
And gather reverence as we go
And grant them honors as we should.
Mary E. N. Hathaway

We prefer to trace the ancestry of Nancy Thompson, our father's mother, on her mother's side, rather than her father's for three reasons.

1st. It is more interesting.

2nd. Her father's noble progenitor, Lieut. John Thompson, has already been considered in our study of Grandfather Isaac Thompson's ancestry; these two grandparents of ours, Isaac and Nancy, on different sides of our house, being distantly connected, and both being descendants of the same old soldier.

3rd. We believe that Grandmother Nancy inherits her personality largely from her notable ancestor, John Alden, Pilgrim.

Alden is an ancient Teuto-Scandinavian name meaning "The Noble Dane" and is still common in all the countries bordering the Danish Peninsula. In all countries the Aldens show an ethnic resemblance. An American lady whose little son was named John Alden for his Pilgrim progenitor, was travelling in Norway and seeing a peasant lad, who looked surprisingly like her own son, was prompted to ask his name, and was electrified by his reply, "Jan Aulden." Another instance of Alden ethnic resemblance, as I interpret it, came to my notice last winter as I saw my own son, Dr. Aubrey W. Goodenough, born in South Africa, conversing with my cousin, Mr. Abner L. Braley, of Boston. These two cousins had not met since boyhood, and I had never previously seen them together. I was astonished to observe the close resemblance between them, in complexion, color of hair and eyes, and also in their features and general build.

It then flashed across me that they were both descendants of John Alden, and that I had read that the famous Pilgrim had chestnut hair and blue eyes, and that thus was answered the question which had perplexed me in my son's infancy, as to the origin of his ruddy hair, both my husband and myself being dark-haired people. I may also add that both this son, and Mr. Abner Braley, have the decided literary bent which is attributed to the Aldens. It is said, "The Aldens have always been prolific writers," which may be one of the underlying reasons why I am writing these annals.

Pilgrim John Alden was a sea-cooper hired to repair the Mayflower when it stopped for victualling at Southampton, England, in September, 1620. Governor Bradford's journal says of him, "And being a hopeful young man was much desired, but left to his own liking to go or stay when he came here but he stayed and married here." John was then about twenty-one years old, the tallest and handsomest man on the ship, and he is called "the most lovable of the Pilgrim Fathers," his disposition being one of gentleness and moderation, which always characterized him, except for one lamentable episode in his life, 1657-60, when under the influence of the harsh Governor Prence, he was severe in his official dealing with the Quakers. This was not the real John, however, it was out of character.

John Alden is the 7th and youngest signer of the Mayflower Compact, made in the cabin of the ship, November 21, 1620. Of that forty-one signers of that short but momentous document, which set up the first democratic government in the history of the world, nine were our ancestors, whose names are: John Carver, William Mullens, Richard Warren, John Alden, John Howland, John Tilley, Francis Cooke, John Billington, and Peter Brown. This is a challenging record for our ancestry. Who has one better? John Alden was the last to die of the signers of the Compact, who thus immortalized their names. He died a poor man so far as this world's goods were concerned. He left only £50 in money and in his old age the town voted him pecuniary aid.

We have no other record of public service among the Pilgrim Fathers as long as John Alden's. He was a sweet singer

and led the singing in the public worship for many years. He was Assistant Governor from 1633-1686 with some interruptions. When only twenty-seven years of age he became one of the eight "Undertakers" who assumed the financial obligations of the Colony to some dangerous people in London, known as the "Adventurers." This debt hung over these eight self-sacrificing men for twenty years, until 1646, when the debt was finally wiped out. If the Colony had become bankrupt they would not only have lost their individual properties, but have been liable to the hopeless horrors of the debtors' prison in England. Another ancestor of ours, John Howland, was one of this noble eight that stood in the breach for the struggling colony at that critical juncture. All praise be to their memory!

John Alden was a religious man, and his Bible with its pious thumb-marks, is carefully preserved in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth.

In 1621 or 1623—the records differ—John was married to Priscilla Mullens, also a Mayflower Pilgrim. She was a daughter of William Mullens and his wife, who both died in that first terrible epidemic of tuberculosis which swept off half of the Mayflower company in a few months. William Mullens, her father, was the tenth signer of the Mayflower Compact, but his will, made just before his death, which occurred February 21, 1621, and witnessed by the surgeon of the Mayflower, shows that Mullens was too ill to land at all, and that he died on the ship in Plymouth Harbor. His wife died the same month, and their young son, Joseph Mullens, died soon after his parents, leaving Priscilla alone.

The marriage of John Alden and Priscilla Mullens was probably the third one in Plymouth Colony, the first being that of Edward Winslow and Susanna White in May, 1621, and the second was perhaps that of John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley, who are also our ancestors. Another authority cites the marriage of Francis Eaton as the second in Plymouth Colony.

With the exception of Pocahontas, whose story falls into the period between 1607 and 1612, Priscilla is the first well-known heroine of American Romance, and will always be known as such, whether she did or did not say, "Prithee, why

do you not speak for yourself, John?" There is a tradition that in the autumn of 1621 when the ship Fortune was about to sail back to England with the first proud cargo from Plymouth Colony, of five hundred pounds worth of clapboards, sassafras, and beaver and otter skins—what an achievement for that depleted and enfeebled band which at one point had only seven well people to nurse the sick!—that John and Priscilla stood on the shore, watching the preparations for departure, and Priscilla glancing up and seeing tears in John's blue eyes, as he remembered that he might have been returning on that ship, asked him, "Are you sorry, John?" Whereupon John answered her with such a resounding kiss that the wiry little Captain of the Fortune wheeled sharply around, and then quickly turned away. When the ship had sailed, John and his dark-eyed Priscilla, "as gracile as a young birch," did not return at once to "the street," but wandered to the grassy hill where Priscilla had so recently seen laid away all that was dear to her in this new land except the tall handsome lover at her side.

Longfellow's pretty story that Priscilla rode a white steer on her wedding day is purely fanciful. There were no cattle at all in the colony at the time of her marriage. The first cattle came in the ship Charity in 1624, and then only three heifers and a bull which were the property of the whole colony, and placed behind a palisade for fear of wolves. In 1627 the ship Jacob brought more cattle which were carefully divided by lot among the twelve groups of colonists. To the Aldens, with the Howlands, fell a red heifer named "Raghorn." Until this time the children of the Pilgrims must have eaten their corn-meal hasty pudding —their principal diet, except for seafood—without milk. In 1623 it was recorded that there had been no bread of any kind in the colony for months. It was primarily because more pasture land was needed for their cattle, that Duxbury was incorporated as a new town, the second to be developed in Plymouth County. Governor Bradford's journal has a pathetic entry concerning this earliest scattering of the close neighbors who had spent those first dear toilsome years together on "The Street" at Plymouth.

The Aldens built their first home in Duxbury in 1627. It

is said that a weather-worn slab near Eagle Pond marks the site of this house. At first the family only stayed in Duxbury in summer-time for tillage and pasturage, but in 1632 they made a final move, when it is to be hoped that our ancestor, little Joseph Alden, then about five years old, was growing rosy and strong from the milk of "Raghorn" and her descendants. There is a dispute about the date of the erection of the John Alden house which is still standing in good repair, whither the Alden tribes go up year after year for reunion. Some say John himself built it in 1652, and that this date is confirmed by being found in a cupboard in the front room of the house. Certain it is that the Aldens, in direct descent, have lived there from the days of the Pilgrims, and that no other family in America can show such a continuity of life at one spot. There is a little west bedroom in this house where it is said that both John and Priscilla died. Both of them lived to a good old age, and there is a pretty tradition that John was at a public reception not long before his end with his Priscilla on his arm, lovers still. John died in Duxbury, September 12, 1687, at the age of eighty-eight. Priscilla outlived him for several years. They had eleven children as follows:

1st. Elizabeth Alden, born 1623 or 1624, married William Paybodie, died at the age of ninety-three a great great grandmother. The following couplet is by tradition put into her mouth on the occasion of her granddaughter Bradford's becoming a grandmother:

> "Rise daughter! To thy daughter run!
> Thy daughter's daughter hath a son!"

The Aldens have always had the reputation of being a long-lived family of splendid vitality, but no other instance is on record where five generations were coexistant. Elizabeth Alden is the ancestress of the poet, Longfellow. One descendant of John Alden, Abigail Alden, married Col. Zephaniah Leonard, grandson of James Leonard (2), of Taunton. She lived to be nearly 101 years old.

2nd. Capt. John Alden, Jr., born 1626. He was tried as a wizard, at Salem in 1692, and subsequently imprisoned

in Boston for fifteen weeks. He escaped from jail, probably with the connivance of the authorities. He arrived in Duxbury in the middle of the night, and told his relatives that he was flying from the devil, and that the devil was after him. The gravestone of Capt. John Alden, Jr., is preserved at the new old South Church in Boston at Copley Square.

3rd. Joseph Alden, born late in 1627, and named for Priscilla's brother, Joseph Mullins, is said to have been Priscilla's favorite child. In 1659 he married his neighbor, Mary Simmonds, and the pair moved to Bridgewater in 1679 in the proprietory right of Pilgrim John. They had five children. We are descended from their son, John (3), born 1676, who was three years old when the family left Duxbury. Joseph Alden was a farmer, and died in 1697 at the age of seventy leaving an estate of £76. There is a long line of ministers among his descendants.

4th. Sarah Alden, born in Plymouth 1629. She married Alexander Standish, son of the good old Captain Miles Standish, her father's lifelong friend, and whilom rival for Priscilla's hand, thus uniting these two famous families.

5th. Jonathan Alden, born 1632, was the first of the children born in Duxbury. He succeeded his father in the Duxbury home, and his descendants still live there now, when over two hundred and fifty years have passed. His wife was Abigail Hallet, of Barnstable.

6th. Ruth Alden, born 1634, married in 1657 to John Bass, her father performing the ceremony. Ruth is the ancestress of the two Presidents, Adams, of whom the town of Quincy is so justly proud.

7th. Zachariah Alden, born 1641, married Anna Snell, daughter of Josiah Snell, an original proprietor of Bridgewater. Zachariah and Anna are the ancestors of William Cullen Bryant, whose grandparents lived in Bridgewater, and he himself studied law there, a fact which is one of the prides of my native town.

8th. Mary Alden, born 1643, married Dr. Thomas Deland, Jr., son of Thomas Deland, Pilgrim of the Fortune, 1621.

9th. Dea. David Alden, born 1646, married Mary South-

worth, daughter of Constant Southworth. Dea. David Alden was "of highest repute and in public service."

10th and 11th. Rebecca and Priscilla. We know nothing of these children except their names. They very likely died in infancy. John Goodwin and Jane Austin, both are descendants of Pilgrim John Alden.

After the death of Joseph Alden in 1697, his son, John Alden (3), sold his father's West Bridgewater farm, and moved to Middleboro, marrying before 1702, Hannah White, 1681-1732, a granddaughter of Hon. Thomas White, a first comer from England, who was a representative at the Plymouth Court in 1657. Hannah White's father was Capt. Ebenezer White, of Weymouth, and her mother, for whom she was named, was Hannah Phillips, a daughter of Nicholas Phillips, of Dedham, who is our ancestor by another line also, his daughter Alice being an ancestress of our great grandmother, Mary Hall.

John (3) and Hannah Alden, neither of them, lived to old age. John died in 1730 at the age of fifty-six, and Hannah died in 1732 at the age of fifty-one. Their daughter, Mary Alden, was twenty when her mother died, and the next year married Noah Thomas, 1709-1758, thus losing the treasured Alden name for our line.

Noah Thomas, of Middleboro, was the grandson of David Thomas, a first-comer, and his wife, Joanna. Noah's father was Edward Thomas, 1669-1726. Noah died at the age of forty-nine, and his wife, Mary, with the customary longevity of the Aldens, outlived him twenty-nine years. Their daughter, Hannah Thomas, is our great grandmother. She married Nathaniel Thompson, a great grandson of Lieut. John Thompson through his second son, Jacob, and went to live in the old Thompson house, partly dwelling and partly fort, from which Jacob Thompson's children had gone out one Sunday morning, and having become frightened with wolves on their thirteen miles walk to Plymouth to attend church, had climbed a high rock for safety, and waited there in terror. It was in this historic old house that my Grandmother Nancy was born.

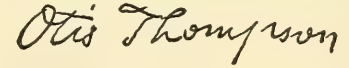
Nancy was three when her grandfather, Caleb Thompson, died and may have heard the wolf story from his own lips

in her childhood, as Caleb was one of the children of Jacob, who doubtless participated in the dread adventure.

The wife of Caleb Thompson was Abigail Crossman 1714—1791. She is the earliest American ancestress of whom we have a picture. This was painted by her grandson Cephas Thompson and shows her to have been a handsome woman with a strong intelligent personality. She has a notable ancestry being descended from two prominent Taunton families—those of Crossman and Merrick. The Merricks came from Bordorgan Castle in Wales which is said to be still standing and to be 1000 years old. Abigail Crossman is also descended from Edward Bangs, a Pilgrim of the Anne. She is the grandmother of our Grandmother Nancy.

Another son of Caleb Thompson, 1712-1787, was William Thompson, a brother of Nathaniel, and an uncle of Nancy. He is of special interest to us as the father of Cephas Thompson, our family artist, so often mentioned in these annals. William Thompson's wife was Deborah Sturtevant, a sister of Lucy Sturtevant, our great grandmother and the mother of Isaac Thompson, so closely are our various family branches intertwined.

My father must have remembered both his maternal grandparents, Nathaniel and Hannah Thompson. He was thirteen years old when his grandmother died, and twenty-three when his grandfather died. He doubtless visited them in his mother's early home, and his knowing them, brings them vividly to us. Nathaniel and Hannah had six children.



Their only son, Rev. Otis Thompson, 1776-1859, was a Baptist minister, and a graduate of Brown University. For many years he was the settled pastor at Assonet, but his last pastorate was at Abington, where he had a great and honored funeral. His granddaughter wrote, "I shall never forget the sweet and peaceful look on my grandfather's face as he lay in his coffin." So his departing spirit marked the clay tenement it was discarding! I remember his daughter, Charlotte, who married Cyrus Bachelor. Her

ABIGAIL CROSSMAN, 1714-1791, *of Taunton (Mrs. Caleb Thompson); Grandmother Nancy's paternal grandmother. Earliest picture we have of an American ancestress.*

granddaughter, Alice Frye Leach, is the widow of Edward Leach, the boyhood chum of my brother Jamie, who like him, became a lawyer. Alice and her two daughters, Elizabeth and Katherine, both of them graduates of Boston University, live in Brookline. Elizabeth is a public school teacher and Katherine is engaged in advertising art. Their mother is an artist and the family lives in Brookline. The brother of Alice is Maj. Gen. James Frye, who has been Adjutant General of Massachusetts.

I remember also another daughter of my great-uncle, Otis Thompson, a Mrs. Thomas, who went as a Baptist missionary to Burmah, and who visited us in Scotland with her son, William, on one of her furloughs. The feature which I particularly remember of this visit was her tale of riding an elephant in Burmah.

The oldest daughter of my great grandparents, Nathaniel and Hannah Thompson, was Sarah—or Sally as she was usually called—1778-1841. She married Capt. Joseph Cushman, of Middleboro, a descendant of Thomas Cushman, Pilgrim of the Fortune in 1621, and of Mary Allerton, Mayflower Pilgrim. Joseph died somewhere in the eighteen-thirties, leaving his wife and a large family of children in straightened financial circumstances, so that the home had to be broken up. The mother went to live with her energetic daughter, Mary, the eldest, who was already established as a skillful dressmaker in Taunton. Some of the younger children, particularly Hannah and Sarah Cushman, 1813-1874, went to live with their kind Aunt Nancy in Scotland, and were regarded almost as sisters by my father and our Aunt Carrie. I have found some of Sarah's bright sentences in the corners of the home-letters my father received, when, as a young man, he visited his uncles in the West and South. In one of these letters, his cousin Sarah wrote, "Have a care, James, lest some of those Southern Belles steal your good heart." Sarah married a descendant of Rev. James Keith, of Bridgewater, Dea. Philander Leach, of Scotland, 1813-1897, an honored servant of the public, for many years a teacher and school committee, and a leader in the church choir. He was a promoter of all good things, religion, music, and education. Joshua Crane said, "Philander Leach

did more for the public schools of Bridgewater than any other one man." His picture hangs in the Historical Building in West Bridgewater, and a tablet to his memory has lately been presented to the Bridgewater Historical Society in an eloquent speech from his distinguished son-in-law, Judge Henry K. Braley born 1850, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Uncle Philander and Aunt Sarah, as we children always called them, lived in Scotland. I am sure Aunt Sarah regarded my Grandmother Nancy as a second mother, and she and my mother were intimate friends. I remember as a small child being taken by mother through a dim path in the woods that was a short cut to Aunt Sarah's house under a marvellous old elm tree. It was almost my mother's only recreation to take her sewing and spend a day with Aunt Sarah. I found lately in an old letter of Uncle Philander's dated Scotland, September 24, 1894, this saying of his which is worthy to be remembered, "It is never too late to repent and do right."

Carrie Ward Leach, born 1850, and her brother, Edward, born 1851, who graduated at Brown, 1874, the children of Uncle Philander and Aunt Sarah, were our intimate friends in childhood, and more close to us than any of our first cousins were. We shared in the neighborhood activities of church, Sunday-school, picnics, singing-school, and our Shakespeare Club, which gave a series of entertainments in our hamlet, where Cousin Edward's gift in reciting poetry was prominent. I shall never forget his beautiful rendering of "Roger and I."

Cousin Carrie still lives, as gay as ever, and it is a joy to visit her beautiful Brookline home, and listen to the scholarly conversations of her learned hubsand, Judge Braley, and to compare antiquarian notes with her son, Abner, born 1889, a Boston lawyer, named for his great grandfather, Dea. Abner Braley, who, with his charming wife, Margery Whitcomb Potter Braley—a descendant of John Howland, of the Mayflower—and their interesting daughter, Charlotte, live in the Brookline home with the older Braleys.

Before Cousin Carrie's marriage to Judge Braley, she was a successful teacher in Campello where she conquered a tense situation in a school where a gang of rough boys had

ordered out the previous teacher. Carrie sized up her pupils the first day, picked out the ring-leader and made him her abject slave for the four years of her connection with the school, by calling at once on his family, and winning her way into the young rascal's heart by telling his mother that she was depending on her son's cooperation. She made him her right-hand helper. It was a great triumph of diplomacy and she delights now to tell the story of her conquest. When her pupils were listless she sent them out for gymnastics and followed it with a sparkling exercise in mental arithmetic where hands were flying up on all sides to add, subtract, multiply, divide, compute interest, and give the square root of small numbers, after which there was no more sleepiness. Judge Braley was born in Rochester, Mass. His father, Capt. Samuel Tripp Braley, died of dysentery while on a voyage in the Indian Ocean. He was buried on Mahe Island, one of the Seychelles group. His rascally mate stole Captain Braley's Ship, Sea Fox, which was never recovered, and the family was left in penury. Henry was an ambitious lad with a determination to get an education. When attending school as a young man he wore an overcoat of a curious cut, which had belonged to his grandfather, not having the money to buy another. His schoolmates ridiculed him, but he would not interrupt his studies on that account. He said, "Never mind! They won't laugh by and by." Nobody laughs now at Judge Braley. He forged ahead and outstripped them all.

The Braleys were of Quaker descent, and at the foot of Braley Hill by Shingle-Mill Brook in Freetown is the old family cemetery where their Quaker ancestors are buried.

Aunt Sarah's youngest sister, our Cousin Anne Cushman, was a teacher and a beautiful character. She was a peacemaker and beloved of all. Her sister Hannah, and brother Nathaniel, were twins, named for their grandparents, Nathaniel and Hannah Thompson. Hannah only weighed one pound at birth and was never strong. Nathaniel, the neighborhood surveyor in Scotland, taught school in Kingston in early life and there met with a disappointment in love which embittered him. He never married and I have a vivid memory of his frequent passing by our home with set, sad face,

looking neither to the right or left, his faithful dog, Tiger, his best friend, following close at his heel. His brother, Isaac, also lived unmarried in Scotland, a genial man whose handsome portrait hangs in the Braley home. The Cushmans were a handsome family, inheriting, I should say, the good looks of their ancestor, Pilgrim John Alden. Another brother, Leonidas, married and lived in Randolph and Bridgewater. He was an omnivorous reader, who read Shakespeare every day till the end of his life. Another brother, Joseph Cushman, Jr., married a Sarah. They lived at first in Plymouth, then moved west where they died. They had one son, William, also deceased, whose son, Freeman Cushman, and granddaughter, Elinor, live in California. Joseph and Sarah had four daughters, Elizabeth, Mary Allerton, Ellen, and Annie, of whom the youngest, Mrs. Annie L. Page, of Plymouth, is the only survivor, but Mary Allerton, who married a Mr. Adams, left one daughter, Alfreda Adams, who also lives in Plymouth.

The third child of my great grandparents, Nathaniel and Hannah Thompson, was Sybil Thompson, 1780-1860. She was married twice. By her first husband, James Daniels, she had two sons, Edward and Charles, whom I remember. Aunt Sybil's second marriage was to Dea. Nathan Bassett, of Scotland. She lived less than two miles from our home, so she and her sister Nancy, my grandmother, must have kept closely in touch. I can just remember her death which occurred when I was three years old. Her sons are both dead, but I have not been able to ascertain whether they left issue. They seem to have dropped out of the knowledge of their relatives, which seems tragic to me.

The fourth child of Nathaniel and Hannah Thompson was Polly, born 1782, who married Crocker Cobb, of Middleboro. I heard the family talk about "Aunt Cobb" but I never saw her. They had no children. The fifth child of Nathaniel and Hannah was my grandmother, Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863. She was a dreamy, romantic girl who grew up in the ancestral John Thompson house. We get a pretty mental picture of her early girlhood in the little twenty-three page booklet of manuscript verses, which she wrote when about fourteen. My Aunt Carrie highly prized this memen-

to of her mother, and her stepdaughter, Susan Hayes Ward, culled out one entitled "The Wish" and had it printed in the Newark Evening Standard.

THE WISH

Mine be a cot beside a hill
And at its foot a murmuring rill
    Shall gently glide along;
A martin house shall stand nearby
Where both the mates may go or fly
    And cheer me with their song .

A woody grove, a flowery vale
Where the shrill blackbird tells his tale
    Sweet contemplation yield,
A chosen, cultivated spot,
Shall flourish near my little cot,
    And grace the harvest field.

My cottage always neat and clean,
The corners stored with evergreen,
    And rooms with sanded floor,
The strangers' and the orphans' grief
Shall find from me a kind relief
    And seek my friendly door.

One chosen and selected friend
Shall often at my board attend
    To share my welcome food,
Some company I'd sometimes see
Such as the virtuous kind and free
    And those that practise good.

Of books I'd have a chosen store,
Such as a Milton, Pope and Moore
    To spend a vacant hour;
Thus would I pass my 'lotted days,
Free from the giddy flatterers' gaze
    Of men in pomp and Power.

The poem is dated Middleboro, Mass., December, 1798. Miss Ward says: "Nancy Thompson, the writer of these verses, was born in 1784. Would our schoolgirls of fourteen write better, to-day?"

While this is in no sense a plagiarism, yet it shows that Nancy was probably familiar with the poem of the same title written by S. Rogers. She was evidently a reader of poetry. Another of these girlish poems of Grandmother Nancy's is "A Lament for Washington," written at the time of his death, of which we here give one stanza:

Ye heroes all, now join the mournful strain;
And sing the loss your country has sustained;
Columbia mourns—ah mourns, the fatal day
That bore his spirit from his native clay.

There are in this booklet also various little ditties about woods and flowers which reveals Nancy's passionate love of nature. One poem called "The Flower Bed" speaks of her favorite pinks, jonquils,tulips and rosebuds. In my childhood there were in our garden great clumps of fragrant pinks and also many tulips and daffodils. It seems probable that Nancy brought these with her to Scotland from her Middleboro home. She was always a lover of flowers, music, and poetry. Under her little west-bedroom window grew a sweet briar rose-bush and some tiger lilies, in the space set apart by a chain-fence for flowers. I remember hearing her sing *Bonnie Doon* and the feeling she put into the line, "Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird," and there is preserved a poem which Nancy, when over sixty, dictated to my sister Emma. It is written down by Emma in a child's unformed hand with a stumpy lead pencil. I insert it tenderly as the swan-song of a saddened old woman, who had the poetic temperament and to whose nature I am closely akin. The critics may not consider it poetry, but it at least gives a vivid and pretty picture of what was going on within and without the farm house in the closing period of Nancy's life.

"Winter comes with stormy treasures,
Scatters round her fleecy snow.
Now adieu to Autumn's pleasures!
Now the boisterous tempests blow!

Little streams no more meander
Through a green delightful mead.
Now no more the brave Evander
Does his charming Sylvia lead.

Music warbles there no longer
Through a rustling leafy grove.
Every day the cold grows stronger,
Flocks no more the meadows rove.

Hardy swains with sleds and axes
To their oaken forests come
Sell a part to pay their taxes,
Keep the rest to burn at home.

Round the fire the little misses
Strive to see who sews the best
While their mother's tender kisses
Soothe the infant on her breast.

Winter has its hours of pleasure;
Why should mortals then complain,
If our time we rightly measure
Winter will not pass in vain."

I believe Grandmother Nancy was a deeply religious woman, yet the stern theology of her preacher brother, Otis —whom she probably idolized—cast a gloom over her, so that she did not dare to "indulge a hope"—at least in early life—fearing she was not one of the elect. She never joined the church, but when a minister called on her as she neared death, I am told that she expressed to him a trembling hope of receiving the mercy of God through Christ. I cannot wonder at Nancy's religious fear when I remember the book of her brother's sermons which was in our Scotland home, and which I sometimes in childhood read surreptitiously with a quaking heart at the terrors of eternal damnation therein set forth. I am not at all blaming

my great uncle, Rev. Otis Thompson, for what he wrote, or the effect of his teachings on his sister. I doubt not at all his goodness, and complete sincerity, but I am glad that a new view of the conquering love of God now prevails.

Grandmother Nancy was a handsome woman in her youth, as the beautiful painting of her attests, which always hung in our Scotland home in my childhood, beside the equally handsome portrait of my grandfather, Caleb F. Leonard. Both had dark wavy hair, good features, brilliant complexions and blue eyes. Nancy's eyes were pensive. These portraits are now in the possession of their only male descendant in the direct Leonard line from Caleb, Richard Manning Leonard. These portraits were painted by Nancy's own cousin, Cephas Thompson, who has been wittily called by my sister Edith, "The Missing Link." As she says, "We might remember one family connection, but how can any one remember five connections?"

I remember the puzzle I was in when I asked in my youth what relation Cephas Thompson was to us. I was sometimes told one thing, and sometimes another. I have him straightened out at last, and will put down his various relationships to us in the following table, first, remarking, however, that in the category of Nancy's brothers and sisters I must not omit little Sabina, the youngest, who died at the age of four, and for whom her brother, Otis, named his first child.

Connection I. Cephas Thompson, born 1775, was the own cousin of my grandmother, Nancy Thompson, his father, William, and her father, Nathaniel, having been brothers.

Connection II. Cephas Thompson was the own cousin of my grandfather, Isaac Thompson, their respective mothers, Deborah Sturtevant, and Lucy Sturtevant, having been sisters.

Connection III. Cephas Thompson and Grandfather Isaac Thompson were not only own cousins on their mothers' side but distant cousins on their fathers' side, both being descendants of the old Puritan soldier, Lieut. John Thompson, but by different sons, Cephas being descended from Jacob (2) and Isaac from John Thompson (2).

Connection IV. Cephas Thompson was also a brother-

Nancy Thompson Leonard
1784-1863

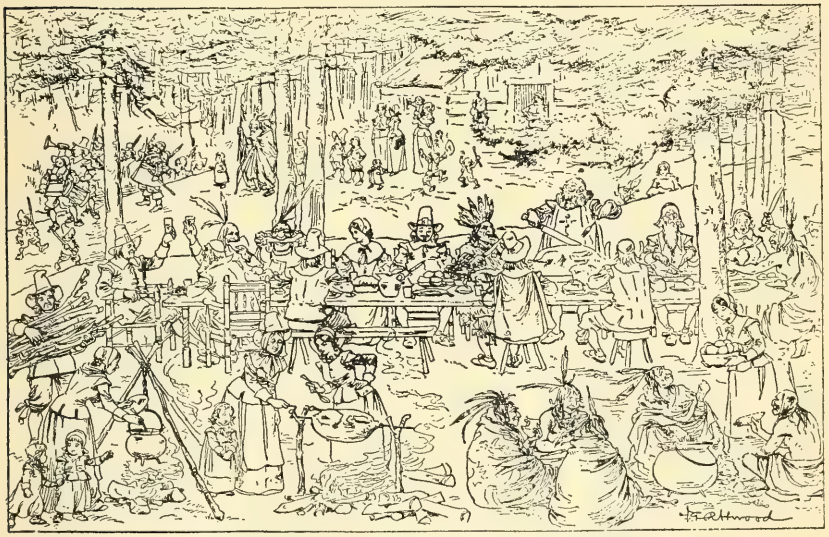
Caleb S. Leonard

1778-1840

in-law of Grandfather Isaac Thompson, whose sister, Lucy Thompson, Cephas married for his second wife.

Connection V. Cephas Thompson was also the brother-in-law of our Grandfather Caleb F. Leonard, whose sister, Olive Leonard, was the first wife of Cephas.

Now will the kind reader please tell me what relation Cephas Thompson is to us? Are we not justified in calling him "The Missing Link?"



THE PILGRIMS AND THEIR NEIGHBORS

The First Thanksgiving

CHAPTER XIII

THE FIRST AND SECOND CONFLUENCES OF THE LEONARDS AND THOMPSONS

"We are one day nearer a never ending eternity."
LAST SAYING OF GREAT-GRANDMOTHER MARY HALL.

THERE were three Leonard-Thompson marriages in our family connection in the space of forty-two years, 1802-1843. The first of these, the marriage of Cephas Thompson, the Middleboro artist, to my father's Aunt Olive Leonard has been already chronicled in Chapter VII. That was probably the first wedding in the then new and elegant Leonard homestead by Nipenicket.

What led up to the courtship of Cephas and Olive is not a matter of history, but may be easily conjectured. The great Baptist revival in Middleboro under Elder Backus had swept in both the Leonard and Thompson families. Our great uncles, Otis Thompson, and David and Zenus Leonard all became Baptist preachers, and all went to Brown University. Cephas Thompson himself prepared for college, but wisely took up portrait painting instead, where his talents lay. The strong religious and intellectual trend in both families, and their Baptist affiliations would naturally throw the men of these prominent families together, and bring Cephas under the charm of Olive Leonard, who doubtless attended the Baptist revival meetings with her brothers.

Both the other Leonard-Thompson marriages grew in natural sequence from this first one. The second one, five years after the first, was the marriage on July 12, 1807, of my grandfather, Caleb Francis Leonard, to my grandmother, Nancy Thompson. These two doubtless met frequently, not only in the Baptist meetings, but in the home of Cephas and Olive in Middleboro, where Nancy visited her cousin Cephas, and Caleb visited his sister. A festive occasion like a Thanksgiving feast given in the home of Cephas would easily include both Nancy and Caleb among the guests.

The wedding of my grandparents was celebrated in all probability in the very room in the old John Thompson house of which we have the cherished picture painted by Cephas Thompson. Cephas and Olive were doubtless present in the old family cradle, the house which had sheltered the ancestors of Cephas as well as of Nancy. The interest of Cephas in the handsome couple is shown by the beautiful paintings he made of them, already referred to in the preceeding chapter. These paintings gave the most artistic touch to my early home in Scotland of anything in the house, unless we except the noble old black walnut sideboard, and the massive pine-apple bedstead; and the dainty carving in the woodwork around the mantel of the spare chamber—the last mentioned beauty has been ruthlessly taken out by some intervening vandal, much to our regret, and also to the regret of the present careful owners of our beloved old home. Caleb's portrait shows him as quite the typical Leonard of English baronial descent, wearing an elaborately frilled shirt-front and high stock. Nancy's soft pensive blue eyes look out from under the prim little curls on her forehead. Such was the pair that took up life together in their beautiful new house by Nipenicket. Caleb's parents meanwhile were still living with several of their children in the "old Packard House" near the big apple-tree below the garden.

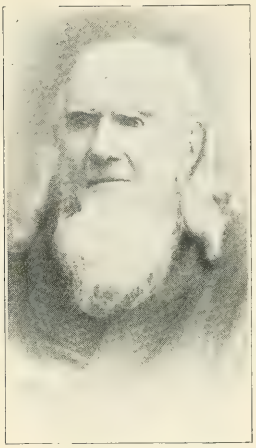
Caleb and Nancy Leonard had three children. The name of the oldest, Clementina Maria, 1808-1870, is suggestive of the romantic turn of Nancy's mind. My Aunt Clementine —as we called her—was married in 1829 at the age of twenty-one to Dea. Levi Paine, a shoe manufacturer of East Randolph, now the town of Holbrook. I was taken in the big family carryall when a child to visit their home which was fifteen miles from our own, and I recollect Aunt Clementine as a sweet, placid, somewhat light-complexioned lady. The three children of this home, who lived to maturity were all grown and away from home at that time, but I remember the visits of these adult cousins in Scotland.

The oldest, Dr. Levi Paine, 1832-1902, who resembled his mother in physique, became a notable Doctor of Divinity and Professor of Church History in the Theological Seminary at Bangor, Me., where he was greatly beloved for his

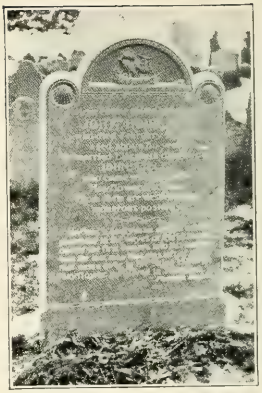
profound scholarship, his magnetic teaching, and his tolerant and modest character. He was a friendly citizen, interested in daily affairs. He graduated from Yale in 1856 in a famous class which included Chancey Depew. In 1861 he married Jennie Holmes, of Norwich Ct., and this pair had seven children whose names were Leonard, Antoinette, Frederic, Helen, Clementina, Mary, and Edward. Cousin Levi died of pneumonia in Bangor at the age of sixty-nine and was much lamented.

Aunt Clementine's younger son, Rev. Bernard Paine, 1834-1894, who in features resembled his father rather than the Leonards, was also a Congregational minister. He graduated at Dartmouth College, and studied theology at Andover and Union Seminary, N. Y., and had pastorates at Sandwich, Foxboro, New Bedford, and Saybrook Ct., in which he was much beloved. His sudden death at the last of these places at the age of sixty brought sorrow to many. He married in 1867 Eliza Smith Blossom, 1843-1926, of Sandwich, and I remember hearing the pun at the time that "it was a pity to turn Blossom into Paine." This pair had several children. The only son, Bernard Leonard, born 1878, a graduate of Amherst College, is a member of the Massachusetts Bar and doing legal work for the State of Massachusetts. He lives in Braintree and his mother and two sisters, Grace, a teacher, born 1874, and Isidore, a librarian, born 1869, make their home with him. Another sister, Gertrude, born 1876, married Dr. Loring B. Packard, of Brockton. This pair have a daughter, Elinor, born 1911. Cousin Bernard and Leila had a little daughter, Clementina, who died in infancy.

Aunt Clementine's daughter, Adelia, 1841-1912, married a business man, Edward P. Stetson, died 1907, of Walpole, Mass., where they had a beautiful home, but no children. Cousin Delia, however, fostered a young girl, Josie Connor, sent her by my mother who had cared for this orphan nine years in Scotland. Josie became a fine woman, married a Mr. Gay in Walpole, and her estimable daughter, Mrs. Cora Gay Hartshorn, has been a lifelong friend of our family, regarding my unmarried sisters as her Aunts. She was one of the few people outside of Rochester, who attended



Rev. Ebenezer Gay
1792-1886
Pastor of James, M. Leonard



John Howland's Grave

Scotland Church

my sister Emma's quiet funeral, that December day six years ago.

The second child of Caleb and Nancy Leonard was James Madison Leonard, 1810-1880, named for the fourth and then president of the United States.

We get the clearest picture of our father's early life from the copy books interlarded with his original observations which he wrote as a boy in the Scotland district school, taught by Dea. George Chipman. I remember this teacher of my father's as a decrepit old man, who with his maiden daughters, Hasadiah and Isabella, kept the village postoffice.

One of our father's boyish notes in his copybook tells of a carrot over five feet long, which had been dug up on the Nipenicket farm; he also, like a naughty boy, reports a squabble he had over-heard between his father and uncle. Thus, children have a way of letting the cat out of the bag, and we are prevented from imagining former generations as destitute of foibles and inconsistencies.

We have also three addresses preserved which father gave in his early manhood at the Scotland lyceum of which he was a member. Most interesting of all, we have father's private religious journal written in occasionally during a period of twenty-two years. In this, his deep sincerity and striving after a holy life is revealed. He united with the church under the ministry of Rev. Ebenezer Gay, 1792-1886, in connection with whose noted Bible class father began his Christian life. I remember this early pastor of my father's as I saw him in his old age, a striking and patriarchial figure, with long flowing gray curls, and a mantle like the Hebrew prophets. We have much to remember him for, not only as father's spiritual shepherd, but as the institutor of Mt. Prospect Cemetery, our Sacred City of the Dead in Bridgewater, for which he did much of the planning and surveying. At its consecration on October 26, 1842, Mr. Gay gave the dedicatory address which closes with these words, "And now these grounds, this fair mount, these knolls and vales, with all that appertains thereunto we consecrate to the dead, and to the repose of our own bodies, when we have finished the cares and turmoils of life. Here they may quietly rest in hope, until the trump of God shall sound and

the grave be summoned to resign its spoil, to Him that hath gained the victory, and shall be seated on the throne as Judge of the living and the dead."

Father taught the Scotland school during the winter of 1830-1831, and the Kingston school the winter following, where his work was so liked that his services were sought for another winter still, but father had set his heart on going west, and declined to re-engage. Father's journal speaks of his feeling of solemnity at taking the legal oath as surveyor of highways in 1833. In that year he took his first journey to the West.

His three journeys to the Middle West and South, between 1833 and 1839 constituted the great adventure of life for him, and he referred to them in after years as to a lost dream of power and joy. On these journeys he visited his four uncles, Bernard, Linus, James Manning, and George, and aspired to find financial competence in western business as some of them had done, and in this he would probably have succeeded if circumstances had permitted him to remain there.

I have heard him tell how on his lonely journeys across the prairies, he sometimes slept under the stars, far from any human dwelling, while his horse grazed near him untethered. A protective Providence kept the animal from straying away, during the night.

He invested in land near Chicago and is said to have built the first framed house in Aurora, Ill. His journal speaks of Illinois as his "adopted state," and he wrote home somewhat playfully, yet with an underlying earnestness, asking his family to pick him out a good wife, that he might go East and fetch her. His dream of settling in Illinois was shattered by distressed letters from his father, telling of failing health, and his urgent need of his only son's help on the rugged Massachusetts farm, and promising special rewards from his father's estate if he would come home and lift the burdens there. These promises were never fulfilled because grandfather Caleb died suddenly and intestate. Dutifully, yet doubtless with sorrow, my father acceded to his father's importunity. He sold most of his western real estate, which would have in

after years made him independently rich if he could have retained it. He arrived home late in 1839 in time to see his grandmother, Mary Hall Leonard, again before her departure to a better world. My father was very fond of his grandmother, and in one of his letters from the West he wrote, "Give my love to my good grandmother and tell her I wish I could bring in wood for her, and tend her fire as I used to do."

Caleb's own death occurred only a few months after that of his noble mother. He was working in a hayfield to the east of the George Bassett house on July 2, 1840. It was a very hot day, and he fell there with a stroke of apoplexy, from which he never regained consciousness, and died the following day.

The third child of Caleb and Nancy Leonard was Caroline Louisa Leonard, 1817-1895. She is the aunt for whom I was named, and whose maiden name was precisely the same as my own. We were born in the same house by Nipenicket, thirty-nine years apart. Aunt Carrie was educated at Pierce Academy, Middleboro, Professor Briggs being then the Principal. In a pretty sketch written by Aunt Carrie herself, she describes her first going away from home to school, being driven over to Middleboro by her father in his chaise, the fashionable vehicle of the day. She speaks of her father as he looked then, "with here and there a gray hair" in his dark locks and the look of contentment about him "showing that Time had touched him lightly." I believe he and Nancy were very happy together.

Aunt Carrie's school episode brought her into contact with her school-mate, George Ward, 1814-1856, a son of Gen. Ephraim Ward, of Middleboro, and an intimacy sprang up between the young people. Aunt Carrie's sketch above referred to, tells of her father's amused look when the love letters began to arrive in the Scotland home, after his daughter's return from school. The sketch also describes the wedding which took place in the green and white parlor in Scotland in the Autumn of 1840 and of the grief-stricken face of her mother, Nancy, then recently widowed.

George Ward was a silent partner in the successful shoe firm of Ward, Daggett and Co. of Chicago. Uncle George's

partner, Thomas Daggett, also married a Leonard, his wife, Emeline, being a descendant of James Leonard, of Taunton. Uncle George and Aunt Carrie lived in Middleboro and because of Uncle's failing health they spent their winters in St. Augustine, Florida. Before his death from tuberculosis, he built for his wife the beautiful home in Lakeville, where we had so many happy visits in after years. Aunt Carrie did not wish this mansion built, but could not grieve her husband by opposing him, as his heart was set on it.

My first mental picture of Aunt Carrie is as a sad-faced widow in deepest mourning, driving a pony and chaise as she came to visit her mother in our Scotland home. She was tenderly attached to George Ward, and one Sunday night when I was fourteen, I went with her to visit his grave on a Lakeville hill. She put many flowers from her beautiful garden on the grave, and then stood a long time beside it, silent and lost in deepest thought. She lies beside him now; her second husband, Rev. James Ward, being buried in Abington beside his first wife, the mother of his children. Our Aunt's second marriage—to a descendant of Pilgrim John Alden through Elizabeth Alden Paybody and the Bradfords—took place December 8, 1862. Her new husband was a Congregational minister much older than herself, and with adult children. He had been a member of both Houses of the Massachusetts Legislature, and was a worker in the anti-slavery cause. He and his children were all scholars and brilliant people. Sister Edith and I, as children, were much impressed with their erudition when at family worship at Lakeville, where the Bible chapter was read aloud, verse by verse, around the circle. We discovered that each one of these step-cousins and their father, were reading from a different language translating into English as they read. Some of these languages were very unusual ones like Arabic. When we retired to our room for conference after this display of learning Edith said to me in despair at our own insignificance, "Let's cut our throats." That visit quickened our intellectual ambition.

Uncle Ward's oldest son, William Hayes Ward, for many years editor of the New York Independent, was a great Assyriologist. Archeology was his play, and in order to get

Caroline Leonard Ward, 1817-1895

time to pursue it, he rose very early. His son tells that no matter how early he woke in the morning he always found his father's light burning, and the research work progressing. Uncle Ward's two daughters, Susan and Hetta, were accomplished writers, and artists of no mean ability. Their play was painting wild flowers at the time of the summer visit of myself and sister Edith referred to above. These brilliant ladies never married, and when our quaint neighbor, "Mrs. Alphy Leach," spoke deprecatingly of their spinsterhood to my mother, she replied, "I do not know who would have the presumption to ask them." So superior were they! Susan read the Old Testament thru in Hebrew before she was nine years old.

Uncle James Ward was a very lovable character. His death gave us a great shock. In alighting from a horse-car in New York City, he had caught his foot in the back step and was dragged a block before the horses were stopped. He died that evening. Aunt Carrie died exactly twenty-two years later to a day. She had punctilious integrity in business, systematic benevolence, and large hospitality. She had no children, but took much interest in her nephews and nieces and her home was the social center for a large circle of notable people who were her personal friends, between whom her personality was a connecting link. She was pure Leonard in her physical and mental make-up, with the dark hair, brilliant complexion, aquiline nose, sloping eyebrows and blue eyes of the Leonards. One oft-quoted saying of hers frequently admonishes me, "Prayer and Provender hinder no man."

Of Grandma Nancy's later life little remains to be said. My father's marriage occurred two years after she was left a widow, and my mother became mistress of the Scotland home where Nancy before had reigned supreme. She spent her twenty-three years of widowhood in her son's family and I, who was six years old when she died, remember her as she sat in a treasured chair with short rockers, in the kitchen at Scotland, knitting mittens and blue woolen socks for the males of the family, and braiding the worn out family clothes into neat rugs for the farm-house floor. When her daughters visited her, she put on her silk dress, and her showy best cap, and on these occasions the green and white

parlor, with the open fire in the little Franklin stove, became a place of festivity. I was a pet with Grandma and there is preserved an old letter of Nancy's written to sister Emma from Lakeville when I was two, which says, "Don't let little Carrie forget her old Grandma. I think of her every day." And, I, who am now myself nearing the further bourne of life say, "I am Grandma Nancy's girl, and have, as I believe, derived my personality from her, and she is preeminently MY Grandma Nancy." This interesting letter written the day before Thanksgiving speaks of Aunt Carrie as making pies, the characteristic employment of New England housewives on that day. Grandma also speaks of hurrying to finish the mittens she was making for Thomas Willis, an orphan boy who lived with us. He is now an old man in Boston and regards sister Edith and myself as sisters. Grandma was buried on her seventy-ninth birthday, and I rode to her grave on that solemn September day in the chaise with Aunt Carrie and Uncle Ward. I remember their hushed tones as we rode behind the hearse in Nancy's funeral procession.

NOTE: *Each family should have its historian because of the intrinsic value of every human life, without any exception.*

"While there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free."

EUGENE V. DEBS.

"On each insignificant grave there stood a secret, wild and perfect as a wildflower nodding in its everlasting leaves, or dangling from a broken stem."

James M. Leonard
1810-1880

Jane N. Thompson
1819-1892

Charles Manning
Leonard—1886-1922
and son Richard, only living male in direct line from Caleb Leonard.

Jennie Thompson
Leonard, 1859-1865

James Henry Leonard
1852-1917

CHAPTER XIV

THE THIRD CONFLUENCE OF THE LEONARDS AND THOMPSONS

"When the fathers leave us their sons and daughters always think with regret of the interesting information which might have been learned thru their lips and that is now lost forever. It is a praiseworthy undertaking if those who are able to do so, will take the time and trouble to put such knowledge into permanent form for the generations following."

MARY HALL LEONARD

AS THE second Leonard- Thompson marriage in our family connection grew naturally out of the first, so also did the third, which was the marriage of my father, James Madison Leonard, to my mother, Jane N. Thompson, of Rochester, and here again comes to view our elusive family "Link," Cephas Thompson, whose second daughter, Elvira, married George Bonney, of Rochester, and was therefore a neighbor of my mother in her girlhood.

Elvira Bonney was father's own cousin, a daughter of his Aunt Olive, his father's sister. Elvira seems to have been a confidante with father, who, lonely and saddened by the troubles connected with his father's death, was feeling the need of a wife, but had not discovered what lady he desired. So, he talked it over with his cousin Elvira, older than himself, but sufficiently near his age to enter sympathetically into the situation. Elvira was ready of counsel, and resourceful of method. She not only knew precisely the wife father needed, but was prepared to tactfully bring the parties together under her friendly auspices. So she invited her young neighbor, Jane Thompson, who had studied Latin and French, and had been trained in housekeeping by such an efficient mother as Abiah Thompson, to take tea at her home, an invitation which Jane accepted. There was only one other guest, Elvira's cousin from Bridgewater, and after supper Elvira was discreetly busy in the kitchen and left her

visitors to entertain each other. It was late that night when Jane entered her home in much excitement, wishing to confer at once with her brother, Zebulon, the head of the family since his father's death. Zebulon had retired, but Jane sought his room, and disclosed to him the events of the evening, and that James Leonard, of Bridgewater, had intimated to her that he wished to make her his wife. Jane wanted advice; should she encourage the attentions of this comparative stranger? Zebulon hesitated, Fate trembled in the balance. He probably had never met my father, but the Leonards were well-known in the whole country-side as a family of importance. Zebulon's great grandmother was a Leonard, and he thought the chances were good that his sister would make an ambitious match if she accepted this would-be suitor. So, he replied, with his slow drawl, "I — guess — so." The die was cast, and the unromantic courtship thus begun, culminated the next September in our third Leonard-Thompson marriage. We have two letters preserved which father wrote mother before their marriage, in one of which he asks her to "name the day" and says he cannot wait long. We have also this entry in his journal after he had been married a year, "A good wife is from the Lord, timable worth."

And so our good parents settled down by Lake Nipenicket to the strenuous task of getting a living and rearing a large an affectionate, sensible and virtuous companion is of inesfamily on a rugged New England farm and trying to bring up their children to virtue, education, and religion. There was always a blessing at table, and family prayers after breakfast, no matter how busy the day. Sister Edith and I can remember no omission in family worship throughout our childhood. If father was away, mother read the following prayer from the Episcopal prayer-book, while we sat around her in hushed silence. The cadences of her voice linger in the solemn petitions which imprinted themselves deeply in our memory.

"Almighty and Everlasting God, in whom we live and move and have our being, we, thy needy creatures, render thee our humble praises for thy preservation of us from the

beginning of our lives to this day and especially for having delivered us from the dangers of the past night. To thy watchful providence we owe it that no disturbance has come nigh us or our dwelling, but that we are brought in safety to the beginning of this day. And, since it is of thy mercy that another day is added to our lives we here dedicate both our souls and our bodies to thee and thy service in a sober, righteous, and godly life. Imprint upon our hearts such a dread of thy judgments and such a grateful sense of thy goodness to us as may make us both afraid and ashamed to offend thee, and above all keep in our minds a lively remembrance of that great day in which we must give a strict account of our thoughts, words, and actions, and according to the works done in the body be eternally rewarded or punished by him whom thou hast appointed the Judge of quick and dead. In particular we implore thy grace and protection for the ensuing day. Keep us temperate in our meats and drinks and diligent in our several callings. Grant us patience under any afflictions thou shalt see fit to lay on us, and minds always contented with our present condition. Give us grace to be just and upright in all our dealings, quiet and peaceable, full of compassion and ready to do good to all men according to our abilities and opportunities. Prosper the work of our hands in the business of our several stations. Defend us from all dangers and adversities and be graciously pleased to take us and all things belonging to us under thy fatherly protection. These things, and whatever else thou shalt see necessary and convenient to us we humbly beg thru the merits and mediation of thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen."

On Sunday mornings we read a chapter in the Bible, around the large family circle, reading verse by verse in course. I am not sure that any chapter was omitted. Regular attendance at church and Sunday school by all the children was part of the family program.

Father was a man of strictest business integrity and was a deacon in the Congregational Church in Scotland. Our old horse seemed to know when Sunday came, and turned mechanically into the horse-shed by the Church on Sunday,

but other days would jog by. I think father's life was a pathetic one and that he looked wistfully back to that time in his early manhood when affluence on the western prairies had been within his grasp, instead of the financial struggle which proved to be his portion on the stony farm of his ancestors. He was not strong, and found it hard to get the requisite help, and the monetary returns from the farm were meagre. He was sad, worried, and discouraged, yet trying not only to give every child of his an education, but to bear his share of the burdens of his church and community, and he gave also to missions, and many other great causes. Father died at the age of seventy in the house where he was born. Mother outlived him by eleven years.

Our hard-working mother, patient and refined, was greatly respected by every one. She taught us all to read at her knees when we were about three years old, and as she stood at the ironing table she usually had a child beside her teaching it mental arithmetic, or the multiplication table. The systematic way she managed her home is a wonder to contemplate. Her household arrangements moved like clock work. Each child had her appointed tasks and we all submitted to our mother's will, as a matter of course. After father's death our early home had to be sold, to our great sorrow. Mother moved to her birthplace in Rochester, but now lies beside father in Mount Prospect Cemetery. She died of pneumonia January 23, 1892. It is a comfort to us that our beloved Scotland home has fallen into good and careful hands. The present owners of it not only keep it in good repair, but have enhanced its beauty by various improvements, and it is our joy whenever possible to go back to get a sight of the home of our childhood.

CHAPTER XV

THE EIGHT CHILDREN OF DEACON JAMES AND JANE LEONARD

"Don't fret your gizzard-pins."
Playful Advice of H. D. GOODENOUGH

THE first child of James and Jane Leonard was Emma Frances Leonard, born Wednesday, May 15, 1844, died Saturday, December 6, 1919, at the age of seventy-five. She had lighter hair than either parent and seems to have drawn her contour and heredity chiefly from her Alden ancestors, being of a very gentle disposition. Cousin Carrie Braley said to me recently, "Do you think Emma ever did anything wrong in her life?" and then told me the following story. When she and Emma were both children in the Scotland district school, Carrie was piqued by Emma's imperturbable meekness, and desired to upset it. Accordingly, she one day reached forward to where Emma was sitting in the seat just front of her in school, and snatched away the book from which Emma was diligently studying. Emma gave no sign of impatience, but sat resignedly awaiting the sequel. Mr. Stone, the teacher, had seen the performance and approached the culprit, whom he took by the ear saying with a twinkle in his eye, "Carrie, give that book back to Emma." So, Emma, like a well-conducted person, went on studying and being good, and Carrie tried no more tricks upon her. Emma was deeply religious and united with the church after the great revival which swept the country in 1859.

When she was sixteen she was sent to school for one memorable year at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, which was the great adventure of her life and a marked episode also in the family, which I remember well, although only three years old at the time. It was the first flight out of the nest for any of mother's children, and Emma was as well equipped for it in clothes as the limited family resources would allow. She kept all her life the princess dress of heavy crimson and brown tibet which was then given her, and the memory is with me yet of the high poke bonnet, the front filled with

artificial flowers, which she wore as she started away with father to take the train.

She came back after a year, deeply imbued with a passion to become a foreign missionary, which had emanated from the influence of Mary Lyon. But this dream was meekly relinquished when Emma found that mother needed her help at home, and she spent the rest of her young womanhood largely in ironing her younger sister's dresses and keeping them fresh for school. It is true that she later went herself to the Bridgewater Normal School, and taught a very little, but soon gave it up and was the main-stay and companion at home for the rest of mother's life. Emma never lost her interest in foreign missions, and later on, from her small inheritance from father's property, she undertook the support of an Armenian orphan, whose name was Doodoo Silvania, and there is an artistic scrap book in Rochester which Emma made, giving the history of this boy, as far as known and the picture of his home and church. At a Valentine party in Rochester, Winnifred Lewis sent in this tribute to sister Emma:

"To the Lady who supported an Armenian orphan and sends him a newspaper.

"From Greenland's icy mountains, to India's coral strand,
Full many a little heathen owes to you a helpful hand.
I think in despair each Sunday as I read your paper through,
Should you adopt another boy whatever should I do?"

It would be interesting if we could follow this young life and see what Emma's love and gifts and prayers did for him. We have eternity before us to follow out such clues and sequels. Certain it is that Emma's devotion will reap its reward. Emma did all she could also to promote at home an interest in missions. In the Rochester garret there is a corner filled largely with material she gathered to interest the children's missionary society she carried on in Rochester, giving the children, sometimes, missionary parties. Mother said of her, "Emma is a real missionary at home." She taught a Sunday school class of boys for many years in Scotland.

Emma was very sweet in the family life. Father liked to have his hair brushed, and I have seen Emma stand over his chair in the evening, doing this as a way of petting him. Poor father! He needed it. Emma took all her nieces and nephews into her heart, and was a prime favorite with the whole bunch. She was like a second mother to my own children, who spent many of their happiest childhood days with her at Rochester. She died December 6, 1919, after a long illness of fifteen weeks during which she was partly paralyzed. She used frequently to say during that time:

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

And also these lines from her favorite poem:

"He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

It was "Sunset and Evening Star" with us as we watched her gentle spirit pass out, from that west front room in Rochester, the first time strangely, that I had even been present at a death. Emma was unconscious at the last. There was no struggle and no "moaning of the bar" as she "put out to sea." She lies with the rest in Mt. Prospect Cemetery in Bridgewater. It was not a sad burial. How could it be, for such a one, who had just gone home?

I insert here a poem that Emma wrote and which was printed the year before she died in the Wareham Courier with this preface from her own pen:

I have been looking over an old blank book, into which, some years ago, I amused myself by putting some verses I had written.

That was before the time of phonographs or of moving

pictures, and I did not then expect ever to see my predictions come true, but as our old friend, Elizabeth Haskell, said: "Nothing is too good to be true." The prophecy that the time will come when past scenes can be copied, has not yet come true, but the fulfillment would seem no more strange than other discoveries and inventions which are being made all the time.

A Prophecy Come True

A Poem Written Before the Day of Phonographs or Moving Pictures

I looked on the face of my darling
In the photograph laid away,
Just as he looked that morning
When he came in from his play.

And strange and sweet the art seemed
That could copy my darling's face
In all his boyish beauty,
In all his innocent grace.

The delicate fingers of sunlight
Had traced each beautiful line,
But both for face and for picture
In heaven was formed the design.

Will it be in the glad time that is coming
That greater things still we shall do?
That our powers will forever grow greater
When to Nature we always are true?

It may be the angels will copy
Not only the face of my boy
But his voice as it ripples in music
Or shouting in innocent joy.

It may be the angels will picture
Not only my baby's sweet face,
But his motions so light and so airy
Of sprightliness, health, and of grace.

Emma Frances Leonard
1844-1919

Dr. Chester Irving Fisher
1846-1924

Edith Leonard
b. 1854

Clara Leonard Fisher
1849-1911

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Elizabeth Leonard Childs
1846-1921

It may be the light in that country
Is so much more clear than is ours
It can reach e'en the depths of past ages,
And copy the scenes of past hours.

This we know, that all things worth having,
And doing, and being, shall be.
And that if our lives are worth living,
Better things than we guess, we shall see.

And if we can copy by sunlight
The quick flitting smile of my boy.
Were it strange if the angels should copy his laugh
Or his song, full of sweetness and joy?

E. F. L.

The second child of James and Jane was Elizabeth Morton Leonard, born Monday, February 2, 1846, died August 28, 1921, named for mother's girlhood chum, Miss Elizabeth Haskell, of Rochester. This was not according to the early pact of these friends which was that the first child of either one should be named for the other, but father had insisted on the naming of Emma. Why he chose the name we do not know. There were no previous Emmas in the family connections. Miss Lizzie Haskell was offended that mother's first child was not her namesake, and it is said that the name Emma was particularly objectionable to her, as being the name of the lady who had supplanted her in the affections of her erst-while lover. Certain it was that she never recognized sister Lizzie as her namesake, at least not for many years.

Lizzie was petite, and took her personality mostly from the Leonards, with dark curly hair and aquiline nose, but her eyes were from the other side of the house. Her picture, taken at the age of twelve, shows her to have been one of the prettiest of mother's children. She was also very bright and vivacious, with marked social gifts which fitted her for the role of a minister's wife, which was her destiny.

After her graduation at Bridgewater Normal School, she taught in New Haven Ct., where she found her future hus-

band, Rev. Truman D. Childs, born 1847, in Chagrin Falls, Ohio, who was then a theological student at Yale. The pair were married in Scotland, December 14, 1873, the first wedding in our family, and the first one I ever witnessed.

A strenuous life in many parishes and many states awaited this couple. For many years they were pioneers in Kansas, where physical courage was as much required as spiritual grace. Lizzie rose to the occasion, and various heroic acts are told of her, such as facing a herd of wild cattle with an umbrella, which she rapidly opened and shut to frighten them, so as to prevent their attack upon the frail tent where her little children were. On another occasion she, unaided, shut up a mad dog under their dwelling, to await the coming of neighbors to shoot it. Cousin Carrie Braley says truly of her, "Lizzie was wonderful." Her daughter, Mary, in an interesting sketch of her childhood, refers to Lizzie's heroism during the tragic struggle with poverty that the child's family experienced in Kansas, in the following words: "Those hard years would have been almost devoid of cheer had it not been for my mother's resourcefulness, patience, and devotion. No doubt the burden was hardest of all for her, both physically and mentally, but she rose early and went to bed late, with no pause for rest, yet managed to use an infinite amount of tact with the whole family who all poured their own unhappy view-point into her ears, kept in the family an interest in outside affairs, and jealously made the most of anything from which pleasure could be extracted." When moving to a new home in Kansas Lizzie killed 30 snakes in their cyclone cellar the first morning and found a tarantula in the potato bag.

Mr. and Mrs. Childs lost in their early married life two little daughters, Nina and Elizabeth. Their three children who are still living, will be described in the following chapter.

Sister Lizzie wrote sermons sometimes in connection with their pastoral work. I am not sure that she ever wrote a poem. I have nothing to insert here from her pen, but will instead refer to a letter she wrote me which has had a marked effect on my life. I was thirteen and terribly homesick, having been sent away from home for the first

time to attend High School in Bridgewater village. I had come from school to my boarding place, one noon, to find a letter waiting for me from Lizzie, who was then teaching in New Haven. I choked down my dinner—as usual in those days—with tears, then went upstairs to my little room to read my letter, which said, "I am sorry you are homesick. I'm afraid you don't know what a Friend Jesus can be. Those who know Him need not be lonely anywhere." It flashed on me that was the very thing I needed, A Friend. There was a large dark closet containing quilts, etc., opening from my room. I went into it and shut the door. I spoke not a word, but some secret spring within me opened, and Some One entered, who has never deserted me. I came out in a few moments to find life transformed, the homesickness gone forever, and the apple trees in the orchard that I passed on my way to afternoon school seemed bathed in gold. So much for sister Lizzie's little letter, which she doubtless forgot, but I never did.

Lizzie died in Moosup County, Ct. August 28, 1921, after a three weeks' illness, tenderly cared for by her only daughter, Mary, who was at home for her vacation at the time. She is buried in Mt. Prospect Cemetery in the Leonard lot. Her husband says of her, "In every emergency she was great, self-possessed, and masterful."

Rev. Truman D. Childs was descended from a family that came early to Barnstable County, Mass., and were connected with the Revolution. He graduated from Oberlin College in 1870, and from Yale Theological Seminary in 1873.

I have often smiled over the naive way in which our quaint next-door-neighbor, "Mrs. Alphy Leach," spoke to me of my sisters Lizzie, and Clara, on the occasion of Clara's engagement. She said, "People always said, 'Lizzie is smart. Lizzie will get a beau,' but they didn't say anything about Clara." However, Clara was smart too, as the subsequent pages will show.

The third child of James and Jane was Mary Hall Leonard, born Saturday, December 4, 1847, died November 19, 1921, named for our great grandmother, Mary Hall, to whose character there is no higher tribute than the fact that

her daughter-in-law Nancy, who had lived in the same house for twenty years wished to name her son's baby for her. Sister Mary became more eminent than any other in the family, as teacher, author, and local historian and antiquary. Her name appears in Who's Who in America, for 1911, and her picture and biography are found in James T. White's Encyclopedia of American Biography. It was primarily to preserve the results of her labor in family records, that this book was undertaken. After she had resigned her teaching position in Winthrop College, South Carolina, she spent most of her winters in research libraries and other repositories of records, and left an astonishing amount of valuable material which posterity cannot afford to lose.

In her disposition, virility, versatility, and brilliant mind, I believe she inherits largely from Grandmother Abiah, and had a personality more like her than the rest of us, although doubtless her literary talent is also derived from our Alden strain. In order to be Emma's companion in home cares, Mary spent her closing years in Rochester, and sent out from there numberless articles to papers and magazines. She also published the following books: "The Swamp Angel," "A Code of Honor," and "A Discovered Country," all southern stories; also "My Lady of the Search Light," "When Youth Met Life," and "Songs of the Southland," poems; "Grammar and Its Reasons," and in connection with Mr. Le Baron Dexter and others, "Mattapoisett and Old Rochester." It may be that she will be longest remembered as a local and family historian. In a report of the Haskell Reunion, August 12, 1915, it was said of her, "We are very proud of our Historian and are sure that no other family can boast one to compare with her." She was publicly presented with a bouquet of sweet peas on this occasion.

Sister Mary left behind her several unpublished books, one on Prosody and two more Southern stories called "The Nullies" and "The Dream Empire." There was also a History of Bridgewater, which has been placed in the custody of the Bridgewater Historical Society for preservation. Her short poems, the vagrants culled from the papers and magazines where they originally appeared, have recently been collected and printed. "High Lights of

Family Lore,"* it is hoped, will preserve for posterity her researches in genealogy and family history.

Mary was sincere, generous and the most high-spirited of us all. She was capable at times of giving sharp thrusts and sallies of speech, which Emma characterized as "wholesome as the north wind."

At the time she was writing her Prosody book the Valentine party already referred to, occurred in Rochester and Winnifred Lewis presented these lines to sister Mary:

"To the Lady who is writing a book on Prosody:

An octo-syllabic complete is hard to write at times,
While my Doctylic-Hexameter, it scarcely ever rhymes.
In Iambic-Tetrameter I'm shaky I confess;
Writing sonnets and Pindaric odes I'm always in a mess,
But when it comes to ancestors as affinities we shine
Overlook my other failings please, and be my Valentine."

Mary was many-sided. Her paintings of nature and her embroidery adorn our Rochester home. She said once, smilingly, "I wonder if I did not spoil a good milliner by being a teacher."

Mary's closest life friendships outside the immediate family circle were with the Wards already described in Chapter XII. She travelled with them one year in Europe, her greatest life adventure, and Aunt Carrie leaned on her almost as a daughter, sending for her when her last illness overtook her in Hotel Bellevue, Boston, in 1895, where Mary remained with her to the end.

Mary died of cerebral hemorrhage November 19, 1921, and is laid with the rest in the family Mecca at Bridgewater.

The fourth child of James and Jane was Clara Farnham Leonard, born Thursday, December 27, 1849, died April 22, 1911, named for Charlotte Farnham, the second wife of father's Uncle George, who visited Scotland about the time of Clara's birth. Clara was the tallest of mother's children, the most like mother in dignity and poise. She had the dark eyes and full lips of the Thompsons. She

* Original title of this book.

gracefully filled the prominent social position which came to her as the wife of Dr. Chester Irving Fisher, 1846-1924, a prominent and distinguished looking man, a superintendent of Public Institutions, particularly of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City, where Clara died of pyorrhoea in 1911. This pair became acquainted at Bridgewater Normal School, where they were both pupils in early life. Clara was before her marriage a teacher of visible speech in the Clark Institute for the Deaf. Dr. and Mrs. Fisher had three children, all living still and occupying positions of usefulness. These will be enumerated in the succeeding chapter

Dr. Fisher or "Uncle Chester" as our children called him, outlived Clara thirteen years, during which he married Margaret Bewley, an estimable lady, and a friend of Clara's who had been Chief of district nursing in the Presbyterian Hospital. She was a fine companion for Dr. Fisher, who died of angina pectoris in April, 1924, and now lies beside Clara in Mt. Prospect Cemetery, Bridgewater. He had a great funeral in New York, honored by the medical profession and the Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave., of which he was a trustee.

Our good brother-in-law had a succinct way of putting things that made his sayings stick in the memory. Once when I was consulting him in a difficulty he said, "Whatever you do, you will probably wish afterward you had done something else." One of his frequent sayings was "Man is immortal till his work is done, and then how quick he snuffs out." This was exemplified in his own end. He was active and full of plans up to the very night he died. He had just returned from a happy trip to New York to attend meetings of the organizations to which he belonged, the Board of Managers of the Presbyterian Hospital, and the Elders of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, where he had enjoyed seeing his old friends. The midnight call came to him, and he was gone before his daughter could reach his side. His wife, Margaret, was there, but his time had come.

The fifth child of James and Jane was their only son, James Henry Leonard, born Monday, March 8, 1852, died

May 17, 1917. His name, James, was for our father, and the name, Henry, for Dr. Henry Martin Dexter, 1821-1890, in whom mother seems to have had a romantic interest and of whose public career she was proud, as she considered him her cousin. I was perplexed to undertsand this mysterious cousinship until I discovered from the records that Henry's stepmother, Lydia Thompson, by whom he was reared, was a sister of my Grandfather Isaac, who doubtless brought her step-son—who looked upon her as his mother—to visit her brother Isaac, in Rochester. Thus Henry and mother played with each other as cousins in their childhood, and sister Lizzie said that Henry boarded in Grandfather Isaac's family when he was attending school in Rochester, although his grandfather, Dea. Elijah Dexter, lived in the village in the old house in Dexter Lane still standing. Henry's own mother was Mary Morton, daughter of Nathaniel Morton, of Freetown, who was the first wife of Rev. Elijah Dexter, Henry's father, who was for many years pastor at Plympton, where Henry was born. Henry had a brilliant intellectual life, was editor of the Congregationalist many years, was author of standard books on Congregationalism and the translator of the earliest Christian hymn by Clement of Alexandria which begins:

"Shepherd of Tender Youth, guiding in Love and truth
Thru devious ways,
Christ our triumphant King, we come thy name to sing,
and here our children bring,
To shout thy praise."

Our only brother, Jamie, was good-looking and debonair, in physical characteristics resembling mother rather than father. Mother idolized her only son, and sister Edith lionized him and wished to copy him, as appears in two fetching child-daguerreotypes of these two, which were taken on the same day, their ages being respectively about five and three. Jamie pouted when his picture was being taken, and so Edith, who was evidently watching him, pouted also, when it came her turn. Jamie, to father's sorrow, did not wish to be a farmer. He graduated at

Oberlin College in 1878, studied law in Elyria, Ohio, and Taunton, and in January 11, 1882 married Mary C. Johnston, with whose father he was a law partner in Elyria, where his after life was spent. He did much public service as a member of the Board of Health which paid this tribute to him. "His personal sacrifice of time and talent in the public weal is a matter of record. The city of his adoption will always be in his debt for the cheerful, loyal and most competent service of a most talented public-spirited citizen." His pastor said of him, "He placed at the disposal of the community his legal ability, his fine discrimination, his capacity for research, his fearless qualities of soul, and his capacity for boundless industry. His work was always well done." In a talk with his pastor shortly before his death our brother said, "I have committed my life with all its failures and mistakes to God, and I trust Him absolutely." His pastor replied, "That is the word of a Christian."

He died in Elyria May 17, 1917 at the age of sixty-five. He left a widow and one son who will be described in the following chapter. His widow survived him nearly seven years, her death occuring April, 1924. Our brother's ashes are buried in the family lot in Mt. Prospect Cemetery, Bridgewater. I insert here an extract from a paper written by my brother on "Social Justice, Its Promotion Thru the Church," which was read at a convention in Elyria, Ohio, October 23, 1912.

"Jesus was the greatest radical of history. Why should the church be conservative when its leader was a radical? You will say that this is socialism. The church of Christ should not be frightened by a name. It is true that socialists have some disreputable rags tied to the tail of their kite, but they have a fair kite none the less. Its worth is proved by the attempt of other parties to appropriate it; grant that a sudden change would bring untold misery and disaster. It is no argument why a change should not be made. It is simply a reason affecting the manner and method, and a change is surely coming. God grant that the church, organized in the name of Christ may assume with earnestness the work which He has for it to do."

The sixth child of James and Jane was Edith Leonard,

born Monday, August 21, 1854, who still survives. Her obedient and placid nature, and easy adaptation to others, and to the circumstances in which she was placed, made her a child of peace and joy in her home. She is pure Leonard in both physical and mental traits, and greatly resembles both of my father's sisters. She graduated at Bridgewater Normal School and spent twenty-seven years of her life at Santee, Nebraska as a missionary teacher in an Indian School under the A. M. A. where her principal said of her, "Miss Leonard is a peace-maker."

She resigned this position in 1915, and returned to her sisters in Rochester, who were needing her help, and she stayed with them until both had passed away, except that she was with our brother in Elyria during his long illness and until his death. Her self-less life exemplifies the saying of Christ that the kernel of wheat that falls into the ground and dies brings forth much fruit.

Latterly she has spent her winters in our Florida home with myself and my husband. She has shown much kindness to her nephews and nieces with all of whom she keeps in touch, and with whom she is a great favorite. Letter writing is a fine art with her, and all odd moments that can be spared from other things go into her beautifully written letters. Latterly she has taken up chess-playing as a means of diversion to her deaf brother-in-law and is becoming expert at it. She is fond of gardening, and raises her own summer vegetables at Rochester. She has great tact in dealing with the young, and she has a household remedy to apply to every minor ailment of herself and others. I insert here one of her poems.

The Best Offering

Mary sat beside her Master
  On his words intent;
Heeding not how fast the hours
  Of the day were spent;
Listening to his holy teaching,
  Looking in his face,
Joying in his words so tender
  Full of truth and grace.

All absorbed in love and rapture
Nothing else she knew,
While her sister, with an instinct
Womanly and true,
Called forth all her skill to make
Her home appear its best;
And to offer entertainment
Worthy such a guest.

Martha gave her toil for Jesus
With a willing heart;
But the Master said of Mary
"Hers the better part."
Oh, in vain are all our weary
Self-appointed tasks,
If 'tis these alone we offer
When ourselves he asks.

Christ has come with me to tarry,
I am now his host;
What can I provide for Jesus
That will please him most?
Lord, I give my heart's true loving
Love is first and best;
For who truly loves will gladly
Offer all the rest. E. L.

The seventh child of James and Jane was myself, born Wednesday, December 31, 1856.

A Sketch Written by Mrs. Clara L. Fisher:

"The life of a married woman missionary, usually presents few features of public interest belonging especially to her own personality. Her work is that of a wife and mother,—the homemaker, in a difficult environment, though she adds to this also, an important share in her husband's undertakings.

Much of the work of Mrs. Caroline Leonard Goodenough has been of this kind.

As Caroline L. Leonard, she grew up in the little village of Scotland in Bridgewater, Mass., as the youngest who

reached maturity in a large family of children. She was educated in the public schools of Bridgewater and at Oberlin College where she graduated in 1877.

A year later she married one of her classmates, Mr. Herbert D. Goodenough who was teaching in the college and also studying in its theological school. During the remainder of Mr. Goodenough's preparation for his ministerial work at Oberlin and Andover, his wife studied with him as far as she was able, and together they formed a purpose to give their united lives to the cause of Christ's kingdom in the foreign field. They offered themselves to the Am. Board and were appointed to the Natal mission, which at that time was needing reinforcement.

They sailed from Boston in September, 1881, on their long voyage of six weeks, with two little boys, one of two years and the other of three months. Including a rest of two weeks in England, they were two months in reaching their destination. The time of the journey has now been somewhat shortened, and letters from them reach this country in less than five weeks.

Mr. Goodenough was given charge of a school for boys at Adams, called by the natives Amanzimtote.

While the husband was mastering the language and organizing the school, the wife found her strength fully exhausted with the homemaking—the care of her growing family and in becoming adapted to the strange new environment and the semitropical climate. Never very strong, she was for several years far from well, yet found time to teach the young natives whom she took into her home as servants and to interest herself in the mothers, occasionally visiting the women in the native kraals, which could be found by a walk of a mile or two in any direction from the mission village.

There were four missionary families at this station and the companionship of American women was a great help and comfort in the initial experiences of this new life. The climate, the peculiarities of the Zulu race, as well as the general history of this mission, are told in the little pamphlet published by the American Board.

No small part of the nerve-exhausting strain of these

early days, came through the enervating influence of climate, —the sight of half-naked savages with strange faces and ways, the anxieties for the children with poisonous snakes in the grass and no physician within twenty miles, the lack of household conveniences and the annoyance of pestiferous insects.

After a time, catarrhal troubles due to climate, began to cause a growing deafness with Mr. Goodenough and it became necessary to have skilled treatment; so in April, 1888, they started for this country with four boys and a baby girl only one month old. At the end of a year, the trouble which had made their vacation imperative, had been checked by treatment, and they had been rested and refreshed by native air, the touch of Christian civilization and the renewal of friendships. In June 1889, they returned to their work, leaving two children behind with friends. We who are mothers can guess what it cost to part with the boy of six and the baby who was delicate and wholly unfit for the journey. A lady who sailed in the same ship, said that she never should forget the sadness of Mrs. Goodenough's face as she saw it on this voyage.

But the sacrifice once made, with better health and new courage, with family cares lessened and to the conditions of life some-what accustomed, she was able to throw more of her own personal energy into the real mission work, to which from the first she had been fully devoted, and her heart made tender by its own wound, went out to the young girls and the mothers.

About a year after their return, a man of experience was needed at Umvoti or Groutville, and there, obedient to orders, they removed. A small village of native Christians had settled around the little church and mission house on land controlled by the mission.

Mr. Goodenough was pastor of the church and director of schools, and preaching at out-stations in the vicinity. As these were a considerably distance apart, he was obliged to be much from home, and for the wife, the sense of loneliness and unprotected isolation was added, as left alone with her children she realized that the nearest white face was miles away. The days were full of work, but the active

mind sought to beguile the long nights of loneliness and dread, by thoughts, which framed themselves in verse and have since been published in a little book called "Natal Lilies."

About this time the gold mines in the Transvaal were opened and crowds flocked thither of all sorts and conditions of men. The city of Johannesburg sprung up and assumed a size and stability which indicated that it was to be permanent. Here was a new and unoccupied field; the massing of people made it most important that the missionary should be there promptly. Mr. Goodenough asked permission of the Board to open a mission in Johannesburg. This was the more readily granted, as the climate was more favorable, and the former trouble which caused his deafness was again active and threatened to impare his usefulness.

Mrs. Goodenough assists her husband in the meetings of the chapel, visits the people and in company with missionaries of other societies, of whom there are a few in the city, holds open-air meetings in the market place. Occasionally they visit the barracks, where thousands of natives of various tribes and divers dialects are gathered as mine laborers. As the distances are considerable, and walking takes strength, she rides in a Japanese jinrickisha drawn by a native.

Four of their six children are Africanders, which means children of foreign parentage born in Africa. Not the least of the missionary's trials is the parting with the children, when the time for school comes, and the obligation to the mission work seems to conflict with the personal responsibility of the parent.

In the complete life story of every missionary, there are incidents and details of romance and tragedy which are best told by the one who has lived in them. There are long journeys through a wild, yet beautiful country, in a wagonette drawn by oxen guided by a native, fording rivers, skirting precipices, sleeping in the wagon and cooking by the roadside, when much of the travel must be by the light of the stars, because of the heat of the day, wandering from the trail and meeting with thrilling adventures. There are pitiful stories of girls, fleeing from the native kraals and

begging for protection, because they are to be sold as wives to men whom they hate, that their price in cattle may increase the father's herd which is his wealth.

Articles from the pen of Mrs. Goodenough appear from time to time in the missionary columns of the New York Independent. As touching the trials of the missionary, she writes in a recent issue:

"Years ago when we were first contemplating the missionary career, and friends were urging us to count the cost before deciding on so far-reaching a step, a dear hand, now turned to dust, wrote: "It would not be any of the privations you mention"—such as expatriation, loss of comforts, congenial society, etc.—"which would weigh with me, but the separation from your children, which must come by and by." How little we understood then what were the real trials of the missionary life! But today from the depths of personal experience we can say, Mother was right. Today, after thirteen years in Africa, only two trials of missionary life stand out as worth considering, both of which are usually overlooked at the outset. One is the strain of the isolated life of the soul; then also there is this other, the separation from our children."

There is a joy and inspiration that comes to the worker in this dark continent over which the light of civilization and Christianity is breaking, as they see lives transformed, barbarous superstitions unrooted and replaced by happy and heroic faith."

My sister's sketch speaks of the sorrow of putting the ocean between us and our little ones, when

> *The summer morning mocked my grief,—*
> *My heart was winter wild!*

This was followed by a series of tragic partings. Parents and children, six of them, never had but seven months of family life together. This was in Worcester, Mass., during our second furlough when our youngest child was eight years old. We had a group photograph taken to commemorate the day when the complete family first sat down to a meal together.

My husband, Rev. Herbert Delos Goodenough, 1852-1927,

1852-1927

Dr. Charles Douglas Goodenough, 1884-1918

Travelling in South Africa

was descended from one of the three Goodenow brothers who came from England in the "Confidence" in 1638 and settled in Sudbury, Mass. He was also descended from three old Massachusetts families, the Keens, Wests, and Masons of New Bedford and Freetown. He gave thirty-one years of his life to missionary life in Africa where he was beloved alike by the white and black people. One of his colleagues when asked if Mr. Goodenough's deafness did not interfere with his usefulness, replied, "He is so widely useful that no one thinks of any handicap in connection with him." He died in Rochester, Mass., of arterio sclerotic heart-disease at noon August 24, 1927.

Herbert Delos Goodenough

By W. C. Wilcox

When I first sought entrance to Oberlin College, I was directed to Professor Churchill in respect to my qualification in a certain branch of mathematics. I there met a young man who interested me not only because we had met on a similar errand, but because we were depending on the same means for the expenses of our education,—anything we could find to do. He found a paying job as hod carrier in building Council Hall. (Note: My husband worked his way through college without financial assistance from any source. He spent one hot summer vacation working in a stone quarry near Oberlin to obtain money to go on with his studies. He graduated free from debt. C L. G.) I found one as janitor of one of the college buildings. Later we both joined a class of forty new students who expected to study for the ministry. The young man was Herbert Delos Goodenough. That was the beginning of our acquaintance and friendship which has extended uninterrupted throughout his life.

He, though a little younger was farther advanced in his studies than I and got into a class ahead of me. Yet all through the college course we were more closely associated in one thing or another than many students of the same class. I never counted myself his equal as an all round student. He was brilliant in mathematics and the classics, and obtained the Phi Beta Kappa key. As a student tutor of

Latin he was unsurpassed in the opinion of all who recited to him. As essayist he won the highest honor in the oratorical contest and represented the college in the interstate contest.

When I came to graduate from the seminary and was considering a call from the Second Congregational Church of Toledo, he persuaded me that there was no such urgency in that call as there was for a pioneer in the new mission which our Board was starting in Africa. We went out to Africa on the same ship and while I was waiting for an opening into the pioneer field he invited me to come and help him in the Adams Boys' School of which he was principal.

For some years he was secretary of the mission and for two or three terms its president.

Friends as we were, we did not always see eye to eye. He was a Democrat and I was a Republican. He was a free trader and I was a protectionist. He was an ardent defender of the British in the Boer War while I was just as strong for the Boers. In theology he was a modernist while I was pretty much of a fundamentalist before the terms were ever heard of. But these disagreements did not affect our friendship and on some points I have come to the conclusion that his vision was clearer than mine.

Now the news comes that he is gone. He has taken the precedence as he always did. We will never have any more friendly fights in this world, but the time is probably not long when we shall meet where we shall be able to see eye to eye.

The eighth and youngest child of James and Jane was Jennie Thompson Leonard born Friday, September 30, 1860, died January 25, 1865. She was the flower of the family of whom mother said, "She was the only child I ever had for whom strangers in the street would turn to get a second look at her beauty." She foretold her own death. One day in apparently perfect health she stopped her play and running to mother said earnestly, "Mother, I'm going to die three weeks from today." Mother thought it childish nonsense and sent her back to her play, but after the dread

event mother realized that the child had spoken the truth. The night she died she asked those who cared for her to leave the room that she might pray alone, and the request was complied with for a few moments. I remember how Lizzie came to Edith and me at dawn with the solemn words, "Jennie is in heaven." Mother's heart was crushed by this terrible blow, and it was hard for us all to take up the family routine again after this first break. Jennie was a sweet singer.

I remember a voice that rang
Down the years that are far away.
Who are these in white array?
Was the anthem that it sang.

That child-singer for many a year
Has been one of that white-robed throng.
She has joined their sweeter song
In the land without a tear.

The Leonard Homestead by Nipenicket

CHAPTER XVI

THE LATER DESCENDANTS OF JAMES AND JANE LEONARD

"If the preparation of these chapters should lead others to search their attic chests, and desks of family papers, and put in order these more intimate details of local and family history, the best results of this work may be said to have been accomplished."

MARY HALL LEONARD

ALBERT Leonard Childs, born September 22, 1879, is our sister Lizzie's oldest son. He has dark complexion, and is more like his mother's people than the other children of his family. When scarcely more than a boy his health failed, owing to bad working conditions in Cleveland, where he was employed, and his subsequent life has been one of long struggle with ill health. He has been obliged for this reason to live mostly in the south, and to be away from his relatives. He has a quick and ingenious mind, an affectionate disposition, and great skill in the use of his hands. He has made many pretty and useful things. He is fond of animals and for a while was a breeder of horses on his little Texas ranch, but this became unprofitable, owing to the substitution of automobiles for horses. He now lives upon a lonely ranch he owns in Missouri.

Wilfred Leonard Childs, born April, 1881, is sister Lizzie's second son. He resembles his father in physique. He married Louise Raeder, and the pair live in Evanston, Ill., where Wilfred has for many years been Physical Director in the High School. In the summer he carries on a boys' camp at Owakonze, Canada, an enterprise in which he takes the keenest interest, as do also the boys who are fortunte enough to go, and who uniformly come away enthusiastic, and ardently desiring another summer with "Duke," as they affectionately call their leader, whose influence over his young charges is of a quiet but uplifting nature. He has found his work, of making boys into men.

At the age of twelve in Kansas Wilfred had the following adventure. He had been sent to fetch water for family use from a primitive well some distance from home, and accidentally dropped the bucket he had brought, down into the well. Like the brave boy he was, he climbed down the well to get it, when to his dismay he saw on looking up to the daylight above, the heads of water-moccasins protruding at various places from the sides of the well. He had to make his way back, climbing from side to side of the well, in order to avoid being bitten by these deadly reptiles in his perilous ascent, but he reached the top in safety and had brought back his lost bucket also. He did not tell his family of this adventure till long after.

Mary Leonard Childs, born February 18, 1887 is sister Lizzie's only daughter. She resembles her father in physique, and like her brother Wilfred has been a Physical Director in the public schools for many years, her sphere of work being Ridgefield Park, New Jersey. Her fine character has shown itself in the way she has cared for her bereaved father since her mother's death and her sisterly solicitude for her invalid brother, at the same time that she has nobly fulfilled her calling as a teacher. We give below a poem of hers.

A Sunday-morning Walk

I own the street
And every house and lawn
And soft-flowered vine
And blooming shrub
And rustic arbor seat
    Is mine
Although I do not linger
But with swinging feet
    I onward press.

In glimpses fleet
The much-enchanted eye
Imparts to me the restful
    Peace and happiness
Of every home and dear retreat
    That I pass by:

While through my veins
The quickly coursing blood
Sings to my soul that here
Although unknown,—
And though we may not meet
(In spite of hedge and artful shrubbery)
I share the day's delight
With friends and kin that are
Mine own.

MARY LEONARD CHILDS

Mary has not parted with her marked literary ability although for the last year and a half she has been an invalid in a hospital. From her sick bed she wrote the following extract from her pen last Christmas day:

A Patient's Impression of Christmas

Up from abysms of slumber—up—and out! The day before Christmas had been exciting, and for a bed-patient—busy. Sleep had drowned me so that the night-nurse stood beside me and I had not stirred. Now I was rising on a slow steady rythm of music up and out into Christmas morning.—Beautiful music! A strong tide of it.—"O come let us adore Him—Christ the Lord!" I asked excitedly, "Who is it? Who is singing?" "Our little waitress, her husband, and the store-keeper." I gasp, "Can that be all? No more? Why, what marvellous volume! It's wonderful!" I am alone! From Heaven afar—Holy Angels sing Hallelujah. They are going away—The little maid? Her husband? The store-keeper?—I have never seen any of them, nor have they seen me. All three are moved by an inner music that on a winter's morning carries them out in the cold chill of five o'clock to welcome us into Christmas. Let us be glad! The little Lord Jesus, no shelter had he, save for a mother's love, no food, no care. But with him came Christmas! We are glad.

MARY LEONARD CHILDS, *December* 25, 1926

Irving Leonard Fisher, born October 9, 1876, is sister Clara's only son. He looks so much like each of his parents

that it is impossible to say which one he most resembles. In general contour he is strikingly like his father.

As the first grandchild born in our family connection he was an object of special interest to us all. We have some letters preserved which he printed at the age of four addressed to my father's old horse, Bill, also an essay on Pharoah printed at the same period. His proud mother calls attention in a letter written at the time to the remarkable way he sticks to his subject "not even mentioning Moses." In 1900 he graduated from Yale and has since been engaged in business for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co. In 1925 he married Mrs. Grace Wilson of Boston, and the family, which includes the wife's daughter by a former marriage, now live in Springfield. Irving's recreations are golf and music. He belongs to the Orpheus Club, a men's choral society. He is a resourceful all-around man, who adds to his many other gifts and accomplishments a marked mechanical ability which he kindly places at the disposal of his aunts when he visits them and which they greatly appreciate.

Louise Marion Fisher, born August 22, 1878, is the eldest daughter of sister Clara. In physique she resembles her father, and she has his sunny disposition. When she was three she was greatly distressed that she was not older than Irving. She said, "I will be older than Irving sometimes. I will make myself older than Irving." She was a born teacher and her mother showed me with pride the dainty miniature text-books she manufactured for the doll's school she was teaching in childhood's play. She graduated at Bridgewater Normal School in 1898 and from Columbia University in 1906 and taught in the New York Training School for Teachers 1906-1915. She then married Prof. F. Warren Wright of the Latin Department of Smith College, who graduated from Wesleyan University in 1906, took his master's degree at Harvard, and his doctor's degree from Princeton. Since making her home at Northampton, Louise has been the educational director of the Northampton Day School, which is of the progressive type, the children learning by pursuing cooperative activities rather than passively following the directions of a teacher. They there

develop strong, well-rounded personalities, able to think and act vigorously and to work effectively with others.

Gertrude Guild Fisher, born February 8, 1889, is the youngest child of sister Clara, whom she greatly resembles. She had a philosophical mind from the start as the following incident attests.

> Wee three-years Gertrude, after the prayer,
> Thinking awhile, she questioned then,
> "Why don't they sometimes say a-lady?
> Why do they always say Amen?"

Gertrude graduated from Wellesley College in 1909 and from the Medical School of Cornell University in 1915. She has done much scientific and research work and written for medical journals. She was contract surgeon in the U. S. Army 1918-19 and an Instructor in Pathology in Columbia University 1921-22.

Her husband, Dr. Wm. Sharp McCann, born 1889, at Cadiz, Ohio, A.B. Ohio State University 1911, M.D. Cornell University 1915, was in charge of the laboratory of surgical research at Harvard 1916-17. He served in the U. S. Army of Occupation in Panama 1919-21 and has taught since in the Cornell Medical School and John Hopkins University, and done research work in the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology. His work now is in connection with a hospital in Rochester, N. Y., where his family live. There are two children, Dorothy Elizabeth McCann, born 1923, and William McCann, born 1924.

Lieut. Charles Manning Leonard b. Christmas Day, 1886 at Elyria, Ohio and died at the age of thirty-six on the U. S. army transport Merritt, while crossing the China Sea, Dec. 15, 1922, was the only child of our brother James. In 1901 he married Donna Russell b. Sabbetha Kansas, 1887 and the pair had three children. Charles was at first a civil engineer, but in the world war became "an accomplished air-line pilot", "an officer of more than usual ability with a splendid and honored record." In 1921 he was sent with his family to a station at Camp Nichols, Manila in the Philippines. The next year he had a happy and eventful sight-seeing trip with his wife in China and Japan. His last day of active life was

in Japan where he selected pretty souvenirs to take to his children, who were in the Philippines. He was taken ill with pneumonia almost as soon as he boarded his ship for his return journey to his station, and died after a forty-eight hour illness. His ashes are buried in Berkeley, California. The tidings of his death came as a terrible shock and blow to his widowed and childless mother in Elyria, Ohio. His wife is now remarried to Everette McKeage, an attorney in Berkeley Cal. and Charles' three interesting children are with their mother and her husband. Richard Manning Leonard b. Oct. 22, 1908 is now the only male representative of Grandfather Caleb's direct Leonard line. He is an unusual boy who at the age of fifteen had a picture on the front page of a Berkeley daily paper as the inventor of an ingenious device for coasting down the Berkeley hills.

At the Owakonze Camp last summer the boys called him "The Wonder Boy" from his remarkable knowledge of plants and birds. His intellectual and aspiring sisters are Mary Claire b. Jan. 17, 1910, and Donna Jean b. July 2, 1911. These children all keep in touch with their New England relatives to whom they write interesting letters.

Leonard Delos Goodenough born Oberlin, Ohio, June 7, 1879 is our eldest son. He went with his parents to Africa at the age of two, but returned for education to America, graduating at Oberlin College in 1902 and received his M. A. degree from Cornell University in 1911. He was married in 1905 to his distant cousin Maude Williams of East Aurora, N. Y., a grand-daughter of Leonard's great aunt Adeline Price Williams. The pair have two promising sons, Kenneth Williams Goodenough b. 1906 and William Delos Goodenough b. 1912. The family live on a farm in Natal, South Africa, and exchange weekly letters with their parents across the sea.

Leonard in boyhood became interested in great social questions from reading Henry George's book on "Progress and Poverty." He is a socialist, and would have thrown himself with ardor into the work of social reform, had economic conditions and the necessity of earning a living for his family permitted it. He is a member of the socialist party in Africa, and is the Chaplain of the Mason's Lodge, to which

he belongs. His health, which was poor when he was teaching, has improved since the family moved out on the lonely farm. His wife is a sweet Christian woman, devoted to her home, and a fine cook. She raises chickens, makes butter, and for her recreation enjoys her lovely flower garden and the periodicals which come weekly from America. Leonard and his sons sometimes take short camping trips to the seashore at the mouth of the Umkomaas River on the Indian Ocean, where Leonard amuses himself by shooting sharks. In Oct. 1926, he saved the life of a family who were being swept out into the shark infested sea in a boat from which the oar was lost. This African life is full of colorful incidents. Their nearest white neighbors are missionaries who live three miles distant, and hold Sunday services which the Goodenoughs attend, thus finding Christian companionship from which they benefit, as is noticeable in the Christian character of the sons, in whom we all take great joy. William is a fine scholar, a leader in his class. He and his grandfather were close pals, and the boy was heart broken at their parting in 1922 when my husband returned to America.

The following testimonial has recently been sent to the Cedara School of Agriculture by the gentleman where Kenneth has boarded while studying in the Technical College, Durban.

"Mr. Goodenough has resided in my home for about two and a half years, and in the intimacy of home-life I have had ample opportunities of closely observing him. As a student he has always applied himself, giving consistent attention to his lessons, and having the habit of early rising for this purpose.

In character he is manly and honorable and has in this respect exerted a good influence in our home. He has a vigorous and powerful physique. I am persuaded he will fully justify any confidence which may be placed in him." This Mr. Barton in a personal letter to Kenneth, referring to the above recommendation says "I hope my recommendations will be useful. I could say a great deal more, as personal affection is a powerful aid to quill-driving, but think I have said enough. Do not be disappointed if your application does not succeed, nor be nervous and over-anxious if it is success-

ful. Rest in God's will either way. The Lord whom you serve will clearly manifest his will to you, if you prayerfully maintain an attitude of humble dependence on Him."

It means much to me that my oldest grandson can express himself as thus in a recent letter written while preparing for his severe matriculation examination; "Since I chose the Lord, my school life changed from one of indolence to one of fairly hard work, and any good product, spiritual, and perhaps even temporal, is due only to Him." I have only one real concern for this grandson, that his soul shall be kept in humble touch with God, the only safety for any of us.

There is a little low place of rest.
For my poor struggling heart;
A place than all beside more blest;
I'll choose that better part.

That lowly place where grief is stilled
Is down at Jesus' feet
And souls with heavenly strength are filled,
With holy calm replete.

And things that worry and distress
There lose their bitter sting
The smile of God doth soothe and bless
And love rules every thing.

And there the ill is turned to good
And loss becomes our gain
Since there, when wronged, misunderstood,
Grace turns to peace our pain.

Oh, Precious Lord, still keep me there.
Within that lowly place,
Till I go home my crown to wear
And thank thee face to face.

Our second son, Prof. Herbert Harold Goodenough, born May 30, 1881 went to Africa at the age of three months. He graduated at Oberlin College 1905 and received his M.

A. from his Alma Mater in 1912. On Aug. 19, 1908 he married Florence Pearl of Norwalk, Ohio, also an Oberlin graduate and a sister of his brother Aubrey's wife. The family lives in Springfield, South Dakota, where Harold is Professor of History and Sociology in the State Normal college. He is a trustee in the Congregational Church, a singer in the choir, a supporter of all worthy efforts in the community and the kind of a son to thank God for every day. His talented and energetic wife is a social worker and interested in education. They have three interesting daughters differing much in temperament and tastes.

Eone, born Dec. 28, 1910 is intellectual, musical, and studious. She plays the accompaniments for her father's beautiful baritone solos. We insert here a poem she wrote at the age of thirteen.

I love the Wildwood Valley
  In the heart of the river hills
A place of beauty and mystery,
  A place of springs and rills.

We children named it Wildwood
  For few people know it's there.
Few people know what we do,
  That Jack in the Pulpit preaches there.

There in the lonely valley
  The linden trees cast their shade,
And there in the home of nature
  Columbines bloom and fade.

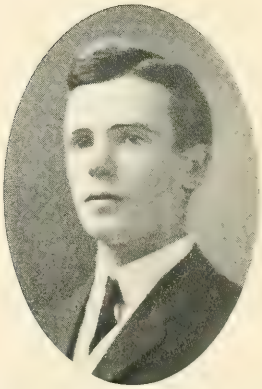
And there in the early springtime
  The violets lift meek eyes;
And birds go gaily courting,
  Singing against spring skies.

And in the merry month of May,
  The wild strawberries bloom
And sweet crimson fruit
  Comes in the month of June.

Leonard D. Goodenough
b. 1879

Herbert Harold
Goodenough—b. 1881

Carolyn Lilian
Goodenough—b. 1891



Aubrey Ward Goodenough
b. 1883

In the late, late autumn,
Deserted Wildwood lies,
Gone are the days of summer,
Gone are the wild birds' cries.

Aura, born Nov. 27, 1913, is a good scholar and of social promise. Her teachers praise her. She has her mother's aptitude in practical directions such as cooking and sewing.

Lois, born April 13, 1916, has a fine make-up both physical and mental. At the age of ten she was taken by her teacher to Minneapolis for examination of unusual children by experts, who reported that she had a mental development of seventeen years. One of them said "we want to know about her heredity." Her relatives are naturally watching her progress with interest.

Dr. Aubrey Ward Goodenough, born in the old Dr. Adams house at Adams, Natal South Africa, May 6, 1883 is our third son. He was left behind in America at the age of six when his parents returned to Africa after their first furlough. At the age of eleven he returned to his family in Africa for two years, after which he came back to the United States again for education.

We insert here a sketch written by Aubrey about a vacation he took at the end of his freshman year at Oberlin College.

DOWN THE OHIO

There were two of us—callow college freshmen—with a restless desire to see the world. We had read "Huckleberry Finn", and the idea came to us that a trip down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers would furnish the requisite excitement.

Early one June morning we started on wheels from the northern part of Ohio for Cincinnati. Four days later we reached the city and found awaiting us the box of camp supplies which we had shipped from "up State." We sold our bicycles and with the proceeds purchased a second-hand skiff, which we filled with provisions, fishing tackle, and other articles necessary for our expedition. About 6 p. m., with our boat piled high with boxes, paper bags, cooking utensils, etc., we pushed out upon the dirty, yellow river, which, I must

confess, did not look quite as attractive as we had anticipated.

Our first night upon the river was far from pleasant. It was cold, wet, and foggy, and after rowing an hour, we could not see a yard in front of us. Then it began to rain in torrents, and we sat there hour after hour, drenched thru and thru, with the boat drifting with the current. It was fortunate that we were not run down by one of the river steamers, but Providence looks after fools. Early in the morning we rowed to shore, drew up the boat upon a muddy bank, and proceeded to pitch our small tent near a clump of cottonwood trees. The day broke fair, and soon our clothes were drying in the sun and we looked over our provisions to see what could be saved from the devastation of the night. We then built a fire, made coffee and ate our breakfast, and began to look more cheerful.

As a general rule, we traveled both day and night, sleeping in the boat—a rather hard place to sleep by the way. On one occasion our slumbers were rudely disturbed by a thorough dousing caused by the waves dashing over the side of the boat after one of the big steamers passed us. Sometimes, if we found an attractive spot, we would stop and camp for a few days. When we were out of money we gave the farmers a helping hand. On one occasion we replenished our exchequer by catching a catfish which weighed about fifty pounds. There being no market at hand, we rowed all night to reach a small town on the Kentucky side, where we sold our fish for about $4.

Our days were spent fishing, swimming, visiting interesting spots along the way, and chatting with the queer specimens of humanity that one meets along these great waterways. About the last of August we reached Cairo, Illinois, at the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio, which proved to be the terminus of our trip, for urgent parental appeals called us to more important duties.

Independent—June, 1909.

Aubrey omits the colorful denouement of this vacation trip, about which it is needless to say, his mother, who was fondly supposed to be hundreds of miles away in New York, had not been consulted. The roseate dream of this pair of impecunious would-be globe-trotters, included after a boat-

trip down the Mississippi hiring out as hands on some ship, and by this means encircling the globe, which looked much more enticing than returning to college. This ambition was rudely demolished when in the Cairo postoffice, where Aubrey had called for possible mail, a pleasant gentleman, who proved to be an official of Cairo, kindly put his hand on the astonished boy's shoulder saying, gently, "Please step into my buggy. Your mother is in the city and would like to see you." "Now it may be told."

We here insert in abbreviated form, another of Aubrey's vacation sketches published in the Independent in 1911.

"My decision to forego the usual summer outing and devote myself to a vegetable garden provoked smiles of incredulity. The idea of a college professor raising carrots, turnips and cabbages seemed to some people incongruous. They all prophesied failure but I was in earnest.

As a rule I would get up in the morning about four o'clock and start for my garden. I had never noticed before how beautiful and how glorious is the early morning. No wonder those joyous children of Elizabethian days celebrated the sunrise in their songs. It is the only time to live. It is easy to work then in the cool sweet air, cheered by singing birds, reddening skies, and the dew glistening on the leaves.

During the day when the sun was hot, I would sit lazily in a hammock reading the novels of George Meredith. Sometimes my sister would join me and we would get into an argument over woman suffrage. If the argument waxed too hot, I would suggest that we read poetry for awhile. Hoeing corn has more to do with poetry than has correcting Freshman themes. In this way my summer passed most happily. I also produced a goodly supply of vegetables for the table, for the cellar, and for the market, and gained good health, energy and inspiration for the next year's work."

Aubrey's references to hot arguments over women suffrage sets one to wondering what there was to argue about, until we remember that the Nineteenth Amendment was not passed till nine years later, and realizing how woman suffrage is now so calmly taken for granted that no one thinks any more of arguing hotly about it. We are reminded of Emerson's words "Why so hot little man?" However, if Susan B.

Anthony, and Lucretia Mott, and Carrie Chapman Catt had never been hot about woman suffrage, would it have ever materialized? Is there not a time to be hot on every great issue, and also a time, when we have done all we can, and the cards of destiny seem stacked against us, to say with James Russell Lowell, "I take great comfort in God. I think he would not let us get at the match-box if he did not know that the frame of the universe was fire-proof."

During his college career at Oberlin, Aubrey won two oratorical contests as his father had done before him in the same college. The subject of his first successful oration was "The Mission of the Anglo Saxon." I give here the following extract from this production which seems prophetic in the light of recent events.

"Oh Anglo Saxon awake to thy mission! Be not drunk with power,—forget the giddy pinnacle of thy glory, but never dare to forget that thy destiny is part of the unfolding purposes of God himself, and that thou must add thy contribution to that colossal climax, 'the one far off divine event to which the whole creation moves.' "

He graduated from Oberlin in 1906 and the same year married his classmate, Gertrude Pearl, of Norwalk, Ohio. In 1908 he obtained his M.A. from Yale, and was for several years thereafter Professor of English at Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa. He relinquished this position in 1917 to take further study at Iowa State University. The following tribute, published in the Simpsonian, the college paper, was given to his closing work at Indianola.

"During Professor Goodenough's stay here he has raised the standard of his department to an excellence that it never reached before. A new understanding and love of good literature has come into the atmosphere of the college and things are being read, not because they are required, but because they are desired. Perhaps no one has come into the school in recent years who has commanded the respect of the students more than this man, and led them into independent thinking. In the religious life of the school he has been a quiet, yet powerful factor, finding and taking time to lead a Y. M. C. A. Bible Study Class, and in every way proving himself to be and do all, if not more than he would profess."

His final oral examination for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Iowa City taken September 11, 1920 was a formidable ordeal, as he faced alone a roomful of distinguished savants, who were at liberty to question him in the whole field of human knowledge, and he had not the slightest idea whether he would be quizzed in the grammatical construction of Old English, or be required to elucidate all the philosophies of all the ages. He and I were much relieved when this examination was passed, not only safely, but brilliantly, as thus pronounced by the University authorities who gathered around to congratulate him at the close. Aubrey's thesis on Henry Arthur Jones was an unusual production. Since that time he has been Professor of English at Colorado College where his family live, and where his wife, an independent and forceful thinker, is active in political and social work.

Aubrey's diversion in his summer vacations is trout-fishing in mountain streams at which he is very expert, as also he is in chess, another of his diversions.

The oldest son in this family is David Leonard Goodenough, born July 1, 1907. He was an infant prodigy who taught himself to read at the age of three by asking his mother questions about letters and words. At the age of nine he wrote the following poem which was printed in 1917 in the Simpsonian.

ECHOES
(By David Leonard Goodenough)
(Age 9 years)

Once when we moved into our new house
And all was bare, not even a mouse,
Whenever we talked, we all 'ist heard
Somethin' 'at sounds like a mockin' bird,
An' Ma said 'twas "Echoes."

An' once when my Pa chopped kin' lin' one night,
An' it was dark fer one's eyesight,
My father, he hollered, and I 'ist heard,
Somethin' at sounds like a mockin' bird,
An' Pa said 'twas "Echoes."

I don't go out now with Pa at night,
When there's nothin' to hear, an' no pretty sight,
For I'ze afraid uv that sound I heard,
Somethin' 'at sounds like a mockin' bird;
B"t I don't think it's "Echoes."

David is learning artistic printing, in which he is much interested.

The younger son in this family, Maurice Herbert Goodenough, born July 22, 1911, and now in High School has a special love for dogs, and stray dogs insist frequently in following him home, to the great perplexity of his parents as to their disposal. At last accounts, Maurice was supplying himself with eight dollars a month by taking out for an hour's daily exercise, the valuable dog of a rich patron. He is a husky boy of strong personality. He's fond of outdoor life, and hopes to become a forester.

The only daughter in this family is Silvia Hope Goodenough, born May 5, 1915, who seems to have inherited the Alden strain in the family as to complexion and color of her hair. Silvia, at the age of twelve, evinces a marked organizing ability, having already organized among her playfellows a "Know Your Own City" Club and also an "Animal's Protection Society," which has now twenty-five members, an office at 1724 Wood Avenue, Colorado Springs, and a library of forty volumes. At their meetings they sing an original song written by Silvia, one stanza of which is here given.

"If an animal comes in old and gray,
Do you think we would turn him away?
Such a thing we'd never do,
For to him we will be true
For we're kind to animals
All the time."

Silvia tries to get children from distant places to start similar societies. She wishes to see the animal hospital in Boston.

The rules of this society are as follows:

1. You cannot tease or hurt any animal purposely.

2. If at any time you see an animal being mistreated, you must help it as much as possible.

3. You are not allowed to go to rodeos.

4. You cannot hunt.

These three children, David, Maurice, and Silvia, are the double cousins of Eone, Aura and Lois, as the fathers in the two groups are brothers, and the mothers are sisters from the Pearl family which was in England in the 13th century. The first representative came to America in 1650. His grandson, 1694-1727, lived in Connecticut. The Pearls fought in the Revolution and other wars.

Our youngest son, Dr. Charles Douglas Goodenough, born at Jubilee Hall Adams Natal, South Africa, November 30, 1884, and who died at Pinetown Natal on the first Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, a victim of the influenza epidemic following the world war, graduated in 1915 from the medical department of Dublin University. He soon after this volunteered for medical service in the British Army and was in France until 1918, when he was sent to Africa in medical charge of returning troops. He then received a government responsibility for a large area, and during the epidemic the work was too heavy for him. He could get only three hours sleep each night, and when the dread disease overtook him he had no resisting strength to combat it. It quickly turned to pneumonia, and so at the very hour when the armistice joy-bells were ringing all over the world, the spirit of this beloved son passed out. By his death-bed was his devoted fianceé, Katherine Crompton, whose prayers by his side were the benediction to his departing soul, also with him was his aged and grief-stricken father, who wrote, "It breaks my heart that I shall never see his bright smile again." —You were wrong in that dear husband, our boy took his smile with him where he went, and where we are going to join him soon. The cablegram telling of this first break by death in our family group was a crushing blow to the members of the family in America. Charles was the most beautiful, physically, of our children, and had the sweetest disposition of the flock. He was universally beloved by all who knew him. His monument has this inscription, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life."

Surely this son's life was laid down ungrudgingly in the cause of humanity.

He Sleeps.

He sleeps.—Aye, he's at rest.
Where angels watch and ward do keep,
He sleeps—and he is blest.
He's gone unto his father.—God.
His soul unto his maker,
His body neath the sod.
Mourn not for him, his life was but a dream.
A few short years his stay upon the earth,
Then he returned unto his maker,
God who gave him birth.
He's gone just past the portals
of that "wondrous door,"
Into the Eternal City,
To abide for evermore.
And,—you can meet him there,
When your life's work is done,
For Christ hath said, that
Whosoever will may come.

(Corice C. Pearl).

Our eldest daughter, Edith Dora Goodenough, born Durban Natal, March 11, 1888, sailed for America the day she was four weeks old and did not return to Africa till she was nearly seven years old, when she and her parents met in Johannesburg as strangers who would not have known each other if they had met on the street. She had been in her Aunt Emma's care for nearly five years. When she was about four she told the following story to her Aunt who wrote it down, and it was published in "Little Folks," with a pretty picture of the "Fairy-sleds that turn out their-selves."

"Auntie, listen, I'm going to tell you a story. Once there was a little girl playing with her kitty and a fairy came along, such a lovely fairy with long yellow curls and a pinky dress, and the fairy said, "Little girl, come to fairy-land," and the little girl got into a fairy car, and they went up, up,

Edith Dora Goodenough
b. 1888

Leonard home in Rochester; built 1856 *on Thompson site.*

up, and then they got to fairy-land. Listen, I was that Little Girl, and the fairy took me all around, and showed me more pretty things than I could count in a year, big beds of carnations and geraniums and lilies, all growing wild, and flocks of canary birds and little white lambs, and the houses are made of gold and silver and have pearls and diamonds in them. We can coast in the streets all summer. I had a coast. A nice little boy with red cheeks lent me his sled, and I coasted very fast. The children never get run over when they coast, the sleds are fairy sleds and they turn out their-selves. I saw one store in Fairy-land and it had only two things in it, roses and little babies. Then we came home faster than we went, and you did not know I had been away at all. You thought I was asleep on the dining-room sofa."

Edith grew to be a particularly conscientious and thoughtful young woman, with a keen intellect. She graduated from Oberlin College in 1910 and was well on her way toward receiving the degree of M.A. from Chicago University at the time of her marriage, November 25, 1920, to Robert M. Medland, of Chicago. There is one child of the above marriage, Emma Isabel Medland, born April 14, 1923, a fair-complexioned and attractive child.

Our youngest child, Carolyn Lilian Goodenough, born Umvoti Natal, December 7, 1891, was married in April, 1912, to Elva Cornelius Andrews, of Burbank, S. D. There is one son by this marriage, Daniel Keith Andrews, born March 18, 1913. He is now in High School, and an ardent Boy Scout. Carolyn graduated from Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa in 1922 and the next year was married to one of her Ames classmates, Kenneth Blakeslee Edgerton. The family live in Chicago, where Carolyn, who took a Landscape Architecture Course at Ames, is engaged in landscape work. She resembles her father in physique and mental make-up. She is brave, attractive, and much beloved. She has recently taken up sociological research.

CHAPTER XVII

OUR BARONIAL ANCESTRY

"It isn't always necessary to have a long line of gentlemen behind you, and if you haven't any or can't trace them, if you have pluck and grit you can get along without them, but it is very comfortable to know they once existed." —T. HOPKINSON SMITH

WE ARE descended from many of the great baronial English and Welsh families of the Middle Ages. I briefly here describe in alphabetical order thirteen of these groups.

1—*The Beauchamp Family*

This family was founded at the conquest. Their progenitor, Hugh de Beauchamp, received four lordships in Buckinghamshire. They were allied by marriage with the Staffords, Mortimers, and Despensers. The marriage of the heiress of the Despensers, Elizabeth Beauchamp with our ancestor, Sir Edward Neville, is one of the marked epochs in our family history as she brought several titles and baronies to her husband which he did not need. Elizabeth was also the heiress of the Braose estates. Her ancestor, William de Braose, perpetrated in the castle of Abergavenny in Wales in 1176, the awful murder of a number of the finest Welsh chiefs who had been lured there on the pretext of friendly conference. One of them brought his young son, who shared his father's fate. After thus defying the sacredness of hospitality, William de Braose attacked the families of his victims making the name Braose detestable to all generations. The castle of Abergavenny, which rose dark and menacing like the spirit of murder, became the property of Elizabeth Beauchamp, born in Hanley Castle, Worcestershire, and her husband became thereby Baron Bergavenny. Elizabeth was the great-great-granddaughter of Roger Mortimer. Her grandfather, Thomas Beauchamp was imprisoned in the Tower of London, one of whose parts is called Beauchamp Tower from him. He

was also banished to the Isle of Man, probably for political reasons only. The father of this Thomas had died of the great plague, "the black death," in 1369. Edward Neville was excommunicated on the ground that he had illicit relations with his second wife, Catherine Howard, while his first wife, Elizabeth, was still living. His second marriage occurred very quickly after Elizabeth's death.

2—*The de Clare Family*

The noble de Clare Family we may consider the Peter of our baronial ancestry. The de Clares are descended both from Alfred the Great and from the Capetian French Kings. They lived at Glamorgan in Wales in the Concentric Castle of Caerphilly, built in 1271, by Gilbert the Red, where three Castles present themselves in succession to the assailant, one castle being the outer case for a stronger castle within. Gilbert the Red is called by Owen Edwards "the most powerful Baron of the greatest baronial family of the Middle Ages." He was a son-in-law to King Edward I, whose daughter, Joan, he married. Edward and his wife, Eleanor, spent Christmas of 1284 with Gilbert and Joan after the conquest of Wales.

We are descended from two of the daughters of Gilbert and Joan, Margaret de Clare, married, first, Piers Gaveston, the favorite of King Edward II. After Gaveston was beheaded on Blacklow Hill in 1312, Margaret married, second, Hugh D'Audley, our ancestor. Her sister, Eleanor de Clare, married another favorite of Edward II, Hugh Despenser, also our ancestor, who was hanged in Hereford in 1327. Hugh's ninety-year-old father had been hanged the year before. The gallant son of Gilbert and Joan, young Gilbert de Clare, is the most striking figure of the reign of Edward II. He was the last great lord of Glamorgan, which he had ruled wisely "with chivalry bordering on self-sacrifice, with loyalty to great traditions, and wisdom which sometimes made him hesitate from excess of caution, and then plunge headlong into action when he felt his honor or sincerity doubted." He advised Edward II not to risk the Battle of Bannockburn until the troops were rested. Edward taunted Gilbert with cowardice, who then rushed into battle, sacrificing his glorious young life at the age of twenty-four.

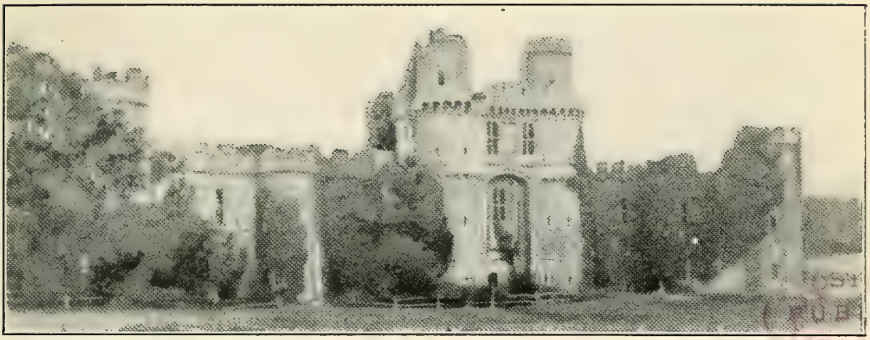
The one cause of pride to the Southerners in the defeat of Bannockburn was the desperate stand made by the Lord of Glamorgan and his men. I hope some little descendant of mine will be honored by the name Gilbert de Clare.

3—*The Dacre Family*

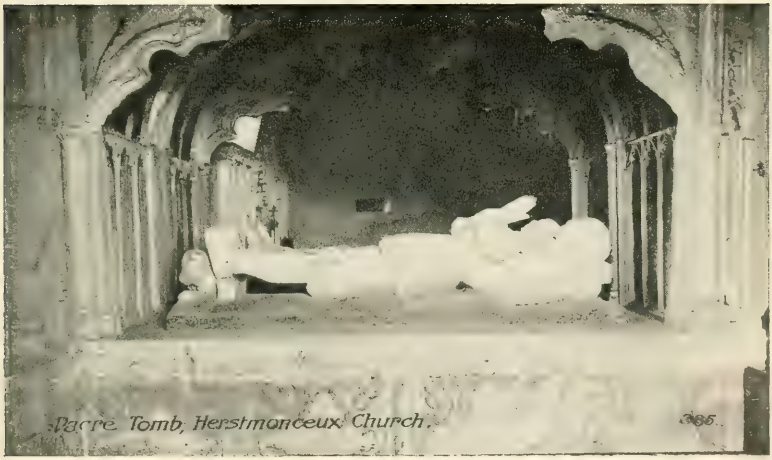
This family was named from some of its members who distinguished themselves in the siege of Acre in Palestine as Crusaders. We are descended both from the Dacres of the North who lived in Naworth Castle in the Cumberland Country on the border of Scotland, and also from their descendants, the Dacres of the South, who lived at Hurstmonceaux Castle in South-east England. Our connecting link between the Dacres of the North and the Dacres of the South, is Lady Joan Dacre who married Sir Richard Fiennes, died 1484. Lady Joan's grandfather, Ranulph de Dacre, the builder of Naworth Castle, eloped in his youth with a seventeen-year-old girl named Margaret de Multon, whom he carried off bodily from Warwick Castle. He seems to have been a very daring character of doubtful policies. One of his distinguished descendants who inherited Naworth Castle, but who is not our ancestor, was Leonard Dacre, a correspondant of Mary Queen of Scots whom he tried to liberate and was thereby counted a traitor to Queen Elizabeth. He came near being executed, but by his pleasing address and a personal interview with Elizabeth he extricated himself, and left the country, dying at Brussels, a refugee. There was a village called Dacre and a "Dacre Castle," which has been converted into a farmhouse. Another authority speaks of a monastery at Dacre at the foot of Ulliswater, where King Aethelstone met the Kings of Cumberland and Scotland in Conference. Also Monmouth Castle at Carlisle is given as the early home of the Dacres of the North, where Sir Walter Scott first met his future wife, Charlotte Carpenter, at a ball. Lady Joan Dacre brought to her husband, Richard Fiennes, the title of Baron Dacre of the South.

4—*The Despenser Family*

This family was founded in the reign of Henry I. They had estates in Wales, but during the troubles connected with the deposition of Edward II this family was dis-



Hurstmonceaux Castle in 1908—*a Magnificent Ruin.*



The Dacre Tomb, Hurstmonceaux Church

possessed of their land for a time and driven into exile. We are descended from three famous Hugh Despensers, grandfather, father, and son. The first was the ally of Simon de Montfort. After the battle of Lewes he had the custody of King Henry III. He was killed in the battle of Evesham in 1205, fighting beside the great Earl Simon de Montfort, who was also killed in the same battle. His son, Hugh, was hanged at the age of ninety in 1326 by Queen Isabella, for being loyal to King Edward II. The youngest Hugh of this trio was a boyhood friend and favorite of Edward II and a brother-in-law of young Gilbert de Clare, whose sister, Eleanor, he had married. He was hanged at Hereford in 1327, a year after his father by the order of Isabella, the pitiless Queen of Edward II. Roger Mortimer, who was doubtless at the back of these crimes against the Despensers, was similarly executed three years later, when the tide turned. The great-grandson of this last Hugh was Thomas Despenser, Earl of Gloucester, who was beheaded in 1400. He was a grandson of Edward III through his 5th son, Edward. Thomas's daughter, Isabel, married Richard Beauchamp; and their daughter, Elizabeth Beauchamp, the heiress, brought the baronies of the Despensers and Abergavenny to Edward Neville whom she married. This pair had a grandson also named Edward Neville, who was beheaded for saying that King Henry the eighth "was a beast, and worse than a beast." So Free Speech had difficulties then as now.

5—*The Fiennes Family*

This family seems near to us, as Lady Margaret Fiennes was the grandmother of James Leonard of Taunton. The Fiennes came to England with William the Conqueror, who gave John de Fiennes, our progenitor, the office of Admiral. One of the early Fiennes was Ingelram the Crusader, who fell in the siege of Acre in 1190. His son, William, was one of the noble Barons who wrested the Magna Charta from King John in 1214. William's son, Ingelram, was conspicuous in the struggle for human liberty under Simon de Montfort in the reign of Henry III. Ingelram's son, Giles, in 1293 accompanied St. Louis of France (another ancestor of ours) to the Holy Land in a crusade and went also in another crusade with King Edward I later on. Thus it

will be seen that the Fiennes were a high spirited and ardent family. Sir John de Fiennes, died 1351, a son of Giles the Crusader, married Maude de Monceaux, the heiress of the Monceaux Manor house, which was replaced in 1449 by Hurstmonceaux Castle, built by Sir Roger Fiennes, who fought in the battle of Agincourt. It was Roger's son, Richard, who married Lady Joan Dacre, who brought him the title of Baron Dacre of the South.

Several of the Fiennes are buried in the church near the castle at Hurtsmonceaux, their graves marked with beautiful effigies or tablets. The symbol of the family was the wolf-dog. Our ancestress, Margaret Fiennes, had trouble with her brother, Gregory, and his wife. The latter sent a long letter to Queen Elizabeth, complaining that Margaret had raised false reports about her. I do not know the truth about this quarrel. I am loth to believe wrong of our Lady Margaret.

The father of our ancestress Lady Margaret was Thomas Fiennes the 9th Lord Dacre "a right-towardlie gentleman" who had succeeded his grandfather at Hurstmonceaux at the age of seventeen. He was one of the magnificent company to welcome Anne of Cleves on her arrival in England. She was the fourth wife of King Henry VIII, and was divorced from him six months after their marriage on account of her lack of beauty. Henry's anger against Cromwell for arranging this marriage was the underlying cause of Cromwell's downfall and execution. The next year when Thomas was twenty-four years old, beguiled by the light-heads around him into a piece of folly, went one night as a frolic to kill a deer on the neighboring Pelham estate. An altercation ensued with the gamekeeper in charge, who was mortally wounded, probably accidentally. Although Baron Thomas is said to have been at another point in the park during the affray, yet he and two other intruders were executed for murder. Thomas in 1540 was beheaded in Tower Hill, "chiefly" as the historian puts it, "because of his great estate which needy courtiers gasped after, and which caused them to hasten his destruction." It was believed that the King would intervene and pardon Thomas, who was not the slayer at all, although he was mixed up

JOHN LEONARD, 1509-1591
Father of Samson Leonard, 11th Baron Dacre

in the indefensible spree which occasioned the tragedy. Indeed just as Thomas was being brought out for execution, a message was received from the court which delayed his death a few hours. It proved a false hope and only served to prolong the suspense and suffering. There was great lamentation for the unfortunate young nobleman and his family, consisting of his wife, Lady Mary Neville of Royal descent, and her two small children, Gregory and Margaret, who were deprived of "blood and honors." Queen Elizabeth however eventually restored Gregory his rightful title of 10th Lord Dacre. He died without issue in 1594, and the title of 11th Baroness of Dacre passed to our Ancestress, his sister Margaret, who had then been long married to Samson Leonard, a landed proprietor of Chevening Kent, who had been commander of light horse artillery at the time of the Spanish Armada, and was a son of John Lennard—the name is spelled both ways—1479-1556, a barrister of Lincoln Inn Fields, whose beautiful picture is preserved showing the aquiline nose, sloping eyebrows and wavy hair which characterized his American descendants. The Leonards were Saxons who had come to Kent in the 5th century, when the early kingdom was established in Essex. There is a hamlet called St. Leonards and a Leonard tower built about 945 A. D. (St. Leonard d. 559 A. D. is the patron Saint of prisoners, because he influenced King Clovis I of France to liberate many. His symbol therefore is a hammer and broken chain. He was a nobleman who became a hermit. There are 150 Roman or Anglican churches dedicated to him. His Saint's Day is Nov. 6th.)

Lady Margaret with her husband and children came back as its proud mistress to Hustmonceaux Castle, where she was born. She could not have remembered the tragedy of her father's untimely death, which occurred when she was a year old. Her husband Samson Leonard went to parliament in his wife's right as 11th Lord Dacre. They had eight children named Henry, Gregory, Thomas, John, Anna, Mary, Margaret, Elizabeth, whose effigies may be seen on their parent's splendid tomb at Chevening Kent, where Samson's life-size effigy lies, representing him as a knight

in armour, his hands together in prayer. Samson died in 1615, at the age of 71.

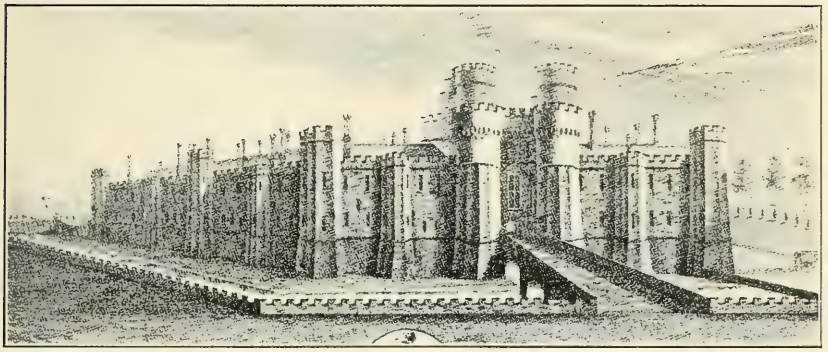
Thomas the 17th, Lord Dacre died in 1786 without a male heir and someone interested in holding the castle and title for the Leonards came to America to urge Hon. George Leonard of Norton, Mass. to claim the title, to which he replied, "I would rather be lord of acres in America than Lord Dacre of England." There was a rumor that Daniel Leonard had been offered the barony of Hurstmonceaux and that he had declined it. His old neighbors who understood Daniel's ambition, and his impecuniosity since his flight to England at the outbreak of the Revolution, discredited the report. So Hurstmonceaux and the Dacre title passed into other lines than the Leonards.

6—*The de Lacy Family*

The mother of our ancestor, Gilbert de Clare "The Red," was Maude de Lacy, who was the daughter of a Magna Charta Baron, probably Henry de Lacy who died in 1311 and was given the lordship of Denbigh where he built a castle, the broken remains of which are still extant in the north of Wales. Henry had "the energy of his English father and the courteous bearing of his beautiful Italian mother," but his unwieldy form was the object of Piers Gaveston's buffoonery. While he was building the Red Tower of Denbigh Castle, his oldest son fell into the well and was drowned. His daughter, Alice, called "wicked and unfaithful" by Owen Edwards, married Thomas, of Lancaster, who led the opposition against Edward II. Conway Castle on the edge of the de Lacy estate, was the place where Edward I had to stay in the glorious banqueting hall in 1284 with nothing to eat but salt meat, stale bread and water with sweetened honey. It served him right as he was trying to crush the Welsh at the time. One of this family, Hugh de Lacy, in 1173, built a castle at Trim, Ireland, called King John's Castle.

7—*The Llewelyn Family*

It is one of the glories of our ancestry that we are descended from Llewelyn the Great, the 14th in a line of Welsh chiefs, whose seat was in the mountains of Snowdon in the North of Wales, and who believed themselves to



Hurstmonceaux Castle in 1737

Daniel Leonard, 1740-1829
Famous Tory of Taunton

be the representatives of King Arthur of legend and romance. Their castle was called Carnarvon. Llewelyn was the son-in-law of King John, whose daughter, Joan, he had married. John, however, was jealous of his powerful son-in-law and proceeded to crush Wales. Joan was sent by her husband to intercede with her father and to make terms of settlement. The only terms John would make were exceedingly harsh ones in the matter of a yearly tribute to John, which Llewelyn was required to pay. If Joan was able to overcome resentment toward her father for this, she was a marvel of grace. The Llewelyns were noble people. It can be said of them, they never tortured a prisoner, betrayed a guest, or wreaked any human vengeance on a fallen foe. It is a pity that Llewelyn and Joan should have married their daughter, Gladys, to a Mortimer, that infamous family, our Judas in the Baronial Group. I am sorry that the blood of Llewelyn has come down to us through such a poisoned channel as the Mortimers.

In respect to eminence and exalted character, we may call Llewelyn, de Clare, and Marshal, the Peter, James, and John of our Baronial Ancestry. Of these the figure of Llewelyn is the most striking, and with his name also will always be associated that of his faithful dog, poor Gellert, the gift of King John to his son-in-law, whose praise is commemorated in a touching poem by W. R. Spencer.

"And what was then Llewelyn's pain
For now the truth was clear
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old
And cease the storm to brave
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gellert's grave."

8—*The Marshal Family*

William Marshal, 1146-1219, minister to Henry II of England was an organizer, great in council, and anxious to substitute compromise and arbitration for blind war. "He

and Llewelyn the Great are the most interesting figures of these times of great beginnings. Wm. Marshal became Earl of Pembroke by his marriage in 1189 with Isabel de Clare heiress of vast possessions in Wales and Ireland. He was one of the Regents for the Boy King Henry III during his minority. He governed the policy of the King and could command the whole strength of his kingdom. He had vast Irish possessions and could shape the destiny of England on one hand, and Ireland on the other, from his impregnable castle of Pembroke, overlooking from Wales the Irish Sea. Uncompromising fidelity was the most marked feature of Marshal's character. For fifty years, until he was over eighty, he served Henry II, his three sons and grandson, and to each, in the hour of bitter need, he proved himself the most faithful of friends. In his youth he was the most perfect type of chivalry, tall, well-made, with comely features and brown hair, so dignified in carriage that he might have been emperor of Rome, a valiant soldier, and of world-wide renown. In his old age, and in history, he appears as one of the noblest of medieval statesmen. I hope one of my little descendants will be honored with the name of William Marshal. He is certainly an ancestor to be proud of. We are descended from him through his daughter, Isabel, who married Gilbert de Clare of Glamorgan, Wales.

9—*The Monceaux Family*

This family came from Normandy with William the Conqueror. Their Progenitor was William de Herst and he added the name Monceaux from the territory in France from which he came. He settled on the very spot where now the magnificent ruin of Hurstmonceaux Castle stands in Southeastern England, twelve miles from East Bourne six from Pevensly and near the battlefield of Hastings. The castle has been called the finest example of 15th century art, "a huge Song in Stone." The castle's ghost Story is the theme of Addison's play, "The Haunted House." He may have built the Manor House in which his descendant, Waleran de Monceaux, entertained King Henry III in 1264. The daughter of Waleran named Maude, the heiress of the property, married Sir John

Fiennes, who died in 1405, and thus Hurstmonceaux became the property of the Fiennes, but retained its old Norman name.

10—*The Mortimer Family*

My sister Mary's careful researches traced the genealogy of Roger Mortimer to the Great Charlemagne. I have not verified this, but do not doubt but that she is correct. Certain it is that the family came from France about the time of the Conquest. The first Roger Mortimer of whom we have record died only eight years after the Conquest, and his wife had the French name, Hawise. It is said that Ralph, the son of Roger and Hawise, fought in the battle of Hastings. There were two branches of the Mortimer family who settled in Wales—the Mortimers of Chirk, and the Mortimers of Wigmore. We are descended from the latter. It seems a pity that Llewelyn the Great should have given his daughter Gladys—also written Gladuse—in marriage to this evil house that is said to have tortured its prisoners in its dungeons. Our only consolation as to this is that it makes the noble Llewelyn our ancestor. As to the Mortimers, I have never heard anything good about them. The famous Roger Mortimer who was hanged for the murder of Edward II, is one of our least desirable ancestors. We must consider the Mortimers as the Judas among our Baronial Ancestors.

11—*The Neville Family*

This illustrious family which "overshadowed the land of England" was descended from Richard de Neville, son of Baldric the German. His son, Gilbert, was the admiral of the fleet of William the Conqueror. One branch of the family had a ship on their escutcheon as a memorial. The Dictionary of National Biography denotes 63 pages to this family, which had many distinguished representatives. One of these was the Earl of Warwick called "the King Maker." Another was Robert, "The Peacock of the North," slain by Douglas in 1318. We are descended from Isabella Neville, the heiress who married Robert Fitz Maldred, the heir of Uchtred, lord of Raby. From this pair there follow a line of Ralphs, Barons of Raby. Ralph, the sixth Baron of Raby, 1364-1425 had twenty-three children by his two wives, Mar-

garet Stafford and Joan Beaufort. We are descended from him through Sir Edward Neville, died 1476, who married, first, Elizabeth Beauchamp, died 1448, a great heiress of the Despensers and Mortimers, by whom she is descended from Charlemagne. Sir George Neville, son of Edward and Elizabeth, married Margaret Fiennes. This pair had a son, Edward, who was beheaded in 1530, and his granddaughter, Mary Neville, married Sir Thomas Fiennes and lived at Hurstmonceaux Castle. The daughter of Mary Neville and Thomas Fiennes was Lady Margaret Fiennes who married Sampson Leonard, who obtained the title of 11th Baron Dacre from his wife. Margaret and Sampson Leonard are the grandparents of James Leonard of Taunton. Edward Neville had in 1894 a descendant in an unbroken male line of 21 generations of Nevilles, and a still older one through Robert Fitz Maldred, a pedigree without a parallel among English noble families. Edward had a second wife, Catherine Howard. He was excommunicated from the church for this second marriage which occurred soon after Elizabeth Beauchamp's death on the ground of Edward's having had illicit relations with Catherine previously, and also that Edward and Catherine were within the third degree of cousinship. Edward's grandson, George, Jr., the chief larderer of the Royal family, was at one time imprisoned, but afterward pardoned from the charge of treason. He was married four times. We are descended from his third wife, Mary Stafford.

12—*The Percy Family*

The historic Percy family of England is descended from a Crusader, William de Percy, 1030-1098, friend of William the Conqueror. He died near Jerusalem, but his heart was sent back to the Abbey of Whitby. He had been given eighty lordships in Yorkshire where he had built four castles. The heiress to these vast estates was his granddaughter, Agnes, who married Jocelain de Louvain. From this pair descended a long line of Baron Percies. We are descended from them through Maude Percy, who married Lord John Neville.

13—*The Stafford Family*

The Staffords were descended from Robert, the Standard-

Samson Leonard, 1545-1615
11th Baron Dacre

Lady Margaret Fiennes, 1540-1611
(*Mrs. Samson Leonard*)

bearer of the Conquest. His great-grandson, Ralph, married before 1336, Margaret D'Audley, the daughter and heiress of Hugh D'Audley, and was the first Earl of Stafford. He was praised for valor and died at the old castle at Trubridge Kent in 1372. Ralph's son, Hugh, married Philippa Beauchamp, daughter of Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. We are descended from Earl Hugh and Philippa through their son, Edmond, who was killed in battle. He is the ancestor of Lady Mary Stafford, the grandmother of Lady Margaret Fiennes of Hurstmonceaux Castle. We are descended also from Edmund's sister, Margaret Stafford. She was the second wife of Ralph Neville and her daughter, Philippa, married Thomas, the stormy Lord Dacre of the North from whom we are descended through the Dacres and the Fiennes.

Symbol of St. Leonard, hammer and broken chain, Patron Saint of Prisoners.

St. Leonard as shown in stained glass, Sandringham Church, Norfolk, England.

CHAPTER XVIII

OUR ROYAL ANCESTRY

"O where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came."

ARTHUR COXE

THROUGH our descent from James Leonard, of Taunton, we have a number of royal ancestry lines which are enumerated in the chapter in the Appendix on Genealogical Tables. I insert here an unpublished article written by Mary Hall Leonard, describing her researches on this subject.

MY ROYAL PEDIGREE

by

Mary Hall Leonard

"I have always heard that my family name was an ancient one in England," I said to myself as I entered the Genealogical library. Indeed it has been a family tradition that there is royal blood in our pedigree.

Then turning aside from my original intention of trying to ferret out the antecedents of an ancestral John Smith, yeoman, who married Mary with an unknown surname and was found at the end of the seventeenth century in the American colonies, I took from the shelves the massive volume entitled "Americans of Royal Descent." Being the chief text book on this subject to be found in our libraries the volume was exceedingly well thumbed, and with some curiosity I opened its worn and faded covers.

Turning first to the long list of Americans whose royal pedigrees are traced, I said to myself, "If the claim of royal descent be true for these people it must be also true for hundreds, yes thousands, of others holding near or remote kinship to these." In the alphabetical index of names introduced into the volume I quickly find my own surname with a score or more of references to pages on which it occurs. Beginning with the first reference I enter upon my investigations.

I have hardly begun, however, before I find on one of

the early pages of the volume an interesting disclosure. Here is the pedigree of one with a name unknown to me. Yet he is evidently some far-away cousin of mine. For here in his ancestral line I find the name of my undoubted ancestor, a "first comer" to these New World shores. The antecedent English pedigree then is no less mine than his for whom it has been traced.

The interest deepens as I read backward the names of successive generations to a time, near the end of the sixteenth century when the landed Kentish squire of my family name married the "Lady Margaret" and "was summoned to Parliament by right of his wife" as the 11th Lord of this titled house.

At this interesting point of family history the mind makes a pause, and I now retrace my way step by step toward the American pioneer through a succession of "Barons" who bore my family name, until two generations before the American history begins, we swerve from the line of "peers" into the lineage of the "younger son" whose grandson is supposed to have set sail for the New World. At the "younger son" the mind again rests for a moment. I have had to look back ten generations before finding a titled ancestor. I make a hasty calculation that if figures are to be believed there were 1024 forbears of mine in that particular generation of my ancestral tree. I cannot assume that the strain of noble blood flowing in my veins is very thick. Yet the fact that it exists at all is interesting, and again I address myself to the search.

I firmly believe the facts given in the pedigree to be true. But my judicial and historic mind craves incontrovertible evidence. I turn to the books of the peerage. But alas, they are not strong on the question of "younger sons" and their descendants. A wild thought rushes through my mind. What if I should ever wish to join the "Order of the Crown?" Could I hope to do so with this weakness in my record? Not that it had ever occurred to me before this moment that I might wish to enroll myself there! But "blessings brighten" as we see them receding from us; and a haunting fear asserts itself that in case such a desire should ever arise, and in case the "Royal Order" at that era should

happen to include "my dearest enemy," he (or more probably she) might make this lack of a certified date in the younger son's record a mere excuse for black-balling my noble pedigree as spurious, or at least non-proven.

With a feeling of humiliation I slowly turn the leaves of the pedigree book, when suddenly a reassuring thought presents itself. An unspoken hope (is it a dog-in-the-manger feeling? I wonder) arises in my heart. For here is a famous American name, representing the bluest-blue aristocracy of New England, and I count in the recorded pedigree a series of eight generations directly preceding the emigration to the New World—all of them given without corroborating dates. Here is still another illustrious pedigree in which the connecting link between noble and simple reads simply 'A daughter of ————" without date or Christian name.

But my re-encouraged mind refuses to dwell upon the friction-inciting question of dates. The names of my ancestral line are here given in good plain print without any ostensible break in the connection. I firmly believe both the family traditions and the confirming evidence of the name itself as well as the testimony of this great American text-book of royal lineages. So I dismiss unworthy misgivings and my mind returns loyally to the Lady Margaret and her newly-titled spouse, my noble ancestors without any doubt that is worthy of consideration.

The picture of the beautiful castle in which they lived has been preserved. The descriptions of its magnificence are found in the books. My heart swells with a not unnatural pride as I read of its glories, which are narrated in glowing terms by Horace Walpole, while Addison made its castle ghost story the theme of a famous play. Before my mind's eye rise the picturesque gables, the chapel with tall windows containing "the seven long lean saints ill done," and the picture-filled galleries with the windows blazoned with the "wolf-dog" of the family escutcheon. In the great oven of the bake-house—so the guide books declare—a coach and six could turn with facility. And in the castle retinue were a host of useless hangers-on, among whom may be mentioned twenty old crones, known as "castle-weeding-

women," and four persons whose only duty was that of clock-winders.

It is an inspiring subject. And yet after all, it is *Royalty* of pedigree that our text-book has promised me, so why should I linger in a baronial castle be it ever so magnificent?

I will leave the ancestry of the newly-created Baron; for although he is described as "of great worth and politeness," yet his forefathers were probably at best only of the "county families of landed gentry." So I turn to his wife, my noble ancestress, the Lady Margaret, who after the death of her only brother who died without issue, inherited the barony. She is said to be of royal descent through both of her parents. Here is her father's pedigree reaching back through a long line of great nobles until it meets royalty itself in the person of King Edward I. All is plain sailing here. The Herald's College supplies all needed dates. So my royal pedigree may be said to stand established.

But alas for the drop of bitter in my cup of sweet! At the first step of this journey I am met with a fact of history that it is hard to accept as true. It is written in the book of pedigrees that Lady Margaret's father was "executed for an alleged murder and his honors forfeited!" To be sure the "blood and honors" were soon afterwards restored to the son and so perpetuated to the family descendants. I affirm to myself mentally that the easy restoration proves that the murder was only *alleged* and the disgrace unmerited. But one does not like to harbor even a suspicion of the truth of the accusation. I read more widely and find it recorded that the Lord Baron "was beheaded on Tower Hill for accidently killing a game-keeper, but *chiefly*"—so the historian quaintly puts it—"because of his great estate which needy courtiers gasped after and which caused them to hasten his destruction."

With a sigh of relief mingled with one of pity for the unfortunate nobleman, I hasten to erase in my own mind all suspicion of a stain on the family honor. Nevertheless, in presenting one's noble pedigree as credentials for the Order of the Crown one would prefer not to be called upon to explain away such an unfortunate family circumstance. I turn to Lady Margaret's mother. Perhaps the royal line of

Lady Mary would be freer from embarrassing questions.

Now with the aid of another pedigree here recorded which runs on similar lines, I trace backward link by link, the noble ancestry of Lady Margaret's mother, until I am rewarded by a clear, unbroken, and so far as I know unblemished, line leading smoothly on into the House of the Royal Plantagenets. Nor is this freedom from dishonorable entanglements (except by marriage) the only advantage of my new royal pedigree over the other. It reaches the line of England's kings two reigns lower down, in the person of Edward III, thus adding two names to my list of royal English sires.

Now indeed I advance with triumphant rapidity through a long line of royal progenitors,—three Edwards, Henry III, King John, two more Henrys and so back to the Great Norman himself. Truly this is an astonishing addition to make to my ancestry collection within the space of five minutes. I pause breathless, almost overpowered by the magnitude of my ancestral gains.

As I again turn the pages of the great American text book of royal descents, doubtful whether or not I have any interest in further pursuit of the subject, I am suddenly confronted by the idea that many of these recorded pedigrees lead into royal houses of greater antiquity than my own. To be sure the more recent royal ancestry would seem to be the more valuable as having contributed a less thin strain of kingly blood to one's heredity. Yet it must be confessed that the most ancient houses carry a high-sounding dignity in their associations.

Here is the pedigree of a well-known American lady. It skips entirely the line of Norman kings, but advances with stately stride into the ancient Saxon dynasty. I reflect that the union of Norman with Saxon blood made England great. Is it not possible that a similar desirable combination may be found in my own royal pedigree? Surely among the many noble lords and dames that belong to my two royal lines thus far traced, there must be some one whose ancestral links connect with the Saxon nobles of England and so lead on to Saxon royalty. I glance over the forbears of my American contemporary, and am soon rewarded by

Alfred the Great disguised as Harper at camp of the Danes.

a connecting clue in the person of Earl Gilbert who married the royal Princess of the House of Edward I from whom my ancestress, the Lady Margaret, was descended. Again my way is clear on a new track, as following Earl Gilbert's ancestry, I copy as my own all the antecedent noble pedigree of the American lady aforesaid, reaching back into the Dark Ages, through Edward the Confessor, to Alfred the Great and Good. Could any pedigree be more ancient and honorable than this?

It is true that I have a feeling that my royal inheritance from this source is considerably attenuated, the more especially as I am not quite sure how many generations intervened between the Elder Edward and his greater progenitor. The American book of pedigrees makes no account of this interval, but places Edward the Confessor as next in descent from Alfred the Illustrious. But knowing that they both were in the Saxon dynasty, I accept them both loyally and do not trouble myself about the lesser kings of the intervening reigns, who are only useful as Conjunctions, one may say, in the family line.

Having thus established my descent from the pious and famous founder of English Monarchy, one would suppose that I should now have replaced the book of pedigrees upon the library shelves and gone home to dinner. I regret to say however that this was not the case. The desire for accumulation is a subtle trait. It grows stronger with each new acquisition. Having become thus rich in royal ancestry, why should I limit the gains? In my three royal pedigrees now established each progenitor is linked by marriage with a husband or wife also of high degree. Here is a network of noble relationships spreading itself over all Europe and including all the ages of Medievael History. What is there to prevent me from adding to my ancestry list names from all the European royal houses?

But among the multitude of clues which these varied lines suggest which is it most worth my while to follow? Shall I trace the heredity of Eleanor of Castile, Edward the First's queen, and so link my family line with that of the Ferdinands? Or shall I ally myself with the French Monarchs through Henry I of France whose son, Hugh the

Great, married my noble ancestress, the Lady Adela? Or would the wife of this French King, Princess Anne of Russia, offer a more interesting line of research?

I decide against the Spanish and Russian princesses. Perhaps my American disapprobation of some of the history of these nations, moves me to ignore them. Possibly also I am influenced by the fact that the books of lineages on which I am chiefly depending does not trace its pedigrees to Spanish and Russian sources. Neither is this library rich in books that deal with the ramifications of the nobility of these countries. Therefore although I feel sure that I have royal ancestors of all European nationalities I waive the question of some of these for the present.

But while I am questioning which line to pursue and "prospecting" a little in the different "leads," I all at once experience a new sensation.

Here is a noble lady, my ancestress, who married a certain earl, who was the son of another earl, who was—Ah, that my eyes should have alighted upon such a fact! He was a "natural son" of King Henry I of England.

What shall I do with this unpleasant fact? It does not belong to my royal pedigree. Browning's book of royally descended Americans does not trace such lines as this. These pedigrees are for the "legitimate descendants" of kingly parents. It is small consolation to reflect that such introduction of "common blood" did in a measure retard the "degeneration from close intermarriage" of noble houses. It remains true that this unfortunate Earl has no pedigree. A "natural son" has no father, no—nor any parent at all whom the books of lineage can treat as such. I recognize that natural laws of heredity are not turned aside for such a case. But I also remember to be glad that this gives no "pedigree" to be entered upon my ancestry book. The page must forever remain a blank. I will tear it out.

I care not again to make aimless explorations in the boundless field. Hereafter I will work only with a definite end in view. Was not my search for a lineal descent from the Great Alfred rewarded by rich results? In this book of pedigrees I find high American names whose ancestry is traced still further back than the days of Alfred, even

to the house of the great Charlemagne whose name is written in large letters across the whole face of modern Europe. Here will I make one more essay, and with this shall my ambitions rest.

I select the pedigree of an American family who trace their descent from the great Emperor who reared his kingdom on the ruins of the Old Roman World. As I look down the line of names leading from Charlemagne to his American descendant, I find midway in the series several generations of an English name, not indeed belonging to a royal house, but having such fame that royalty itself could scarcely rank higher. As I read the name of Mortimer, as old as Norman blood can boast, a thrill of suggestion sweeps across my memory. Did I not somewhere encounter, in one of my royal lines, or in their branching marriage relations, this "Noble name of Mortimer"? If so, and if it were at a later era than that of the names here given, my descent from the Great Carl of the Middle Ages is nearly certain.

I review once more my royal pedigrees to find the fact that shall establish this final triumph. I find the clue! But alas, for the downfall of my pride! Words fail to express the revulsion of feeling that ensues. I find the name indeed! Here is my noble ancestor, Sir Edward Nevill, Knight of the Garter, grandson of John of Gaunt, and great-grandson of King Edward III. And Sir Edward with all his noble honors thick upon him demeaned himself and compromised posterity by marrying—How shall I confess it?—*Elizabeth Beauchamp,* who was fourth in a line of descent from *Katharine* who was the daughter of—*Roger Mortimer!!*

It is then through *this* page of history that I can enter the lineage of the great Emperor of the Middle Ages. *Roger Mortimer!*—a queen's paramour, a convicted regicide, executed on the gallows as a common criminal!

All my honest American blood rises in revolt. Half a score of Mayflower ancestors protest against such an infusion into the inheritance of their descendants. What right had this man of infamy to smear such a blot on my family escutcheon? What right had he to poison the springs of life for posterity? Even the thought of my long line of Norman kingly ancestors, even the pious virtues of the great

Alfred, fail to give me consolation. Does not a drop of filth stain a bucketful of clean water far more than many drops of crystaline purity can cleanse a bucket of filth? My head bows itself as a bulrush. How can I ever walk erect again before my respectable country neighbors with such a stain resting on my heredity?

No, I will not accept this infamous addition to my ancestral line. The great House of Mortimer, the royal House of Charlemagne, shall not dare to intimate that their honors can have sifted down to me through such a foul stratum as this. So I

"Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer!"
But even as I did so the inherent
Truth of Things like an accusing
Angel seemed to whisper
"But I will find him when he is asleep
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer,'
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him
To keep his anger still in motion."

Attempt as I may to conceal this unfortunate royal pedigree from an unfeeling world, can I ever be sure that it is safely hidden? How should I now dare to present even one of my unblemished lines of royal ancestry as a certificate of admission to the Order of the Crown? Might not some vindictive and sharpsighted enemy contrive to penetrate the ramifications of the branching family record and drag from its hiding-place the humiliating fact?

But suddenly again the human law of reaction asserts itself. So long as the world lasts, "Et tu, Brute," will be an argument by which we shall strive to repel insinuations against our own good name.

I begin to ask: How many descendants of Sir Edward Nevill and Elizabeth Beauchamp are now living in Europe and America? Nay, does not the book of the peerage record a numerous offspring of the wicked Roger in addition to the Katharine who was the ancestress of Sir Edward's wife? In how many ways have these and their posterity linked

themselves with all the rest of the nobility of Europe? How many thousands of persons are now living who have received some strain of blood from this dishonored source? Indeed, can anyone claim nobility of pedigree at all and yet say with confidence that he is free from this taint? Nay, further, how many other pages in history are there that the world would fain forget? How many "natural sons" of noble fathers were born into the world? How many court intrigues were there? How many plots against a rightful king? How many executions were justly or unjustly suffered in the darkened days of medieval history? The ties of intermarriage run forward and back. The blood of good and bad ancestors has been intermingled in a multitude of known and unknown ways. So I lift my head again among "Americans of Royal Descent" and say "*We* (rather than *I*) have a strangely mixed inheritance." But somehow the royal pedigree does not seem so valuable as it did. "The trail of the serpent is over it all."

But again I ask myself: Is a "common pedigree" then to be preferred? Did the knaves and the churls that must have belonged to my numerous pedigrees that I have left untraced, have better manners and morals than their royal and noble masters? Whatever lines of pedigree we acknowledge it is certain that our ancestors included in their personalities both the vices and the virtues of the olden time. The more one knows of the laws of the generations the less will he feel like saying to his brother, "I am more holy than thou."

With a renewed yet chastened feeling of self-respect and courage, I square myself to accept the fact that the honors of a royal pedigree must needs entail also some ancestral elements that are not to be coveted. It is a common lot of royal children and is to be borne with such equanimity and fortitude as one is master of.

And now I perform a hasty mental reckoning backward. This infamous ancestor (if indeed he was my ancestor) stood at the twentieth remove from my own generation. At that distance in the family line (if figures do not lie) I had a generation of 1,028,416 living ancestors all equally related to me by ties of blood. Less than a millionth part

of my heredity, then, comes from this disreputable source. And by a similar token less than a millionth part of his badness has presumably filtered down into my veins.

"So I will lock the counsel in my breast,
And what I do imagine let that rest."

For the "dusky torch of Mortimer" shall cast no gloomy shadows over my ancestral path.

I leave the barons of the dark ages with their honors and their vices. I call my mind back down the centuries until I pause again at the castle of the Lady Margaret in whose parentage my lines of royal pedigree begin to diverge. How much did you know, my Lady Baroness, of the complex elements that entered into your own being? Could you have imagined that after three and a half centuries had elapsed your grand-daughter twelve degrees removed, would be speculating as to the desirableness of the ancestral inheritance received through you?

I think of the Lady Margaret in the ivy-hung castle that still stands grand and stately in its picturesque decay. I seem to see her in the beautiful Oriel window of the "Ladies' Bower," or as the presiding genius of the great antler-hung dining-hall where she entertained throngs of distinguished guests. I think of the "Bethlehem gallery" hung from end to end with gilt stamped leather and with a hundred guest rooms opening into it, "always reserved for the entertainment of strangers". I think of her "liveries and retainers"; and the "useless hangers-on", and of all the burden of hospitalities which she carried. I think also of the husband of "great worth and politeness" with whom she shared her noble dignities. Then applying the spirit of the quotation,

"What good's all English,
All that isn't aint,"

I add with a smile, "All that was good in her branching lines of royal pedigrees she retained and transmitted to her decendants. All that was not good she left out. It is the fittest only that survives!"

I close the book of royal pedigrees and replace it upon the library shelf. I blame not the zeal nor the motive of those who have worn its covers and soiled its pages in

their search for family lineages. Have not I myself just been doing the same thing? Doubtless these others, like myself, have been led into a clearer knowledge of the world's history as they have viewed it through the lens of family associations. Doubtless they too have carried away from the book an accession of true American spirit and a fuller recognition of the complex ties of human brotherhood.

I leave the library with its wealth of genealogical lore. Some other day, I will visit its halls again and begin my search for my American ancestor John Smith who married Mary with the unknown surname and lived in the Colonies at the end of the seventeenth century. But not to-day. I have no present wish to discover any more ancestors either obscure or famous.

As I step into the street with its throng of hurrying passers-by my mind is filled with new thoughts of these my fellow-beings. Here are some Italian street workmen gathering up their tools at the end of their day's labor. Are they the descendants of the Caesars who once ruled the civilized world? Does yonder laundry woman carrying up the steps a basket of newly-ironed clothing feel bounding in her veins the mercurial blood of a long line of Irish kings? Here is a negro coachman in livery driving up the street. Is he the descendant of some savage king who ruled with pomp a savage court amid the jungles of Africa? Does the boy with the eagle eye and marked physiognomy of the Jewish race boast an unbroken descent from David the poet king of Israel?

My homeward walk leads me by an ancient churchyard. I pause for a moment by its iron railing and cast my eye over the small moss-grown memorials of the generations that have gone. I try to decipher the rude lettering on a nearby stone. I cannot read the inscription. But in its place I seem to see the words of a famous ancient epitaph.

"Here lies Matt Pryor
Descended from Adam and Eve.
If any man can go higher
I am willing to give him leave."

Then my mind reverts to my own strange and complex

heredity, and I say to myself in the words of the philosopher, "I am a part of all that is." "A man can live all history in his own person." "Epoch after epoch, camp, kingdom, empire, republic, are merely the application of his manifold spirit to the manifold world."

And so I thread my way homeward, carrying my ancestry book. But somehow the busy world seems to be a changed world, and I myself seem to be a different person from the one who went into the genealogical library a few hours before and began to look up my royal pedigree.

I think it will be evident that although our Royal pedigree is an undoubted fact, that neither my sister Mary or myself take it very seriously. We leave that to the young and romantic of the family posterity yet to be born. Personally, I feel that Kings are usually no better than they should be, not a whit better than other folk, and likely enough not half as good, and that the world will be all the better off, when the last King has been shown politely or otherwise out of the back door of the international life of the world. I keep all my ancestral enthusiasm for the lines of heredity which are to be introduced in the next chapters, wherein we shall find something, which if not a subject for pride, is at least an occasion for deep thankfulness, that we are linked up by ties of kindred in the great galaxy of those whose names shall shine like the stars for ever and ever.

SNAP-SHOTS OF SOME NORMAN ANCESTORS

Our eight Norman and Plantagenet royal ancestors were unhappy people who lived in war and turmoil with the outer world, and in family disagreements which brought them to lonely and embittered deaths. Sir Walter Raleigh speaks of the evil Nemesis which followed them.

William the Conqueror

William the Conqueror, 1027-1087, was the illegitimate son of Robert, Duke of Normandy, and a beautiful French girl, Herleve, whom Robert saw washing clothes by a river, the daughter of a tanner. William had no valid claim to

the throne of England. His cousin, King Edward the Confessor, had unwarrantably promised it to him. Edward's half brother, Harold, was shot through the eye and killed at the Battle of Hastings, 1066, and the victorious William sat down after the battle to eat and drink among the dead. The story of the Conquest of England is depicted on the Bayeaux tapestry, wrought perhaps by Matilda, William's beloved wife. William never learned to speak English. He angered the English people by the enactment of the Curfew Law, the Domesday Book, wherein all the property of the people was recorded for taxation, and by dispossessing many people of the land to make the New Forest, wherein later two of his own sons were killed, in retribution, as it was believed. The feudal system was inaugurated in England by William. He was considered an able and just king, but severe. He was a bald fat man with an enormous stomach, the size of which was the subject of ribald jest on the part of King Philippe I of France. William heard of this, and in reprisal burnt down the city of Mantes in France. William's horse stepped on a hot coal as he was riding through the burning ruins, and threw him against the pommel of his saddle, causing an injury which resulted in his death at Rouen, shortly after, a gloomy death away from all his family. His wife was dead, and he had had disputes with his sons. He had reigned twenty-one years. He was a descendant both of Charlemagne and of Alfred the Great.

Henry I of England

Henry I of England, 1068-1135, called "Fine-scholar"—beau-clerc—because he could read and write, was the third son of William the Conqueror. He did not immediately succeed his father. The thirteen years' reign of his brother William Rufus came between. Henry came to the throne in 1100 at the age of thirty-two. His marriage to Edith-Matilda of Scotland delighted the English people because it united the early Saxon line of Kings with the Norman line. This Matilda was the daughter of Malcolm III of Scotland and a descendant not only of Alfred the Great, but also of a line of Scottish, Irish, Spanish and Scythian Kings which is traceable (so it is said) almost to the

beginnings of recorded human history. These lines of our ancestry will be found abbreviated in the Appendix.

Henry was in reality a usurper. He imprisoned his older brother, Robert in Cardiff Castle in Wales, and it is said he had Robert's eyes put out. Henry reigned thirty-five years, not only over England, but over one third of France. In 1120 the White Ship went down on a hidden rock in the English Channel with the Crown Prince on board and it is said Henry I is never known to have smiled again. He had only one child left, Maude-Matilda, then a widow of the German Emperor Henry V. For political reasons she was next married to Geoffrey of Anjou, a boy of sixteen, ten years her junior. After the death of Henry I there was civil war between Matilda and her nephew Stephen, who got the throne for nineteen years. At one point in this contest Matilda had to escape from the Robert Doyley tower of Oxford Castle by sliding down a rope with gloved hands, the rope held by her favorite knight, Alain. She, with a few others dressed in white to avoid detection, crossed in the snowy night over the frozen Thames. The condition of the English people was deplorable during the reign of Henry I, owing to the blood-curdling cruelty of the Barons. Henry established a vigorous police system to check this, and tried to stop counterfeiting the money by mutilations. He oppressed his people by taxation.

Henry II

Henry II, 1133-1189, called Plantagenet because he wore in his cap a spray of the golden broom of Anjou, was the son of Maude-Matilda and Geoffrey of Anjou. Henry was twenty-one when he came to the throne, and reigned for 35 years over England and a large part of France. He is said to have been the hardest-working man in the land. His wife was Eleanor of Poitou, and Aquitaine. She was the divorced wife of Louis VII of France. She was a bad woman who encouraged her two sons, Richard and Geoffrey, to rebel against their father in Normandy; Henry shut up his wife in prison for this. When Henry saw the name of his favorite son, John, at the head of the list of those who had conspired against him, his heart was

broken. He said, "I care no more for myself or for the world." He died two days later murmuring at intervals, "Shame, shame on a conquered king." Henry II is, however, accounted as one of the good kings of England. He was wise, cautious and brave, and loved books and learning. His great work was the consolidation of the Kingdom, restraining the feudal nobility and safe-guarding justice. One of the notable events of his reign was his quarrel with his friend the archbishop Thomas a Becket, who resisted him. Thomas was murdered in the Church at Canterbury. Henry went there to do penance and allowed the Monks to beat him with knotted ropes in punishment for Becket's death.

Henry gave Eleanor cause for jealousy because of his devotion to Fair Rosamond. Henry II also had two illegitimate sons by Vesta—also called Nesta—the celebrated Welsh beauty, who subsequently married with sensational stories a Gerald and a Stephen. All her descendants have names beginning with "Fitz," some of whom enlisted with Dermot and Strongbow in the Irish wars. Henry II acknowledged his sons by Vesta. Their names were Robert Fitz Roy and Henry Fitz Henry. Vesta was a daughter of Rice Fitz Griffiths.

King John, Reigned 1199-1216, *Called Lackland*

John did not immediately succeed his father, Henry II, as King. His older brother, Richard I, came in between with a ten years' reign. Richard for a while went on a crusade to Jerusalem and was held as a prisoner by the Emperor of Germany for ransom, but got back to England in 1194. John became King after Richard's death five years later. One of his worst acts was to murder his little nephew Arthur, the son of his brother Geoffrey. This was because some people preferred to have Arthur for King. John was cruel to the people who forced him to sign the Magna Charta of England on June 15, 1215. This was done at Runnymede, a meadow on the Thames. John was very angry at being obliged to do this, and never intended to keep it. He overran England with his mercenaries, burning and slaying. In the midst of this evil behavior he died after a reign of seventeen years. His wife was Isa-

bella of Angouleme. History has apparently nothing good to report of this evil king. He was excommunicated from the Catholic Church by Pope Innocent III in 1209. John is called the worst king who ever ruled England. He is one of the worst of our ancestors, yet his very badness was the means of giving to England the beginning of Freedom in the Magna Charta. John's wife, Isabella of Angouleme, was a dreadful woman. She tried to hire two ruffians to poison the King of France because she felt insulted that he and his bride had not risen in her honor when she called on them. I do not value either her or her husband as ancestors. The English people said they would never have another king named John, and they never have.

Henry III, 1207-1272, *Reigned* 56 *Years*

Henry the Third was crowned at the age of nine with one of his mother's bracelets, because the crown had been lost in the tide disaster just before the death of his father, King John. At first England was ruled by regents, William Marshal and Herbert de Burgh. At the age of nineteen King Henry III married Eleanor of Provence, and the English Court was thereafter under foreign domination. The King exacted much money from his people, making the crusades an excuse, but he spent the money on magnificence and lavish gifts to his foreign friends. His brother-in-law Simon de Montfort, called "Simon the righteous" and "the flower of all knighthood," resisted the king's bad methods and taught personal equality in the sight of God, and led a spiritual revival, and called together the 1st Representative Parliament, but he and his followers were conquered at the battle of Evesham, which was in reality a massacre, headed by Prince Edward who was later Edward I.

Simon was killed in this battle while fighting bravely. It seemed that Simon's effort to establish National Rule had failed, but in the end it secured its main object, as the Magna Charta was again enacted, and thereafter was kept. Henry the Third died in 1272 after a long reign of fifty-six years. He was a foolish, extravagant king, but he had a love for music, art and poetry. He rebuilt Westminster

Abbey as it now stands, in memory of Edward the Confessor.

Edward I, A Pitiless But Able King

Edward I, 1239-1307, married Eleanor of Castile, daughter of Alphonso X. He is called the "Greatest of the Plantagenets." He and his wife were absent on a crusade when his father, Henry III, died. Edward, nicknamed Long Shanks from his long legs, was tall and strong, a resplendent figure on horseback bearing his glittering shield with three golden leopards. He was a man of courage and superior intellect, a devoted husband to his beloved wife, and defender of his people against the oppressive barons. He called a parliament to help him govern England. But there remains a dark side of his history and character to be told. He persecuted the Jews, filling the dungeons beneath the White Tower of London with them; hanging hundreds and banishing 1600 for no crime. He crushed the Welsh pitilessly and had the head of their murdered prince Llewellyn exposed in London, crowned with ivy in derision and it is said—whether true, I do not know—that he had the Welsh Bards put to death lest their songs should keep the people in mind of their lost independence. He told the Welsh he would give them a Prince born on their own soil who did not speak English. This proved to be his baby boy who happened to be born in Carnarvon Castle in Wales. Since then the heir to the English throne has been called the Prince of Wales. Edward I has been called the Hammer of the Scottish Nation. He crushed the Scotch and put their brave leader, William Wallace, to a cruel death, too terrible to even describe in these pages. Two years later Edward I died on the borders of Scotland, planning another campaign against the Scotch. He exacted an oath from his son Edward II, that his flesh should be boiled in a cauldron and his bones carried at the head of an army against the Scotch. This was not carried out. Others praise Edward I, but he is no favorite of mine. Through Edward's wife, Eleanor, we are descended from the Ferdinands of Spain.

Edward II, A Pathetic and Lovable King

Edward II, 1284-1327, began his twenty-years' reign at the age of twenty-three. He married Isabella, daughter of Philippe IV, "Philippe the Fair" of France, who proved his undoing because of her later infatuation for Roger Mortimer. This guilty pair conspired against Edward II, who after wandering disguised as a Welsh peasant, was captured, kept over a foetid charnel house, was confined in Kenilworth Castle, and finally murdered with great cruelty in Berkeley Castle. The poet Gray wrote thus of this murder:

"Mark the year and mark the night
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roof that ring."

Edward's dying shrieks waked the sleepers in the town below the castle, who in the morning were shown the dead king. One of the disasters of Edward's reign was his defeat at the Battle of Bannockburn after which he galloped sixty miles to escape to Dunbar Castle which lowered its drawbridge to take him in. MacKenzie says of him, "Happily for the Scots he was a special fool." One of his mistakes was his foolish favoritism for Piers Gaveston and Hugh Despenser, both of whom were put to cruel deaths. Edward II was born on Welsh soil at Carnarvon Castle and was the First Prince of Wales. The Welsh loved him and he counted Wales as his own land. He had unrealized visions of contented Welsh freemen, and of a parliament of justice for them. These are "like the broken masses of clouds on his native mountains. The incoherence of his life is more lovable than the selfishness of those who tortured him in life and death. The bards whom his father, Edward I, had oppressed mourned the son, and the spirit of song burst forth again in the 15th century."

Edward III, 1312-1377

Edward III, made king at the age of fifteen in place of his deposed father Edward II, married thus early Philippa

of Hainault. This young couple were kept in semi-captivity in the Tower of London, where their daughter Blanche was born. At the age of eighteen Edward III asserted himself, hanged Mortimer, his mother's paramour, whom he surprised at night in Nottingham Castle next to his mother's room, and shut up his mother in Risings Castle for twenty-seven years till her death, giving her an allowance of £3000 a year. He visited her with a state call once a year. Edward III was a brave man and an able ruler, but he taxed his people heavily in order to carry on his cruel wars in France, with his son The Black Prince, who got the motto "Ich dien" for the Prince of Wales from the crest of the blind king, John of Bohemia, who fell in the battle of Crecy. When Edward III was about to have six men of Calais put to death for their city's resistance, his good queen Philippa plead so tenderly for them that their lives were spared. I hope some little descendant of mine will be named Philippa in honor of this ancestress and her beautiful story. During the reign of Edward III there occurred the awful plague in 1349 called the Black Death. It had taken 14 years to reach Europe from China. The dark blotches warned the victims that they must die. This plague took off half the nation. Edward, after Philippa's death grew old before his time. His mistress, Alice Perrers, is said to have stripped the rings from his dying hand. He was a wretched old man attended only by one poor priest. Henry III reigned fifty years. He claimed the French throne because he was the only living grandson of Philip the Fair, the father of his mother Isabella.

CHAPTER XIX.

OUR LINCOLN ANCESTRY

"That government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE identity of our English Lincoln Ancestry with that of Abraham Lincoln may be attested by the comparison of his and our genealogical tables found in the Appendix of this book. The English Lincolns lived in Hingham, England and those who emigrated to America named the place where they settled in Massachusetts Hingham in honor of their parent town across the sea.

Of the two Robert Lincolns of Hingham, England, father and son, we know nothing except the names of their wives and the dates of their deaths, but of Richard Lincoln the next in line we know considerable, because of a family quarrel over his property which is recorded in the Chancery Court files. His first wife was Elizabeth Remching of Carbrooke, and immediately after his marriage with her in 1574 he settled upon his posterity by her his ancestral acres in Hingham, reserving the use of them for his own lifetime. The only child by this marriage who outlived his father was Edward Lincoln, who was, after his father's death, the defendant in a chancery suit brought against him by his father's fourth wife and her two daughters Elizabeth and Anne, in an effort to take away this land from him. Edward's own mother, Elizabeth, had died in his early childhood, and his father had three wives after that. The fourth was a designing woman who wanted all Richard's property for her own children, and induced Richard to make a will giving everything to them. He did so, but could not himself nullify his early settlement of the ancestral land upon the son of the first wife. In the outcome of the quarrel which ensued after Richard's sudden death by apoplexy, Edward kept the land, but his step-sisters, Elizabeth and Anne, obtained all the money left by Richard.

Edward doubtless had a financial struggle, and his three sons Thomas, Daniel and Samuel all emigrated to America probably to better themselves financially, yet desire for religious freedom doubtless influenced them also.

Had it not been for the poverty of the family of Edward Lincoln, America might have never had Abraham Lincoln for her 16th President, who is descended from Samuel, the youngest of the three Lincoln Brothers who came to Hingham, Mass., in the sixteen-thirties. We are descended from Thomas, the oldest of these, who with his wife and children and his brother Daniel landed at Scituate, Mass., two years before Samuel, who came as an apprentice to a weaver, and was still in his teens.

The love of liberty must have been strong in these brothers, because of their family traditions and their training. Mary Remching, the sister of their grandmother Elizabeth, was the wife of John Kett, whose grandfather, Robert Kett, and his brother William were the leaders of an insurrection against the oppressions of the nobility. Just before the battle in which a mob stormed a castle, an adder sprang from a hollow tree and fastened itself on the breast of Alice, the wife of Robert Kett, who paled before the evil omen. The King's army, sent to defend the nobility, crushed the incipient Revolution and both the Ketts were hung in chains, Robert from the top of Norwich Castle and William from the Church tower at Wymondham, their bodies left there to decay and their clanking chains remaining till they rusted away and fell. Their death sentence called "Justice" was written by the childish hand of Edward VI, but the people, who are always the ultimate Judges, deemed these brothers as martyrs, and guilty of no crime. The Lincoln boys must have heard the story oft-told, and have imbibed therefrom an undying hatred of all oppression. This had its bearing doubtless on the attitude of Abraham Lincoln, their descendant, towards man's inhumanity to man.

Another influence which tended to this uncompromising attitude of the Lincolns to injustice is found in the training of these three brothers under their early pastor in Hingham, England, Rev. Robert Peck, who defied a few years

later the Prelacy by returning to its former place in the nave of the Church, the Holy Table which the High Church Prelates had removed to a dias in the Chancel to get it away from the contamination of the common herd. Peck thought this was a move in the direction of Papacy and taking alarm called his parishioners to help him, including the stout-hearted Lincolns.

They stripped the tinsel ornaments from the Communion table, and put it back in its original position and made some alteration in the floor of the Church. This was the cause of the excommunication of Peck, and his disgrace and well-nigh beggary. He called his parishioners to become separatists, saying, "There is no longer tarrying here. Let us swear fidelity to one another, and so resolve for New England." More than half of the villagers responded to his appeal, and sold their ancestral lands, put everything under the hammer, except a few spoons, and utensils and a feather bed or two, which they took with them, until the town of Hingham was half depopulated. This was the family education in freedom which gave America her Greatest Son, whose inherited love of liberty came doubtless from his mother's side also, although I have not so far been able to verify my brother's statement contained in a later chapter, that Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's mother, was a descendent of the Pilgrim Fathers. There was however a Hanks family at Plymouth in very early days. Lincoln's own tribute, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother. Blessings on her memory!" is sufficient to assure us of her character and influence. Another ancestral heritage of personal independence came to Abraham from his grandmother, Bathsheba Herring, daughter of Leonard Herring, of Virginia, who when told by her father Leonard—perhaps influenced by traditions of the "Royal Pedigree" of the Leonards—that she might have her choice between giving up her plebeian lover, Abraham Lincoln, Sr., or being disinherited, promptly chose the latter and went with the husband of her choice to the wilds of Kentucky. Doubtless the aristocratic Leonard thought his daughter was making the mistake of her life. Instead, she was stepping up into the real Aristocracy of this glorious land.

Fate was kind to her grandson Abraham, the President, to take him away from the world at the close of the Great Rebellion in the spectacular way he went. If another Great President might have stepped out of life as dramatically at the close of the world-war, with what acclaim would he have gone! If the ship George Washington, which sailed from New York, Dec. 4, 1918 with the Light-bearer of the "Fourteen Points" aboard of her, could have foundered in mid-ocean, instead of taking him to Paris, by how much would his fair fame have been enhanced? Woodrow Wilson in Paris is one of the most pathetic figures of all history, becoming there as he did the shuttlecock of European diplomats, instead of the Star of Hope for the world as previously.

All that came to him after Versailles was an anti-climax. Any idealist we may send to the world-court or League of Nations is liable to find himself similarly a helpless pawn among strutting militaristic pieces on the International chess-board.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

For thy great life, so stern from start to finish
Laid on the altar of thy country's peace.
We give a gratitude no years diminish,
We bring a love that Time can but increase.

Round that rude cabin in Kentucky valleys
Where first thine eyes were opened to the light
Imagination o'er thy childhood dallies,
The fleeting years that o'er thee took their flight.
We watch thee carve thy youthful way in
struggle
By disadvantage hedged on every hand
Ne'er turned aside by transitory bubble
From purpose in thy place to fitly stand.

Oh what a lot was that which thee awaited
In fiery vortex of the storm and din
While all the world was watching, breath abated
Till war and blood wiped out a nation's sin.

Twas thru thy pain and prayer and wise endeavor
That now again in unity we stand
And for our healing we shall love forever
That life outpoured to save our Native land.
Oh Lincoln, sleep! Enjoy thy well-earned rest.
Thy country riseth up to call thee blest!

Abraham Lincoln for his own peace and fame left the world at the right time and in the right way. He was spared the terrible dislocations of the reconstruction period which follows every war. No one except the Man of Galilee is so enshrined in the hearts of men the wide world over, and his sun knows no setting.

To the Victor

Man's mind is larger than his brow of tears;
This hour is not my all of time; this place
My all of earth; nor this obscene disgrace
My all of life; and thy complacent sneers
Shall not pronounce my doom to my compeers
While the Hereafter lights me in the face,
And from the Past, as from the mountain's base,
Rise, as I rise, the long tumultuous cheers.
And who slays me must overcome a world;
Heroes at arms, and Virgins who became
Mothers of children, prophecy and song;
Walls of old cities with their flags unfurled;
Peaks, headlands, ocean and its isles of fame—
And sun and moon and all that made me strong!

William Ellery Leonard.

(*Printed by permission of the author.*)

The Huguenot Lovers.

CHAPTER XX.

OUR HUGUENOT ANCESTRY

"The sympathetic genealogist cannot remain a mere compiler of family statistics. He becomes a historian in a larger field of interest. Around the facts of family history gather the events of the Town, the State, the Nation and the World."

MARY HALL LEONARD.

THE story of the Huguenots is full of romance and suffering. The persecutions they endured in France were bitter indeed. Their marriages were declared null, their children deprived of the right of inheritance and forcibly shut in convents. Their churches were burned and their preachers were indiscriminately put to death. In 1560 thousands of men died at the hands of the executioner, many being burned at the stake. In 1568 three thousand were slain by the order of Catherine de Medici. In 1572 between thirty and seventy thousand were butchered in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Through these murders and the hundreds of thousands who escaped from France because of these persecutions, France lost a million of her best and bravest of her citizens. Some of them went over seas and became the Pilgrim Fathers of South Africa. Many in spite of the cordons thrown around the boundaries to prevent their expatriation escaped to other parts of Europe. Among these refugees was one Jan Mahien, our ancestor who went to Leyden, Holland and joined with the Separatist Company from England. His daughter, Hester Mahien, married Francis Cooke and we are descended from this pair by three lines. William, Alice and Priscilla Molines were also Huguenots. Elizabeth Jowatt Warren was probably a Huguenot also. These are glorious people to have for ancestors.

CHAPTER XXI.

OUR PILGRIM ANCESTRY

"Hail to thee, poor little ship Mayflower of Delft Haven, poor common-looking ship hired by common charter-party for coined dollars caulked with mere oakum and tar, provisioned with vulgarist biscuit and bacon,—yet what ship Argo or miraculous epic ship built by the sea gods was other than a foolish bumbarge in comparison." . THOMAS CARLYLE.

"Next to the fugitives whom Moses led out of Egypt, the little ship load of outcasts who landed at Plymouth are destined to influence the future of the world."
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE passengers who came to Plymouth on four early ships are entitled to be called The Pilgrim Fathers as they emigrated with the same religious incentive and were equally participants in the same lofty enterprise for religious freedom. The names of these four ships are the Mayflower, which came in 1620, the Fortune which came in 1621, and the Anne and her pinnace, the Little James, which came in 1623. Twenty-eight of the people who arrived on these ships were our ancestors. Their names are here tabulated, and remarks upon them individually will follow.

1—John Alden	Arrived	on	the	Mayflower	—1620
2—Edward Bangs	"	"	"	Anne	—1623
3—John Billington	"	"	"	Mayflower	—1620
4—Eleanor Billington	"	"	"	Mayflower	—1620
5—Francis Billington	"	"	"	Mayflower	—1620
6—Peter Bown	"	"	"	Mayflower	—1620
7—John Carver	"	"	"	Mayflower	—1620
8—Catherine Robinson Carver	"	"	"	Mayflower	—1620
9—Francis Cooke	"	"	"	Mayflower	—1620
10—Hester Mahien Cooke	"	"	"	Anne	—1623
11—John Cooke	"	"	"	Mayflower	—1620
12—Martha Ford	"	"	"	Fortune	—1621

John Alden Home, Duxbury

The Return of the Mayflower

13—Robert Hicks	"	"	"	Fortune	—1621
14—Margaret Hicks	"	"	"	Anne	—1623
15—John Howland	"	"	"	Mayflower	—1620
16—John Jenny	"	"	"	Little James	1623
17—Sarah Carey Jenny	"	"	"	Little James	1623
18—Abigail Jenny	"	"	"	Little James	1623
19—William Mullins	"	"	"	Mayflower	—1620
20—Alice Mullins	"	"	"	Mayflower	—1620
21—Priscilla Mullins	"	"	"	Mayflower	—1620
22—Christian Penn	"	"	"	Anne	—1623
23—Moses Simmonds	"	"	"	Fortune	—1621
24—John Tilley	"	"	"	Mayflower	—1620
25—Elizabeth Tilley	"	"	"	Mayflower	—1620
26—Richard Warren	"	"	"	Mayflower	—1620
27—Elizabeth Jowatt Warren		"	"	Anne	—1623
28—Sarah Warren	"	"	"	Anne	—1623

Of these twenty-eight Pilgrim ancestors of ours, eighteen came on the Mayflower. Eight are ancestors of our Grandmother Nancy, eleven the ancestors of Grandfather Isaac, and fifteen are the ancestors of Grandmother Abiah. Two of them are ancestors of Nancy, Isaac, and Abiah, all three, and two others are ancestors of both Isaac and Abiah.

Comments on the Above List

1—John Alden, 1599-1687, the 7th signer of the Mayflower Compact, is the most distinguished of our Pilgrim Ancestors. He is described by the historian Goodwin as "an enthusiast." Azel Ames calls him "the most prominent and useful of any on the Mayflower." It is claimed that he was the first passenger to land on Plymouth Rock. He is the ancestor of our Grandmother Nancy and has been described in Chapter XII.

2—Edward Bangs, 1592-1678, a shipwright, came on the Anne at the age of thirty-five, was already married and had two children. His first wife, whose name is given by Goodwin as Rebecca, seems to have died quickly after arrival. Goodwin gives Lydia Hicks as the name of Edward's second wife. Sister Mary's notes give Mercy Hoskins as the mother of Mercy Bangs, Edward's daughter from whom we are descended. It looks as though Edward were married three times and that we are descended from his third wife

unless Mercy Hoskins was the wife of a son of Edward, an uncertain point. In 1644 several families removed from Plymouth to Cape Cod, the Bangs family among them. This exodus was deeply felt by the Plymouth Colony. Edward became one of the founders of Eastham. Edward's daughter, Mercy, married Stephen Merrick, a man of consequence, and Stephen and Mercy are the grandparents of Abigail Crossman, the grandmother of our Grandmother Nancy. We have the photograph of handsome Abigail Crossman from a painting by her grandson, Cephas Thompson. This is the earliest portrait we have of any of our American-born ancestors,—four generations earlier than myself.

3—John Billington, born 1630, Mayflower Pilgrim, the 26th signer of the Mayflower Compact, the ancestor of Lydia Wood, who was the grandmother of our Grandfather Isaac, has been called Billington, the Martyr. He was hung for the alleged murder of John Newcomen, who was interfering with Billington's hunting and hid behind a tree. Billington shot probably to frighten him, but hit his shoulder, and the wound proved fatal for lack of scientific care. Billington's offense would now be passed over as accidental, or as homicide by misdirection. It is claimed that the accuser of Billington was his undisguised enemy and that what was put into the records was from this poisoned source. The Plymouth Court did not know what to do with Billington, who said with truth that the colony could not afford to lose a strong industrious worker. The case was referred to the Massachusetts Bay Court, which returned its verdict that "Billington should die and the land be purged from blood;" accordingly the Plymouth officials carried out the dread sentence, although doubtless with heavy hearts. This was the first execution in Plymouth Colony. Thomas Morton says of Billington, "He was beloved by many," and it should not be forgotten that this signer of the Mayflower Compact, over whose memory a cloud has hung for three hundred years, shared in the terrors of that first winter of the historic little Republic, which has set the pace for our country's development, and in all its early sacrifices, it has never been said of him that he was a coward or laggard. He was

one of the seven well persons who tended the sick with the utmost faithfulness and kindness at that darkest point of the Colony's history, "performing duties which dainty and queasy stomachs cannot endure to hear named!" Posterity already doubts the wisdom of those who sent him to a felon's grave.

Annie Arnoux Haxtun comments as follows on Billington's fate, "The colonists were never without arms. Intuitively they sought them for every obstruction. There was the same wearing of arms on Newcomen's part and he might have fired the first shot as well as John Billington. I can but feel that his suffering the death penalty was the effect of the times. It is easy to imagine in the light of the present day a more lenient sentence."

4—Eleanor Billington, whose name is also written Helena and Elen, the wife of the above, came with her husband and two sons, John Jr., and Francis on the Mayflower, on which they had a cabin, an unusual privilege, the reason perhaps being that the Billingtons, who were from a high-up English family, had paid lavishly for this extra comfort. There is evidence that John had a brother, Francis, who went to John Smith's colony about the same time. The family in England spelled their name Bylington. They belonged to the Judges in the time of Henry VIII.

The boys caused anxiety; Francis fired off a loaded gun in the cabin, near a half barrel of powder, which might easily have blown up the ship. The next August, John, Jr., got lost in the woods for four days and a search party was sent for him, which found him among Indians by Buzzards Bay, whither he had wandered, living on berries which are abundant in August in that section. It is said that Governor Bradford, sorely against his desires, sent a shallop to fetch the boy back to Plymouth, having had word from Massasoit where he was. John, Jr., died in 1627 and doubtless his mother grieved for him, whether her neighbors did or not. What Eleanor suffered in connection with her husband's execution three years later can only be surmised. She lived on a farm called "Plain Dealing," two miles north of Plymouth Rock, and the records show that a controversy arose between her and Deacon Doane, who shared pasture privileges with her, and who brought a suit against her for slander

with the result that poor Eleanor was "fined £5 and to sit in the stocks and be publicly whipped." In 1638 Eleanor married Gregory Armstrong and their antenuptual contract is said to be the first on record in America. I cannot but hope that this second marriage brought some belated comfort to this storm-tossed ancestress of mine.

5—Francis Billington, 1608-1684, soon after his landing from the Mayflower, saw from the top of a tall tree a large sheet of water which he thought was the sea, and so reported it. On January 8, 1621, one of the master-mates of the Mayflower took a musket and went with Francis to find the sea he had discovered, which is now called Billington Sea and consists of two beautiful fresh water lakes near Plymouth. Some contend that the mate would not have gone with Francis alone, who was a mere boy, and that probably the father, John, went along. In 1634, Francis, then twenty-six years old, married Christian Penn Eaton and the pair had eight children, most of whom they were obliged to "bind out;" their financial struggle doubtless increased by the ostracism and infamy surrounding the family. One son, Joseph, was placed with John Cooke, and on account of frequent absences at which his parents were supposed to have connived, the court ordered that in case of future truancies both parents should sit in the stocks on lecture days. In later life we find Francis serving on committees and boards of reference which suggest that he had redeemed his standing in the community and Goodwin who speaks coldly of the Billingtons yet has the justice to add that "some of their descendants became worthy members of society." Francis left land to his daughter Martha, who married first, Samuel Eaton, and second, Robert Crossman, of a prominent family.

There are few people in America today by the name of Billington. The daughters of this family changed their names—gladly probably—by marriage. The sons, it would seem, changed their names purposely, perhaps, to Billings, and so the family put their infamy as far away as possible. However on this as on so many other sad stories of the past, history has reconstructed its verdict which now reads, "Society is the Real Criminal."

6th. Peter Brown, died 1634, the 33rd signer of the Mayflower Compact, a mechanic over twenty-five years of age, came to Plymouth unmarried in 1620. He is said to have been born in Yorkshire. He was a carpenter and a master-hand, whose skill added much to the comfort of the colony. On January 22, 1621 he was detailed with others to cut thatch for the cabins which were being constructed for the Pilgrim families. At the dinner hour Peter and John Goodwin, having two dogs with them, but no weapons except their sickles, chased a deer, and became lost in the woods where they were obliged to spend the night thinly clad, benumbed with cold and frightened with wild beasts. They found their way back to Plymouth the next day, ready to perish from exposure. Goodwin's feet were in such a condition that his shoes had to be cut away. He died two months later. The night they were gone, the roof of the community building, where the sick were being nursed, was destroyed by fire.

Peter in 1623 married widow Martha Ford. Their daughter, Mary Brown, is an ancestress of our Grandfather Isaac Thompson. After living several years in Plymouth, the family removed to Duxbury where Peter Brown is counted one of the early settlers. The careful and usually accurate historian, John A. Goodwin, says in 'The Pilgrim Republic" that one of these children is the ancestor of John Brown of Ossawatomie. The equally accurate and careful investigator, Oswald Garrison Villard, in his book, "John Brown," denies that Peter Brown left any male issue. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? There is a confusion of records owing to the fact that Peter had an older brother, John, who also lived in Duxbury and had male issue. Annie Arnoux Haxtun says that Peter had four children, the youngest, Peter Brown, Jr., born 1632, was a year old when his father died. He went at the age of twenty to Dartmouth, where he was one of the first purchasers. Later he moved to Windsor, Conn., where he united with the Church in 1662 and where he died in 1692, aged sixty, leaving an estate of £408. He was a miller.

The fact that John's great-grandfather, Peter Brown, of Windsor City, born 1632, was named Peter is to my mind

strong evidence that he was the son of Peter Brown of the Mayflower, and born of his second wife just two years before the death of the Pilgrim, but I have not gone through the genealogical records of those who claim the contrary, and so cannot speak with assurance on the matter.

My brother's statement in the quotation given at the close of this chapter that John Brown is a lineal descendant of Peter Brown, of the Mayflower, received strong presumptive confirmation from a letter John Brown wrote July 15, 1857, in which he calls himself a descendant on the side of his father of one of the company of the Mayflower who landed at Plymouth in 1620. It would seem that this Connecticut family's tradition of their origin only 237 years previous could be depended upon. However if I, in the face of conflicting opinions, cannot unqualifiedly claim John Brown as my distant cousin, I can at least offer here my tribute of sincere gratitude to the memory of one of America's greatest heroes, of whom Emerson wrote, "That new saint if he shall suffer, will make the gallows glorious like the cross." And who in the calm serenity with which he faced his death of infamy said, "I feel no shame on account of my doom. Jesus of Nazareth, was doomed in like manner. Why should not I be?"

"All through the conflict, up and down
Marched Uncle Tom and old John Brown
One ghost; one, form ideal;
And which was false and which was true
The wisest sibyl never knew
For both alike were real."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

His body lies in North Elba in the Adirondacks and his soul goes marching on forever.

7—Governor John Carver, first signer of the Mayflower Compact and first Governor of Plymouth Colony, we here list as an ancestor on the strength of the statement found in The Old Holland Bible that John Howland married a daughter of John Carver. Elizabeth Tilley, who married John Howland, and who is our ancestress, came with her

father, John Tilley, and her stepmother, Bridget Vandervelde, to Plymouth; her own mother died in Holland. It is probable that Elizabeth's own mother was a daughter of John and Katherine Carver.

John Carver died in April, 1621, four months and twenty days after he had without parade or oath of office been confirmed as Governor of the Colony to be founded. He had endeared himself by every act of those surrounding him, had borne the sorrows and burdens of the Pilgrims whether engaging in affairs of state, or working side by side in the fields with the humblest of the company. Everywhere the Governor bore his part asking no exemption by reason of his age of office. He is called "a gentleman of singular piety and rare for humility, and when his poor people were sick he shunned not to do mean service for the meanest of them." How the Colony mourned and missed him, history has not failed to record. His death was shortly after the Mayflower had sailed away from Plymouth, never to return to that port, as Clivate says, "They sent the Mayflower away, and went back, those stern strong men to their imperial labors."

Another event that took place just before Carver's death was his treaty with the Indian Chief Massasoit, accompanied with a feast and much ceremony. This was an important and necessary step. Carver's death was a terrible blow to the Colony. He came back from the field where he had led the work on an unusually hot day complaining of a terrific pain in his head. He soon became insensible and never rallied. He was a devoted leader who had been with the separatist movement from the first, even before the emigration to Leyden in 1608. He had been foremost in the arranging for the expedition to America, having had the work of fitting out the Mayflower with £700 worth of provisions and stores. No word of criticism has come down to us of the way he performed this trust. After landing at Plymouth his cares were intense, night and day, laborious in council, reducing matters to a system, nursing cabins full of sick as a brother of mercy, and using his fair estate for the public good for which he laid down his truly noble life.

8—Katherine Robinson Carver, wife of the above, did not long survive her illustrious husband, but was laid beside him

a few weeks later. She was frail of constitution, and mourning her husband, as one who would not be comforted, she found the struggle to live more than she could bear. In 1735 two skeletons of a man and woman were washed by a storm out of a grave. These were believed to belong to John and Katherine Carver. The male skeleton showed a remarkable forehead. They were reburied on Burial Hill, Plymouth.

Katherine Robinson Carver was undoubtedly the sister of Pastor John Robinson, who calls her in a letter to Carver, "Your good wife, my loving sister." His thrilling address to the Pilgrims as they sailed away comes ringing down to us saying, "God has much more light to break out of His holy word," and advising a large-hearted tolerance toward those of other religious beliefs. This doubtless accounted for the broader minds of the Pilgrims than those showed who settled at Massachusetts Bay.

> He spake! with lingering long embrace
> With tears of love and parting fond,
> * * * * * * * *
> The sails were set, the pennons flew
> And westward ho! for worlds unknown.
> OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

9—Francis Cooke, 1581-1663, "The Ancestor" and 17th signer of the Mayflower Compact, was an original member of Robinson's flock in England, who went to Holland in 1608. He is our progenitor by three lines, viz: His daughter, Mary Cooke, who married Lieut. John Thompson, is the ancestress of both Grandfather Isaac and Grandmother Nancy, and his son, John Cooke, is the ancestor of our Grandmother Abiah. Francis Cooke, a man of some private means, was prominent among the Pilgrim Fathers. He filled many public offices, and not a breath of blame attaches to his memory. He is a very honorable ancestor to have three lines of heredity leading back to him. We seem to be more descended from him and his wife than from any of the other twenty-six of our Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers. He was about thirty-eight years old when he came to America.

John Robinson's Prayer at Embarkation of Pilgrims.

His library consisted of "one Great Bible and four Olde Bookes." When he died he had been for years a great grandfather.

Francis Cooke was one of the Pilgrims who immediately occupied a very important place in Plymouth Colony as is proven by the accumulated records of his services and immense influence. It is said of him that he guided the ship of state with the sure judgment of his strong personality. He helped build a forty-ton vessel, the pride of the Colony. He was a man of decisive, but not arbitrary action, one who could see both sides of a question even against his own interests, a well-balanced character, a man with a fine reticence, which harks back to the literary and aristocratic character of the family connections in England. He died at the age of eighty-seven.

10—Hester Mahien Cooke did not come with her husband on the Mayflower, but was left in Leyden with her three youngest children in the care of the pastor until 1623 when she came with those children on the Anne. It is believed that Hester and all her children started for the new world on the Speedwell, but that when that ship had to return as unseaworthy, that it was thought best for Hester to remain in Holland with all the children except John, who went on the Mayflower with his father. This separation was doubtless a bitter trial to the whole family. She was a famous cook in a double sense as she was noted for her culinary skill. Some of her interesting recipes have been preserved, such as for mutton with cucumber sauce flavored with lemon, and another for "paloi," a dish consisting of rice and fowl. Hester was an artist in cookery and Francis is said not to have been late for his meals. She is called "The Walloon," as she belonged to the French Huguenot exiles who settled first at the Wall River, but later established a church at Leyden. After her marriage, Hester lived in one of the little cottages in the large garden at the back of Pastor Robinson's house, as Francis had lived with Robinson previously. After living in Plymouth a few years the Cooke family moved to Rocky Nook, now in the borders of Kingston. They kept closely together with a certain exclusiveness.

11—John Cooke, 1610-1694, the oldest son of Francis and Hester, came with his father on the Mayflower when he was about ten years old. He was so small that he was led by his father's hand when they landed at Plymouth. The fact that John was his father's only companion during the separation of the family, 1620-1623, greatly enhanced the intimacy between the two. Francis, although he had other sons, always referred to John as "my son." They were men of one mind. The Cookes were silk mercers by trade and probably brought a loom with them, but both Francis and John were also naval architects. John had the task assigned him in middle life of building a ferry between Dartmouth and Rhode Island. John and his father were also connected in civil offices. The Cookes seem to have been financially a well-to-do family. It seems a pity that no family association has been formed for the descendants of Francis Cooke, for it is said that "the Cookes connect everywhere." No more honorable Mayflower ancestors could be named than these, and their posterity is very numerous. It must have cost Hester a pang to see her brave little lad away on that untried adventure, and it must have been like heaven to them all when they were safely united again, two and a half years later, when the Anne came sailing into Plymouth.

Little John Cooke, our child Mayflower ancestor, when he grew up, married Sarah Warren, a child Pilgrim of the Anne. There is an interesting story of John's maturity, which does him credit. He was one of a committee appointed by the Plymouth Church to visit the Quaker meetings, which were being held at Duxbury, and directed to deal with the Quakers to persuade them from the error of their ways, from the Plymouth standpoint. John Howland, another ancestor of ours, was on the same committee.

They visited the Quaker meetings but instead of reproving them, they returned to Plymouth with a reproof to the Colony for its harsh laws against these sincere people. This report so angered the Plymouth Church that they excommunicated John Cooke, who thereupon withdrew from Plymouth altogether. He settled in Dartmouth in 1676 after which he joined the Baptists, and Reverend Backus, the Baptist historian, says of him, "John Cooke was a Baptist

preacher in Dartmouth for many years." He is called the Founder of Dartmouth. He was sent as a delegate to the Plymouth Court. Later he removed to Fair Haven and was buried eventually in Oxford village, where a monument marks his grave. He was the first white settler in Fair Haven, and the last male survivor of the Mayflower Company. He was a man of outspoken honesty of conviction and an ancestor to be proud of.

12—Martha Ford, Pilgrim of the Fortune, 1621, was a widow with two children who the night after her arrival at Plymouth, gave birth to a daughter, named Martha Ford, Jr., for her mother, and who was the first girl born in Plymouth Colony. In 1623 Martha Ford, Sr., was married to Peter Brown, Mayflower Pilgrim, and had two children by him. We are descended from their daughter, Mary Brown, an ancestress of Grandfather Isaac Thompson.

13—Robert Hicks, died 1648, Pilgrim of the Fortune, 1621, and ancestor of our Grandmother Abiah, came alone to America, his family following after two years. Hicks is considered by Goodwin to have been for a while a trouble-maker in that he was secretly informing the Adventurers of London of dissensions that arose in the internal working of the little Plymouth Republic, and thus creating unfavorable impressions abroad. Goodwin, however, says that later Hicks became a good colonist, and when he moved away in 1645 to become one of the founders of Eastham he presented the town of Plymouth with a cow-calf. We wonder if this was done as a balm to a troubled conscience, to atone for the anxiety he had caused the colony in earlier years. Robert Hicks was married twice. His first wife, Elizabeth Morgan died in England. His two sons by her were left in England when he came to America. One of them, Thomas, succeeded to his father's business in London. The other son, John, joined his father in New England later. This family had a distinguished ancestry. Sir Baptist Hicks of the third generation before Robert, was the owner of Camden Manor in Gloucester and had been created a baronet by James I. Robert Hicks is probably the ancestor of Elias Hicks, 1748-1830, a celebrated preacher, the founder of the Hicksite Quakers.

14—Margaret Hicks, second wife of the above, and Pilgrim of the Anne, 1623, brought three children with her, and after the reunion of the family became the mother of Phoebe Hicks, died 1665, their youngest child, who is our ancestress. Phoebe married George Watson and was the great-grandmother of Abiah Leonard of Hay Hall, Middleboro. Phoebe's older sister, Lydia, was the first wife of Edward Bangs, one of our Pilgrim ancestors, but Lydia Hicks is not our ancestress, as we are descended from Edward's third wife whose name was Mercy Hoskins.

15—John Howland, 1593-1687, the 13th signer of the Mayflower Compact, probably from the Essex Howland family in England, came to Plymouth as the "servant" or more properly the secretary of Governor Carver, to whom he was very likely related and certainly closely attached. John, "a lusty young man," ventured out on deck during the Mayflower's voyage when there was a heavy sea from the equinoxial storm and was "licked up on a wave and washed over board and nearly lost his life. He succeeded in catching hold of a coil of the top sail halyards which had also been washed over and trailed in the sea. Howland, though the waves rolled over him fathoms deep, kept his grip until hauled alongside where he was safely fished up with a boathook. A short illness was the result, but John was reserved for many a year of noble service to the Colony." From the first he was a man of standing and influence in the Colony, and with the exception of John Alden he was the last signer of the Mayflower Compact to die. He was one of the eight brave "undertakers" who assumed the debt of the Colony to the Adventurers of London, who were harrassing the little Republic, and his strong character shows itself in his taking the part of the Quakers at the Plymouth Court, and enduring harsh treatment himself at their hands for so doing. They had nine children. Their son, Isaac, was the famous marksman of Middleboro.

He had two spunky brothers, Henry and Arthur, and a still spunkier nephew, Zoeth Howland, all of whom with their wives were repeatedly fined for harboring Quakers, allowing Quaker meetings in their houses, and neglecting the services of the orthodox. Zoeth was even set in the

Howland House, Plymouth

Howland Association at Kingston Site

stocks for speaking disrespectfully of the clergy and their services.

The Howlands are supposed to show in an unusual degree certain genial traits of character and the descendants of Sergeant John Howland are sure that their ancestor was brave, honorable, cheerful and godly. There has been a Howland Association formed which owns the old Howland House in Plymouth.

This house, built about 1657, is probably the oldest one in Plymouth. It was owned by John Howland's son, Jabez, and John and Elizabeth, who lived only a few miles away, must often have been under their son's roof. The Howland Association has erected a beautiful memorial tablet on the site of the Howland home at Rocky Nook. It is a charming spot, and there is an old tree there under which some people believe that the little Howlands may have played.

16—Hon. John Jenny, died 1644, Pilgrim by the "Little James," 1623, is our ancestor by two lines, one leading to Grandfather Isaac and the other to Grandmother Abiah. He was a brewer and miller and had a grist-mill on Town Brook, but evidently had so many "irons in the fire"—in the water rather in this case—that we find him on record as indicted for not grinding well and seasonably. The people of Sandwich and Duxbury brought their grists to Jenny's Mill where the toll was a "pottle." In 1637 he had "a new barque" and in 1640 he joined in building another ship. He was a man of influence, a deacon in the church, was on the Governor's Council, 1637-39, and was a Representative in 1641. He seems to have been called away by death from the midst of the affairs of an active life, but he made a will before he died. Each of his executors is remembered by a gift of a nice pair of gloves in the will.

17—Sarah Carey Jenny, died 1656, wife of the above came to America with her husband and three children in the "Little James" in 1623. The Jennys—or as the name is sometimes written The Jennes—lived in Plymouth and in connection with the Hicks and Bangs families they had the use of "the great white-backed cow" after the cattle distribution. After her husband's death Sarah tried to carry on the mill herself,

but she was indicted once for not keeping the mill clean and she promised the Court to do better.

18—Abigail Jenny came with her parents in the "Little James," 1623. She married Henry Wood, who owned land in Carver, but the pair settled in Middleboro in 1655. They were ancestors of our grandfather Isaac. Abigail's sister, Sarah, our other ancestress from the Jenny family, was probably born in Plymouth after their arrival in America. Sarah married Thomas Pope, who has a recalcitrant record in the Plymouth Court, on one occasion being fined "for striking Record's wife," and on another occasion fined "for villifying the minister." We also read of him that he owned two slaves, probably Indians who had been taken captive during King Philip's War. We know that such captives were made slaves and that the colony finally ordered the colonists to dispose of them. We do not know just what was done with them, but quite likely some of them were sold into slavery in the Bermudas. When Daniel Leonard was magistrate there a hundred years later, he found descendants of King Philip's son who had been sold there as a slave from Plymouth Colony. Thomas Pope and Sarah Jenny are ancestors of our Grandmother Abiah. Sarah died in 1656, leaving an estate of £248.

19—William Mullins, died February 21, 1621, or Molines, as the name is sometimes written was the 10th signer of the Mayflower Compact. This family came from the old Molyneaux Castle in Normandy, the name signifying "the mill by the water." Some of this family went to England in 1066 with William the Conqueror, and others remained in Normandy until the persecution of the Huguenots drove them to Leyden. There is a difference of opinion as to which branch of the family William Mullins belonged. Azel Ames, who wrote "The Log of the Mayflower," believes that he was a well-conditioned merchant from Surrey, England. His nuncupative will speaks of a married daughter and an adult son, William, both in England. Jane Austin and Annie Arnoux Haxton believe (and I am inclined to agree with them) that William Mullins, Pilgrim, came from Normandy. This is favored by the tradition that the family spoke three languages, French, Dutch, and English; also the family are

classed as Huguenots by Dr. Charles Baird in his book, "Huguenot Emigration to America." This points to a recent connection with France. Pilgrim William died on the Mayflower February 21, 1621, being too ill to land. He was "a steadfast soul," the first victim of the great sickness. His death was due to exposure and fatigue due to his severe labors in helping to find Plymouth as the site for the great enterprise. Governor Carver took his will down by dictation and it was witnessed by the ship's officials. It is recorded of William Mullins that "he was pious and well-deserving, endowed with considerable outward estate, and had it been the will of God that he had survived might have proven a valuable instrument."

20—Alice Mullins, the wife of the above, soon followed her husband to the grave, and her heart must have been wrung with sorrow to leave her young son and daughter in such wild and desolate surroundings. Joseph, then a little over sixteen years old, was probably ill when his mother died, and that fact must have added to her grief and anxiety. She is another of the famous French cooks that we find among our ancestresses. Her skill in making "buns, biscuits, comfits, carraways and cracknels" has been recorded of her.

21—Priscilla Mullins, died after 1687, our most celebrated ancestress was left alone in a strange land by the deaths of both parents and her brother, soon after her arrival at Plymouth. Tradition paints her as very beautiful, of dark complexion, slender and graceful. Her marriage to John Alden has been chronicled in Chapter XII. One must pause here for reflection. William and Alice Mullins passed out of life under a deep cloud. They very likely felt that their coming to a new world had been a ghastly mistake. If the veil of the future could have been lifted, if they could have seen their Priscilla a year or so later, as the bride of the handsome favorite of the Mayflower Company, and in after years the proud mother of an illustrious family of eleven children, destined to be the ancestress of Presidents, poets, and authors of distinction, if they could have seen the multitudes of little Priscillas to be named for their beautiful daughter, and the greater multitudes of men and women

who say with glowing hearts today, "We are the descendants of John and Priscilla Alden," would they have been comforted? Would they have been so sure that their great adventure was a mistake? How little we are able to determine what are mistakes after all! We are reminded of the words of the Patriarch Joseph who comforted his repentant brothers, saying "God meant it unto Good" and we smile: "To think God's greatness flows around our incompleteness." Even that most hideous crime of all history, the Crucifixion, has been transmuted by the Divine Alchemy into the greatest uplifting force that this sorrow-laden world knows anything about.

The veil was not lifted for William and Alice Mullins. They passed out in the midnight blackness of the eclipse of hope, not having been able to do one stroke of work for the enterprise for which their lives were sacrificed. No others among our twenty-eight Pilgrim ancestors were so summarily dealt with by Providence. Even Governor Carver and Catherine, his wife, who died in the spring, were able to take a useful part in the inception of the colony's establishment. Nevertheless, William Mullin's name, as one of the signers of the immortal Mayflower Compact, and as the father of Priscilla, the favorite heroine of American Romance is indelibly inscribed on the Page of History.

Priscilla brought with her in the Mayflower the old Dutch doll she had played with as a child. This was always treasured in the Alden family. Priscilla evidently had learned from her mother the arts of cookery. She used to send some of her viands to the annual fair in Duxbury after 1638. Some of her recipes have been preserved. John and Priscilla lived for each other, and together bought up religiously their family of eleven children teaching them the catechism and requiring their attendance at the long preaching services of the church. They went out together in their old age for the last time to Josias Winslow's funeral, Priscilla on John's arm.

22—Christian Penn, who arrived on the Anne in 1623, was one of the few single women who came on the Pilgrim ships, the females on these being mostly either married women, or adolescent children. Perhaps Christian knew

when she came that she was soon to become the third wife of Francis Eaton. It looks as though her marriage to him had been arranged beforehand by letter. Her elderly husband did not long survive his third marriage and his young widow was married in 1634 to Francis Billington. This was probably a love-match, otherwise Christian would not have been willing to become a member of the disgraced and ostracised Billington family. Sorrows thickened around this pair who had eight children they could not support. That Christian should have been obliged to see her children "bound out" into unsympathetic families must have been an overwhelming trial.

23—Moses Simmonds was a Pilgrim of the Fortune, 1621. One record says that he had a son, Moses, Jr., who married a certain Sarah of Duxbury—surname unknown—and that Sarah and Moses, Jr., were the parents of Mary Simmonds who became the wife of Joseph Alden, our ancestor, Priscilla's favorite son. Goodwin, the historian, however asserts that Mary Simmonds was "the daughter of Moses Simmonds, the Pilgrim," and from a comparison of the dates I am convinced that Goodwin is right, and that if there were any such person as Moses, Jr., he is a myth as far as our ancestry is concerned. Moses Simmonds was one of the fifty-six original proprietors of Bridgewater of whom we have several in our ancestry. Like the Indian arrow heads in the soil of our native town, they frequently turn up. Our ancestors, Solomon Leonard and Moses Simmonds, must have been close neighbors in Duxbury before they removed to Bridgewater on a new life adventure.

24—John Tilley, died 1621, was a silk-worker in Leyden about 35 years old, and was a Pilgrim of the Mayflower and sixteenth signer of the Mayflower Compact. He died in the first sickness about four and a half months after their arrival in Plymouth. The records say, "John Tilley took the original of his death on the expedition of the ten principal men" (this was in the search for a suitable site for the planting of the colony). The records add, "His work was daily, hourly, in the colonies till the seal of eternal rest was placed upon him." His second wife, Bridget Vandervelde, died also, leaving Elizabeth, the fourteen-year-old daughter

by a former marriage, alone in the world. John had a married brother, Edward, also on the Mayflower. The Tilleys seem to have come early to Holland from Scrooby, England. It is known that John's daughter, Elizabeth, who came with him on the Mayflower was the child of a former wife, who had died in Holland. Elizabeth was fourteen years old when she came to America. It is believed from the record in the old Holland Bible that her mother was a daughter of John Carver. The Leyden records give the date of John Tilley's marriage to Bridget as 1615—therefore she could not have been the mother of Elizabeth, who was probably born in Scrooby in 1607. The old Hartford Bible calls her the granddaughter of Governor Carver.

25—Elizabeth Tilley, 1606-1687, daughter of the above, was married before 1624 to John Howland, the secretary and close friend of her grandfather, John Carver. Lamb's Biographical Dictionary says mistakenly that Elizabeth was left in England. Our Grandmother Abiah is descended from her by two lines. Her daughter, Desire, was named for Elizabeth's early friend, Desire Minter, a young girl employed in Governor Carver's family. It would seem that after the deaths of John Tilley and his wife, that Elizabeth Tilley went to live with her grandparents, the Carvers, so that the two young girls would be intimately thrown together. Desire, however, returned to England soon after the death of her mistress, Katherine Carver. This parting was a heart-breaking sorrow to Elizabeth whose affection found expression in the naming of her eldest daughter. Desire Minter died early and the girl friends never met again. Elizabeth's daughter, Desire, married a tanner of Plymouth named John Gorham, the records concerning whom are both interesting and instructive. They show that he was a brave soldier in the Indian Wars, who died from exposure in the campaign away from home, but on one occasion he was fined by the Court forty shillings for visiting a certain woman named Blanche Hall at "an unseemly hour, that is in the middle of the night." For receiving his visit Blanche was fined fifty shillings, probably an instance of "the double standard" and because it was considered that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

John Gorham is recorded after his death as "an Exemplary Christian," so it seems that society forgave him for his indiscretion. Whether Blanche Hall was similarly forgiven deponent saith not. "I hae mè doots." John Gorham and Desire Howland are the ancestors of Elizabeth Bourne, a grandmother of our Grandmother Abiah.

John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley had another daughter named Hope. What pretty names they chose for their daughters. Hope Howland married Elder John Chipman who had come to America in 1637 at the age of sixteen as servant to a cousin, whose father, John Chipman always believed, had cheated him out of his rightful paternal inheritance. Elder John Chipman became a yeoman and carpenter, and held many public offices, particularly in connection with the church, which on one occasion appointed him to labor with the Quakers and persuade them from the error of their ways. We do not learn either that he succeeded in this or that he had the courage and liberality to defend the Quakers to those who sent him, as his father-in-law John Howland had done when appointed to a like task. The records show that in 1669 Chipman was granted by the Court 100 acres of land between Taunton and Titicut. Hope Howland named one of her daughters Desire for her sister, who died in the same year as herself, 1683. Both these sisters are ancestors of Grandmother Abiah through Elizabeth Bourne.

26—Richard Warren, died 1628, called "the grave," was the twelfth signer of the Mayflower Compact, and came to Plymouth in 1620 without his family, having left his wife and children behind in Holland. He was probably over 45 when he came, a notable man who held various offices of public trust, and no breath of blame has ever attached to him. He is called "a useful instrument who during his life bore a deep share in the difficulties and troubles of this first settlement." He is said to be of undoubted royal pedigree from Charlemagne. He had two sons who probably joined him in Plymouth in 1621, the rest of the family coming two years later. Another record says that these sons were born in Plymouth after the reunion of the family. There is a confusion between the records of this family and another

family of the same name in Plymouth.

27—Elizabeth Jouatt Warren, 1577-1673, wife of the above, came with her five daughters on the Anne, 1623. We are told that Elizabeth had "a pedigree" which implies something very interesting for some future historian to discover. Richard probably married her in Holland, having come unmarried from England with the earliest Separatists. Mrs. Warren died at the rare age of ninety-three "and was borne up burial hill on the twenty-second day after her death"—no explanation of this—the Colonial record says of her, "having lived a godly life, she came to her grave as a shock of corn fully ripe."

28—Sarah Warren, daughter of the above, and child-Pilgrim of the Anne, was one of the five girls that Mrs. Warren brought with her in 1623. We may hope that when the five were all chattering at once like magpies around their father whom they had not seen for three years that for once he forgot to be "the grave" Richard Warren. In 1634 Sarah married John Cook, another child Pilgrim and the pair went later to Dartmouth and later still were the first white settlers in Fair Haven.

As we close this summary we are reminded of the story of a little girl who when asked in school "Who came on the Mayflower?" replied, "My ancestors and a few other people." We append here the conclusion of a paper presented by our only brother on the Forefather's Day Observance in Elyria, Ohio, December 21, 1911.

The Pilgrims as Citizens
(By James Henry Leonard)

Their sons and daughters went south and west and spread themselves through every state and city and hamlet in this fair land, and wherever they went, they shouted their principles, "Freedom, Equality, Righteousness. Down with oppression, monopoly and wrong." And they impressed themselves in a marked degree upon the institutions of this country. Early they persuaded the Puritans to adopt both Congregationalism and the town meeting, and they largely inspired the colonies to the struggle for independence. Their names were prominent among the signers of the Declaration

of Independence, and their voices in the halls of the Continental Congress. In all the great struggles for freedom, equality and righteousness which our country has known, the sons of the Pilgrims have been in the war, and their names have been prominent among the leaders. It is this which has made their name honored. It is this which has given them prestige and renown.

Do I need to prove it? Do you ask me who they are? Shall I read their names, in fifteen minutes? Fifteen weeks would not suffice. They are hosts on hosts. But the names of a few will be enough to prove my case. Perhaps you may recognize having heard the names before.

Who rocked the cradle of liberty, Old Faneuil Hall, when the child of Independence was reared? John Adams, James Otis, Josiah Quincy, Roger Sherman, John Hancock, Sons of the Pilgrims, and when Oppression's blackest blot of human slavery was wiped from the escutcheon of our country, who led in the cleansing? John Brown of Ossowatomie, calmly feeling the pulse of his dying son with one hand, while he fired the trusty rifle with the other, at Harpers' Ferry. Who was he? Lineal descendant of Peter Brown of the Mayflower. Wendall Phillips, rotten egged and mobbed, yet calling, as with a silver bugle, the hosts of freedom to the conflict. William Lloyd Garrison, martyr to the cause of freedom; Henry Ward Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Julia Ward Howe, with breath and paper blowing the spark of Freedom to a flame. Who were they? All Sons and Daughters of the Pilgrims.

When we think of the sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, we seldom turn our eyes southward, but though comparatively few, they are sprinkled over the southland, and are doing valiant work for humanity, equality and right.

Among the honored names of Southerners, none have been more prominent or more honored than that of Lee. In the early days of the colonial history, a daughter of Isaac Allerton of the Mayflower, married Hancock Lee of Virginia, and through her the great Virginia families of the Ditchley Lees, the Cookes, Colstons, Corbins, Traverses, and Willoughbys trace their ancestry to the Mayflower Pilgrims.

And the immortal Lincoln, born among the poor whites of

Kentucky. Who was he? His mother was Nancy Hanks, descended from the Pilgrims. And who have been prominent in religious reform calling men from sin to righteousness? Samuel Hopkins, Mark Hopkins, Timothy Dwight, Jonathan Edwards, Charles Finney, Dwight L. Moody. Who are these? Sons of the Pilgrims, all.

But I have named enough. I have proved my case. In the reform movements of our country, Pilgrim blood has been prominent in the leaders. At least eight presidents, the sainted Garfield among them, many members of the Supreme Court, Marcus Whitman saving Oregon, and hosts on hosts of others working in various ways for the cause of freedom, equality and righteousness, are descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers.

But their work is not done. There is still much to be done to eradicate ills of intemperance, prejudice and greed. The colonies could only be induced to partially adopt the pure democracy of the Pilgrims. They had to fetter it with representative government and party government to give greed and monopoly a chance. But, thank God, the sons of the Pilgrims are still afield, they are striving yet, and they will not cease till their task is done. They are coming closer to the pure democracy of the fathers. The referendum and recall are sheaves in their harvest, and they will yet garner from the fields where the weeds of monopoly and race prejudice grow rank and tall, other fair sheaves of equal rights for all men.

"As countless as thy sands, O Rock
Are the hardy sons of the Pilgrim Stock,
And the tree they reared in the days gone by,
It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die."

THE END

Index of Persons

Numbers Refer to Pages

Adams
  Alfreda, 114
  John, 18, 23, 56, 108
Alden
  Abigail, 107
  David, 108
  Elizabeth, 107
  John, 2, 55, 103-7, 108
  Jonathan, 108
  Joseph, 108, 109
  Mary, 108
  Priscilla, 107
  Ruth, 108
  Sarah, 108
  Zachariah, 108
Alfred the Great, 197
Allen, Benjamin, 8
Allerton, Mary, 111
Andrews
  Daniel Keith, 171
  Edmund 30
  Elva Cornelius, 171
  John, 30
  Mary, 30
Anne of Cleves, 176
Anthony, Susan B., 166
D'Audley, Hugh, 173
Austin, Jane, 109
Bachelor
  Charlotte, 110
  Cyrus, 110
Backus, Elder, 33, 35, 120
Baker, Sarah T., 50
Bangs, Edward, 110, 210
  Mercy, 212
Barney, Ann, 19
Barrows
  Barbara, 95
  Chester, 95
  Ellen H., 95
  Louise, 95
Bartlett
  Abigail, 78
  Helen, 78
  Henry, 78
  Horace, 78
  Jane, 78
Bassett
  George, 124
  Hannah, 48, 49
  Jonathan, 48
  Nathan, 114
  Sally, 48
Beauchamp, Eliz., 172, 173, 192
Bell
  James, 29
  Mary, 29
Bewley, Margaret, 142
Bigelow, Eliza, 101
Billington
  Eleanor, 210
  John, 85, 104, 210
  Mary, 85
Blossom, Eliza S., 122
Bludworth, Ann, 42
Bonney
  Anna, 45

Elvira T., 129
George, 45, 129
Bourne
Annie Z., 70
Elizabeth, 74, 76
Henry, 67, 69
John, 76
Melatiah, 76
Richard, 70, 74, 75
Shear-Jashub, 76
Thomas, 67, 69, 70
Bower, Madeline, 50
Braley
Abner L., 103, 104, 112
Carrie L., 112, 133, 138
Charlotte, 112
Henry K., 112, 113
Margery P., 112
Samuel Tripp, 113
Braose, Wm. de, 172
Brown
Helen, 68
Mary, 85, 215
Myrta, 69
Peter, 26, 85, 104, 221
Bryant
Charles, 87
William Cullen, 108
Burgess
Martha, 69
Zeruiah, 68
Campbell, Alexander, 39
Capehart, Sarah W., 26
Capetian Kings, 173
Carlyle, Thomas, 210
Carver
Clifford, 41
John, 104, 216
Katherine, 218
Theodore, 41
Chandler
Phoebe, 6, 7
Roger, 6
Sarah, 5, 6
Chapman
Effie M., 39
Margaret S., 39
Charlemagne, 18, 192, 197
Childs
Albert L., 154
Elizabeth L., 138, 139
Mary L., 155, 138, 139
Nina L., 47, 138
Truman, D., 138, 139
Wilfred L., 154
Chipman
Desire, 76
George, 123
John, 229
Hasadiah, 123
Isabella, 123
Church, Richard, 81
Churchill, Charles, 151
de Clare, Gilbert, 173
Clark, Mehitible, 56
Clay, Henry, 23
Clement, 143
Cobb
Crocker, 114
Lucy, 92
Conant
Mrs. Ira, 42
Oliver, 41
Connor, Josie, 122
Cooke
Francis, 104, 219
Hester Mahien, 219
John, 214, 220

Mary, 81, 218
Corey, Francis E., 39
Cornwallis, 26
Cotton
Elizabeth, 67
John, 74
Crane, Joshua, 8, 24, 111
Crocker, Bathsheba, 67
Cromwell, Oliver, 176
Crompton, Katherine, 169
Crossman
Abigail, 110, 212
Robert, 214
Cushman
Anne, 113
Elinor, 114
Freeman, 114
Hannah, 111, 113
Joseph, 114
Leonidas, 114
Nathaniel, 113
Sarah, 111
Dacre, 20, 43
Joan, 174
Thomas, 183
Daggett
Emeline, 126
Thomas, 126
Daniels
Charles, 114
Edward, 114
James, 114
Dawson, William, 82
Dean (or Deane)
Hannah, 30
Job, 49
Judith W., 49
William R., 14
Zephaniah, 49
Zilpah, 30
Deighton, Jane, 29
Deland, Thomas, 108
Depew, Chauncey, 122
Despenser, Hugh, 173, 202
Dexter
Elijah, 58, 143
Henry M., 58, 143
Le Baron, 140
Richard, 59
Thankful, 59
Dimmick, Minerva, 51
Drum
Edith L., 40
Leonard, 40
Margaret, 40
Warren, 40
Duston, Hannah, 3, 4
Eaton
Christian Penn, 227
Francis, 105, 227
Edgerton, Kenneth B., 171
Edward I (King), 173
Edward II (King), 173, 202
Edward III (King), 202
Edwards Owen, 178
Eleanor of Castile, 201
Eliot
George, 36
John, 9, 74
Lydia, 9
Philip, 9
Elizabeth (Queen), 174
Emerson, R. W., 165
Emery, 12
Emmons
Francis, 39
Julia, 39
Ezekiel, 91

Farnham, Charlotte, 51, 146
Fiennes
  John de, 175
  Margaret, 43, 175, 192
  Richard, 174
  Roger, 176
  Thomas, 176
Fisher
  Chester Irving, 142
  Clara L., 146
  Gertrude G., 158
  Irving L., 156, 157
  Louise, 157
Fiske
  Henry, 37
  Sally, 37
Fobes
  John, 2, 14
  Perez, 14, 22
Ford, Martha, 26, 215, 221
Franklin, Benj. 23, 71
Frazier, Ella, 95
French, Margery, 95
Frost, Wm. G., 53, 55
Frye, James, 111
Fuller (Mrs. of Acushnet), 58
Gage, Thomas E., 68
Gaveston, Piers, 173
Gay, Ebenezer, 123
George, Henry, 159
Gibbs, Victor, 68
Goodell, Robert, 55
Goodenough
  Aubrey W., 103, 163
  Aura, 163
  Caroline L., 146, 150
  Carolyn Lilian, 171
  Charles D., 169
  David L., 167
  Edith Dora, 170
  Eone, 162
  Herbert Delos, 133, 147-149, 150, 151
  Herbert Harold, 161
  Kenneth Williams, 159
  Leonard Delos, 159
  Maurice Herbert, 168
  Silvia Hope, 168
  William Delos, 159
Goodwin, John A., 15, 75, 109, 215
Gordon, Mrs. Hector, 5
Green
  Andrew, 64
  Sarah, 39
  Anthony, 28
  Lydia, 28
Gurney, Anna F., 66
Hall
  Blanche, 228
  Delia, 61
  George, 29
  Hannah, 47
  Joseph, 28-30
  Mary, 28-31, 39, 109, 120, 139
  Peris, 30
Hallet
  Abigail, 108
  Andrew, 74
  Bathsheba, 74
Hammond, Bethua, 60
Hanks, Nancy, 206
Hanna (Mrs.), 33
Hardy
  Elizabeth, 54
  John, 54
Harris, Benj. W., 10

Hartshorn, Cora Gay, 122
Haskell
Abiah, 26, 53, 58, 59, 78, 79, 88
Abigail, 88
Almira, 67
Ashtaroth, 72
Burnette, 72
Charles, 93, 94
David, 56
Ebenezer, 65-68
Edward, 70
Edward G., 58, 59
Edward W., 72
Elisha, 72, 73
Elizabeth, 92, 101, 136
Elmira, 73
Elnathan, 60, 61
Ephraim, 65, 66
Eugenia, 61, 62
Franklin, 73
George, 73
George, B., 55, 63-69
George E., 64, 93
George H., 73
Henry, 93, 95
Hiram, 56
Hope, 67
Ira, 56
Israel, 92
James, 60
Jesse, 66, 68, 69
Joanna, 63, 65, 93
Job, 58
John Cotton, 93
John Swift, 77
John (2), 54
John (3), 56, 57, 63
Joseph, 61-63, 101
Julia, 61
Leonard, 59
Lois, 77
Lot, 67, 92, 95
Louisa, 67
Lucretia, 95, 96
Lucy, 92
Lydia, 56
Mark (Elder), 27, 58, 65, 71-74
Mark (2), 54, 55
Mark (3), 57, 58, 63, 67
Mary, 35, 56, 92
Moses, 58
Nathan, 60
Nathaniel, 61, 71, 72
Patty, 92
Paul, 65
Phoebe, 53, 63, 67, 79, 92, 93
Robert, 95
Roger (3), 56, 63, 65, 76
Roger (5), 56, 72, 74
Royal, 69
Roxallana, 59
Samuel, 65, 71, 72
Sarah, 56, 66, 69
Seth, 58-60, 72
Silas, 73
Thomas, 58, 74
Thomas Nelson, 73
Timothy, 56
Ulysses, 54
Wm., 53, 62, 67, 92
Wm. Fred, 95
Wm. Prince, 95
Zachariah, 56
Zebulon, 59, 60, 72, 74, 77, 80, 88

Hathaway, Mary, 103
Hawkes, Adam, 11
Hawkins, Hope, 26
Haxtun, Annie A., 213
Hay
  Charles, 36
  John, 35, 37
Henry I (King), 197
Henry II (King), 179, 198
Henry III (King), 180, 200
Henry VIII (King), 176
Herleve, 196
Herring Bathsheba, 206
Herst, Wm. de, 180
Hicks
  Elias, 221
  Margaret, 211
  Phoebe, 222
  Robert, 15, 211, 221
Hinckley
  Mercy, 76
  Samuel, 76
Hitchcock, Annie, 70
Holmes
  Abraham, 2, 68, 89
  Anna, 62, 68, 97, 98
  Charles, 67, 68
  Jennie, 122
  Lincoln, 68
  Mary, 68
  Oliver Wendall, 216, 219
Hodges, Charity, 25
Hoskins, Mercy, 212
Howard
  Abigail, 78
  Betsey, 77, 78
  Charles, 77
  Edwin, 77
  Horatio, 77
  Isabelle, 77, 78
Howland
  Arthur, 222
  Desire, 228
  Elizabeth, 223
  Hope, 229
  Isaac, 83
  Jabez, 223
  John, 60, 76, 104, 112, 222
  Zoeth, 222
Huguenots, 209
Hull, Isaac, 16
Hutchinson, 19
Ireland, Wm., 85
Isabella (Queen), 176
Jackson, Andrew, 16, 23
Jefferson, Thomas, 23
Jenny
  Abigail, 211
  John, 86, 211
  Sarah, 211
Jesus, 139, 144, 146
John (King), 175, 199
Johnston, Mary C., 144
Joslyn, Annie, 69
Keen, 151
Keith
  James, 3, 111
  Roland, 3
Kett, Robert, 205
Kinzo, 24
Koster, Fanny Leonard, 15, 24
Lacy
  Henry de, 178
  Maude de, 178
Lay, Wilfred, 22
Leach
  Alice Frye, 111
  Mrs. Alphy, 42, 127, 139

Carrie Ward, 112
Edward, 111, 112
Elizabeth, 111
Katherine, 111
Philander, 111, 112
Sarah Cushman, 112
Lee, Alice, 73
Leonard
Abiah, 26-28, 71, 72
Abiel, 20, 21
Abigail, 16, 18
Alvin, 9
Amelia, 5
Anna, 38, 39
Benjamin, 9, 40
Bernard, 35, 37, 39, 42, 48, 124
Caleb, 42-52, 118, 124
Caroline L., 125, 146
Charles, 19, 20, 39
Charles C., 4
Charles F., 46, 52
Charles M., 38, 158
Clara F., 78, 139, 141, 142
Clarinda, 41
Dan, 9
Daniel, 18-20, 40, 224
David, 9, 30-37, 52
David A, 35, 47-52, 120
Donna Jean, 159
Edgar F., 5
Edith, 53, 85-94, 102, 118, 130, 143
Edward, 40
Eliphalet, 12
Elizabeth, 28-30
Elizabeth M., 47, 51, 137-139
Elkanah, 15, 25, 59, 71
Emma F., 39, 116, 123, 131, 137, 140
Ephraim, 20
Fanny, 39, 49
George, 15-19, 178
George W., 48-51, 124
Hannah, 21, 24, 46
Hasadiah, 14
Helen, 36
Helen Louise—See picture of Lillian Russell
near p. 28
Henry, 11-13, 40
Herman C., 24
Jacob, 6-10
James (1), 11-19, 21-31, 40, 71, 126
James (2), 21-28, 107
James H., 37, 142
James M., 1, 123-141
Jane N., 1, 88, 101, 130, 133, 139, 143, 150
Jennie T., 101, 153
John, 4-6
Jonathan, 9, 34
Joseph, 7-10, 33
Levi, W., 7
Linus, 40-48, 124
Manning, 14, 37-42
Mary, 40-48
Mary Claire, 159
Mary Hall, 1, 34, 42, 124, 129, 139-141, 154
Moses, 6
Nahum, 10, 32
Nancy T., 1, 117-128, 140
Nathan B., 6
Olive, 45-50, 118-129
Park, 5

Philander, 5
Philip, 11, 14
Rice, 14
Richard M., 43, 159
Sally, 45, 49
Samson, 177
Samuel, 3-14
Sarah, 10, 40
Seth, 6, 9
Simeon, 9, 10
Solomon, 2-14, 31-43, 227
Spencer, 6
Stephen, 13, 22
Stephen Banks, 21-24
St. Leonard, 177
Thomas, 11, 25
Truman, 4, 5
Uriah, 24
Vernera, 40
Virginia, 40
Wm. Andrew, 22, 24
Wm. B., 23
Wm. Ellery, 14
Zenus, 14, 35-48, 120
Zephaniah, 21, 22, 107
Lewis
Caroline, 68
Winnifred, 53, 62, 67, 134
Lincoln
Abraham, 23, 30, 36, 204, 207
Hannah, 30
Robert, 204
Samuel, 205
Thomas, 30, 205
Little, Isaac, 54
Llewelyn, Gladys, 179
Llewelyn the Great, 178
Lloyd, W. A., 57
Longfellow, H. W., 106
Longworth, Alice R., 73
Lothrop
Hannah, 48
Timothy, 48
Louis, Saint of France, 175
Lugg, Esther, 29
Lyon, Mary, 134
Malcolm III, 197
Marshall
Isabel, 180
William, 179
Martin, Mary, 11, 15
Mary (Queen of Scots), 174
Mason, 151
Massasoit, 2, 13, 217
McCann
Dorothy E., 158
Gertrude F., 158
Wm. Sharp, 158
Wm. Jr., 158
McKeage, Everette, 159
Medland
Emma Isabel, 171
Robert, 171
Merrick, Stephen, 212
Mitchell, Nahum, 10
Monceaux, 176
Maude de, 180
Waleran de, 180
Montfort, Simon de, 175
Moore, Mary, 60
Morris, Wm., 25
Mortimer, Roger, 172, 175, 192
Morton
Mary, 28, 143
Nathaniel, 143
Mullins

Alice, 211
Joseph, 105
Priscilla, 105, 211, 225
William, 105, 211
Napoleon, 61
Neff, Mary, 4
Nelson
Abiah, 27, 58, 72, 89
John, 26, 27
Judith, 72
Thomas, 26
William, 26
Neville
Edward, 172
Gilbert, 181
Mary, 177
Ralph, 181
Richard, 181
Nevius
Jane, 68
Louisa, 68, 97
Miriam, 68
Stillwell, 68
Richmond, 68
Newcomen, John, 213
Newton, James K., 9
Orcutt
Martha, 7
Susanna, 3
Oskitel, 53, 80
Ousamequin, 2
Packard
Elinor, 122
John, 8
Loring B., 122
Louise, 77
Mary, 8, 9
Nathaniel, 8, 23
Samuel, 8
Sumner, 77
Page, Annie L., 114
Paine
Adelia, 122
Antoinette, 122
Bernard, 122
Clementine, 121, 122
Edward, 122
Frederick, 122
Grace, 122
Helen, 122
Isidore, 122
Levi, 121
Leonard, 122
Mary, 122
Robert Treat, 19
Parler, Susanna, 85
Paybody
Elizabeth A., 126
William, 127
Payson, Harriet, 70
Pearl
Corice C., 170
Florence, 162
Gertrude, 166
Peck, Robert, 206
Peckham, Dorothy, 60
Penn, Christian, 211, 226
Perkins, Judith, 18
Percy, Wm. de, 182
Philip (King), 3, 14, 75, 82 224
Phillippa (Queen), 203
Phillippe I of France, 197
Phillips
Alice, 109
Hannah, 109
Nicholas, 109
Pickens

Abiah H., 89
Benjamin, 59
Pierce, Polly, 35
Pocahontas, 105
Pole, Elizabeth, 10
Pool
David, 10
Isaac, 10
Pratt
Anna, 68
Frankie, 41
Henry W., 41
Wm. Henry, 41
Raeder, Louise, 154
Randall
Lucia, 95
Lucretia, 95
Robert, 94, 95
Remching, Eliz., 204
Ripley
Frederick, 77
Helen, 77
Lois, 77
Molbry, 77
Robbins, 65
Robert of Normandy, 176
Roosevelt, T., 36, 73
Ruggles
Bathsheba, 64
Harriet, 70
Micah, 72
Timothy, 56, 64
Russell, Donna, 158
Russell, Lillian (Stage name, see picture) near p. 28
Rust
Mary L., 5
Schuyler Leonard, 5
Sampson, Deborah, 26
Savery, Rufus, 57, 67
Scott
Lucy Weld, 69
Walter (Sir), 174
Shaw, Lloyd, 30
Sherman, Susanna, 60
Shurtleff, Robert, 26
Silvania, Doodoo, 134
Simmonds
Mary, 108
Moses, 108, 211, 227
Skiff, Bathsheba, 76
Smith, Mary, 55
Snell, Anna, 108
Soule
Patience, 54
Sarah, 86
Southworth
Constant, 109
Mary, 108
Spencer, W. R., 179
Sperry, Esther H., 22
Spooner
Bathsheba, 64
Frances, 40
Mary, 71
Thomas, 40
Sprague, Ruth, 56
Stafford, Robert, 182
Standish
Alexander, 108
Miles, 2, 108
Stetson
Delia P., 46
Edward P., 112
Stewart, Mary, 40
Stone, 133
Sturtevant
Deborah, 86, 110, 118

Lucy, 86, 95, 110
Samuel, 86
William, 95
Styvesant, Peter, 86
Swift
Abigail, 74, 76, 78
Joane, 92
Joanna, 63
Jonathan, 74, 76
Tabor
Elizabeth, 76
Thomas, 76
Tatem, Minnie, 60
Taylor, Lilla, 95
Thomas
David, 109
Noah, 109
Rebecca, 57
William, 111
Thompson
Abiah, 59, 89, 91, 109
Abigail, 89, 90, 98
Caleb, 109, 110
Cephas, 45-52, 82-86, 110-120, 129
Elvira, 45, 129
Ezra, 90, 100
Hannah, 110, 111
Isaac, 1, 81-91, 102-110, 118
Jacob, 84, 109, 110
Jane N., 1, 57, 89, 129
Jerome, 46
John, 81-91, 103, 109, 121
Lucia C., 94, 95
Lucy, 46, 87, 118
Marietta T., 45
Nancy, 1, 45, 83, 91, 103, 109-112, 116-128
Nathaniel, 110, 111
Otis, 110, 118, 120
Sarah, 111
Shubael, 85
Sybil, 114
Wm., 61, 86, 110
Zebulon, 32, 62, 88-98
Tilley
Elizabeth, 105, 211, 228
John, 104, 211, 227
Tinkham, Mary, 85
Tobe, Mehitible, 65
Van Buren, Martin, 16
Vandervelde, Bridget, 217
Vesta, 199
Vincent, Desire, 67
Wales, John, 14
Wallace, Wm., 201
Ward
Caroline L., 26, 29, 39, 46 126, 141
Ephraim, 125
George, 125, 126
Hetta, 127
James, 126-128
Susan Hayes, 114, 127
Wm. Hayes, 126
Warren
Eliz. Jowatt, 211
Richard, 104
Sarah, 211, 220
Washburn, Clara, 7
Washington, G., 21, 23, 61
Watson, Mary, 15, 25
Webster, Daniel, 68
Weld, Addison, 68
Wendall, Jane, 99, 100
West, 151
Westgate, Helen, 70
Weston, Thomas, 81

White
Anna, 8, 20
Mrs. C. F., 59
Ebenezer, 109
Experience, 19
Hannah, 109
James T., 140
Lydia, 11
Mildred, 95
Ortensia, 4, 5
Samuel, 18
Thomas, 109
Wm. Allen, 36
Whitridge, Elizabeth, 58
Wilbur
Amy, 193
Arthur, 54
Wilcox, Wm. Cullen, 156
William the Conqueror, 175,
Hattie Leonard, 5
Louise F., 157
Robert M., 5
196
Williams
Eunice, 17
John, 17, 18
Maude, 159
Rebecca, 28
Seth, 19
Warham, 17, 18
Willis, Thomas, 128
Wilson, Grace, 157
Wilson, Woodrow, 207
Winslow, Gen., 9
Winthrop, Gov., 9, 12
Wood
Clarinda, 51
Ellen, (Mrs. Henry), 56
Lydia, 85
Wright
F. Warren, 157

Devise of the Dacres

Index of Places

Numbers Refer to Pages

Aberdeen, Scotland, 3
Abergavenny Castle, 172
Abington, 110, 126
Acadia, 9, 34
Acushnet, 58, 73
Adams, Natal, 147, 163, 169
Adirondacks, 6
Africa, 101, 103, 149, 150
Alabama, 13
Albany, 23
Ames, 171
Amherst, 122
Andersonville, 69
Andover, 101, 122, 147
Assonet, 110
Aurora, Ill., 124
Aveley, Essex, Eng., 12
Bangor, 121, 122
Bannockburn, 173
Barnstable, 26, 76, 108, 139
Barton, Wis., 160
Belhus, Eng., 12
Belston, Eng., 11
Berkeley, Cal., 43, 159
Bermuda, 20
Beverly, 54
Billington Sea, 214
Bloomfield, O., 73
Blue Fish Rock, 2
Bordorgan Castle, 110
Boston, 15, 18, 19, 37, 73, 95, 103, 112
Braintree, 28, 112
Bridgewater, 1-35, 108, 135-145
Bristol, R. I., 36
Brookline, 112
Brooklyn, 23, 69, 95
Brownsville, Tenn., 48
Brown University, 35-39, 42, 110, 120
Bunker Hill, 6
Caerphilly Castle, 173
Cairo, Ill., 164
California, 94
Campello, 112
Canada, 4, 17
Cape Horn, 94, 100
Carolina, 42, 48, 61
Cedara Natal, 160
Chagrin Falls, O., 138
Chatauqua, 72, 73
Chevening, Kent, 177
Chicago, 4, 62, 124, 171
China, 36, 158
Cincinnati, 40
Cleveland, 36
Colorado, 73
Colorado College, 167
Connecticut, 22
Contoocook, 4
Dakota, 39, 162
Davenport, 41
Dedham, 109
Deerfield, 17, 18
De Pere, Wis., 39

Devonshire, Eng., 29
Durban, Natal, 160
Duxbury, 2, 27, 106-108, 215, 221
East Aurora, N. Y., 159
Eastham, Mass., 221
East Randolph, 121
Elyria, O., 144, 145
Eng., 11, 19, 24, 34, 53, 63, 74, 81, 178
Fairhaven, 78, 79, 88, 96
Fall River, 68
Falmouth, 74
Fort Dodge, Ia., 5
Fort Wayne, Ind., 5
Foxboro, 122
France, 50, 53
Freetown, 113, 143, 151
Galesbury, Ill., 6
Germany, 11
Glamorgan, Wales, 180
Groutville, Natal, 148
Haddonsfield, N. J., 60
Halifax, 19, 64, 84, 86
Hardwick, 54, 60, 72
Harvard College, 7, 21, 40
Hastings, 53
Haverhill, 3, 4
Hay Hall, 27, 58, 73-78, 88
Hingham, 30, 204
Holbrook, 121
Hong Kong, 24
Honolulu, 24
Hurstmonceaux, 20, 31, 176, 180
Indiana, 58
Indian Ocean, 113
Indianola, Ia., 166
Iowa, 171
Ireland, 59, 81
Japan, 24, 158
Jerusalem, 199
Johannesburg, 101, 149
Kansas, 93, 138
Kentucky, 161
Kingston, 29, 113, 124
Laconia, 36
Lakeville, 26, 40, 46, 58, 126
La Salle, 4
Lexington, Mass., 32
Leyden, Holland, 2
London, 20
Louisiana, 42, 65
Lynn, 11, 93, 95
Madison, Ind., 50
Mahe Island, 113
Marion, 57, 76, 93, 96
Mashpee, 74
Massachusetts, 4, 16, 26, 76
Mattapoisett, 30, 57, 65, 140
Merrimac, 4
Middleboro, 25-29, 45-88, 109-126
Milton, Mass., 28
Mississippi, 48
Missouri, 21
Monmonthshire, 2, 11
Montreal, 17
Moosup, Ct., 139
Mt. Holyoke, 39, 93, 133
Mt. Prospect, 32, 123, 132, 135, 139, 144
Nachitoches, 42, 48
Nantucket, 35
Natal, 147, 149, 159, 170
Naworth Castle, 174
Nevada, 21
Newark, 115

New Bedford, 13, 63, 73, 96, 100, 122, 151
New England, 20
New Haven, 137, 139
New Orleans, 42
New York, 23, 35, 42, 78, 86, 127, 142, 150
Nipenicket, 1, 8, 13, 31, 33, 79, 130
Normandy, 180
Northampton, 37, 157
North Brookfield, 72
North Elba, 216
Norton, 15, 16, 41
Norwalk, O., 166
Norwich Castle, 205
Nova Scotia, 9
Oakham, 72
Oberlin, 9, 90, 139, 144, 147, 159, 162, 166, 171
Ohio, 22
Osawatomie, 215
Oswego, 22, 23
Owakonze Camp, 154, 159
Oxford Castle, 198
Pennsylvania, 14
Phillipines, 158
Pierce Academy, 124
Pittsfield, 40
Plymouth, 26, 29, 65, 81, 105, 210, 215
Plympton, 54, 143
Pontipool, 11
Providence, 40
Quinsigamond, 3
Quittacus, 12, 27, 71-77
Raynham, 12-14, 21-49
Rehoboth, 14
Rocky Nook, 219
Rochester, 29, 54, 89, 96, 113, 129-137, 145, 151
Salem, 54, 55, 102
Sandwich, 63, 74, 77, 122
San Francisco, 72
Santee, Neb., 145
Saybrook, Ct., 122
Scotland, 81
Scotland, Mass., 8, 14-37, 121-146
Simpson College, 166
Snowdon, 179
Springfield, Mass., 4
Springfield, S. D., 162
Southampton, 104
Squawbetty, 29
St. Augustine, 126
Sturbridge, 37, 39
Sudbury, 151
Susquehanna, 22
Sussex, Eng., 11
Taunton, 12-20, 45, 126, 144
Tennessee, 48
Ticonderoga, 9
Titicut, 35, 37
Tower of London, 203
Transvaal, 149
Umkomaas, Natal, 160
Umvoti, Natal, 148
Utah, 5, 21
Versailles, 208
Vincennes, 36
Virginia, 42
Wales, 2, 81, 89, 110, 180
Walpole, 122
Ware, 9
Wareham, 57, 135
Warwick Castle, 174
Washington, 7, 21, 24

West Bridgewater, 2-10, 77, 101, 109
Weymouth, 109
Windsor Locks, Ct., 65
Winthrop College, 140
Woodstock, Ct., 21
Worcester, 3, 64, 150
Yale, 138, 139
Yarmouth, 74
Yorkshire, 215

A Question in Ethics

Come all who live on Health and Reason's plan,
Lament with me one poor deluded man.
To win him to reform I vainly try
He still persists in eating pork and pie.
In vain I bring him postum steaming hot,
He's wedded to the wicked coffee pot;
Delighting still in fats and foods that fry,
In doughnuts, pickles, sausages, and pie.
Vainly I set before him milk and fruit,
And wholesome grains which nature's wastes recruit.
He views them o'er with a disdainful eye,
He'd rather have a meal of pork and pie.
So friends lend him your pity, ye who can—
Benighted and incorrigible man,
Who pushes his cup and plate to cry,
"Say wife, why don't you ever make some pie?"
Now doctors, parsons tell me what to do,
What father eats—the boys will eat it too.
Shall I the principles of health defy,
Concoct and reinstate the banished pie?*

*It may here be stated that the banished pie was later reinstated on the family table, and that now the household loyally uphold the great American institution of pie.

Addenda

CHAPTER XXII

SUMMARIES AND REMARKS

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

MY CHIEF source of information in the preparation of this book has been the carefully preserved family records which extend back for several generations and especially the notes left by my deceased sister, Mary Hall Leonard, of historical material gathered during a series of years, by diligent research in libraries, and by personal investigations through conversation and correspondence. It was primarily because I realized that this knowledge is too valuable to be lost through neglect, that I set myself the task, a few years ago, to systematize it for preservation, and have gathered additional details from many sources by my own efforts. Some of the books which have helped me are as follows: Solomon Leonard and His Descendants, by Manning Leonard; Annals of the Leonard Family, by Fanny Leonard Koster; Stephen Bangs Leonard, by William Andrew Leonard; Two Men of Taunton, by Ralph Davol; The Descendants of John Thomson, by Charles H. Thompson; The Pilgrim Republic, by John A. Goodwin; Signers of the Mayflower Compact, by Annie A. Haxtun; Americans of Royal Descent, by Browning.

Our Great-grandparents

I trust that the foregoing pages have furnished my readers with a clear mental picture of our four grandparents, Caleb, Nancy, Isaac and Abiah. I enumerate here the names of our eight great-grandparents with a salient fact or two about them.

1. David Leonard of Bridgewater, 1734-1815, Revolutionary soldier.
2. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, descendant of James Leonard of Taunton. Both David and Mary are of Royal descent.

3. Nathaniel Thompson of Middleboro, died 1833, brother of William, the father of Cephas Thompson, the family artist.
4. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1823, daughter of Mary Alden, a granddaughter of John and Priscilla of the Mayflower.
5. Honorable Isaac Thompson, 1746-1819, of Middleboro, whose mother, Lydia Wood, was a great-granddaughter of Francis Billington, Mayflower Pilgrim. He is also descended from Francis Cooke and Richard Warren of the Mayflower.
6. Lucy Sturtevant, 1754-1834, descended from Governor Peter Stuyvesant of New York, and a sister of Deborah Sturtevant, mother of Cephas Thompson. All our Thompson ancestors are descendants of Lieut. John Thompson, the famous Puritan soldier, whose long gun is in Pilgrim Hall.
7. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, descended from "Witchcraft Mark Haskell" and on his mother's side descended from James Leonard of Taunton.
8. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, descended from Governor Carver, John and Elizabeth Tilley, John Howland, and Francis Cooke, all of the Mayflower, and from Richard Bourne, missionary to the Indians.

OUR SHIPS

The early ships which brought our ancestors as far as known are:
1. The Mayflower, which brought John Alden, William, Alice and Priscilla Mullins, John and Catherine Carver, Richard Warren, Francis and John Cooke, John and Elizabeth Tilley, John Howland, John, Eleanor and Francis Billington and Peter Brown.
2. The Fortune, which brought Moses Simmonds, Robert Hicks and Martha Ford.
3. The Anne which brought Edward Bangs, Margaret Hicks, Hester Mahien Cooke, Christian Penn, Elizabeth and Sarah Warren.
4. The Little James which brought John, Sarah and Abigail Jenny.
5. The Diligence which brought Samuel Packard and wife and two sons.
6. The Hopewell which brought Philip Eliot and family;

his daughter, Lydia, from whom we are descended, was then three years old.

7. The Hercules in 1634 brought Samuel Hinckley, his wife and four children. One of these, Thomas, was Governor of Massachusetts for nine years. Samuel is an ancestor of Grandmother Abiah.

8. The Confidence in 1638 brought three Goodenow brothers who settled in Sudbury, Mass., from one of whom Rev. H. D. Goodenough is descended.

9. The James brought William Merrick, ancestor of Grandmother Nancy and his three younger brothers to Charlestown, Mass. in 1636.

10. The Sampson in 1640 brought David Thomas from Wales, an ancestor of the mother of Grandmother Nancy.

11. The Elizabeth, which brought Robert Goodell and wife to Salem. They named their daughter, our ancestress, Elizabeth for the ship on which they came.

Our Ancestral Houses

We have found six castles of the old world mentioned as the homes of our ancestors. One was Molyneaux Castle of Normandy from which the Molines or Mullens family came; another was Rowlstone Castle, the family seat of the Haskells, but we have not been able to locate this. Another was Bordorgan Castle built 1000 years ago in Anglesey Wales and still in the possession of the Mavericks or Merricks. Both the Haskells and the Merricks have a family coat of arms. The fourth castle is Hurstmonceaux which is still standing and has been described in Chapter XVII. This was the family seat of the Leonards. Naworth Castle was the seat of the Dacres of the North. One authority gives this as Monmouth Castle where Sir Walter first met Lady Scott. There is also a farmhouse, originally "Dacre Castle." Dumfernline Castle was the home of Malcolm III and St. Margaret.

There are two old ancestral houses of the Leonards in Bridgewater still standing in good preservation, viz., the "Clara Washburn House" in Central Square described in Chapter II and the Leonard House by Nipenicket, described in Chapter VI. To these should be added a third, "The

Old Crooker House" on Main Street in Bridgewater village, which has been combined with a more modern structure.

The Old Savery House in Rochester is an ancestral dwelling of the Haskells described in Chapter VIII. Also Edith Leonard's house on the site of Grandfather Isaac's house in Rochester.

Ancestral Towns and Localities

Besides Hurstmonceaux there are other local localities in England of ancestral interest to us. One is the Scrooby neighborhood where the Robinsons and others of our Pilgrim ancestors were reared and from whence they emigrated to Holland. Francis Cook came from Bantry or Blythe, Yorkshire Co. Another ancestral locality is Gloucester, where lived our ancestor, Dr. John Deighton, also Benefield, Northamptonshire, whence came the Benhams and Gorhams. Pontipool, Monmouthshire, England, is an ancestral town, from which came the Taunton Leonards. Chevening, Kent, is the burial place in England of the early Leonards. Devonshire, England, was the home of George Hall, an ancestor of Great-grandmother Mary Hall. Leyden, Holland, is an ancestral town, not only because our Pilgrim ancestors lived there for sixteen years, but some of them married there and these wives are our ancestresses.

In Massachusetts, Plymouth, Duxbury, Bridgewater, Taunton, Middleboro, Beverly, Salem, Rochester, Lakeville, Barnstable, Sandwich, Fairhaven, Boston, Scituate, Hingham and Dedham are all ancestral towns to us as the foregoing pages show. Sudbury, New Bedford, Freetown and Chesterfield, Mass. are ancestral towns of Rev. H. D. Goodenough, as sketched in Chapter XV.

Mt. Vernon and Madison, Ind. have a deep interest to us as homes of our great-uncles, as have also for the same reason Natchitoches, La., Brownsville, Tenn., and Ottawa, Ill., Bristol, R. I., and Assonet, Abington and Sturbridge, Mass.

Original Proprietors

We have several Original Proprietors of Bridgewater among our progenitors, viz.:

1. Solomon Leonard, who came on the ship with John Fobes, another original proprietor of Bridgewater, about

1630. Fobes came from Scotland and the hamlet of Scotland was named for him and James Keith.

2. Samuel Packard, who bought the Nipenicket farm from the Indians and was a maternal ancestor of Great-grandfather David Leonard.

3. Christopher Wadsworth, a notable man, appointed in 1636 to revise the laws of Plymouth Colony. His family had armorial bearings—"a winged-eagle rising from a globe, and three stalked fleur-de-lis." This family is supposed to be connected with the William Wadsworth who hid the charter of Connecticut in the "Charter Oak." Christopher's granddaughter, Abigail Wadsworth, married Jacob Thompson of Middleboro, ancestor of Grandmother Nancy.

4. Wm. Merrick from Bordorgan Castle, Anglesey, Wales, a man of importance. His son, Stephen, was a leading man of Taunton. These are ancestors of Grandmother Nancy. What relation Wm. Merrick was to the Samuel Merrick (or Maverick), born 1602, who came from Cornwall, Eng., at the age of twenty-two with his young wife, Amias, and lived in a fortified house near Chelsea, is not clear, but they too were probably of the same family. Samuel was "of gentle birth and breeding," a staunch royalist and supporter of the Church of England and owned vessels and engaged in commerce. Simmond's history of East Boston devotes one hundred pages to him, and Governor Winthrop, who was entertained by him, characterized him as "the only hospitable man in the country."

5. William Orcutt (also spelled Urquhart), whose daughter, Martha, 1671-1752, married our ancestor, Joseph Leonard, Sr., who built and lived in the "Clara Washburn House" in Bridgewater Centre. William Orcutt's wife was Mary Lane, a daughter of Andrew and Tryphena Lane, and granddaughter of William Lane.

I find the following Original Proprietors of Taunton among our ancestors:

1. George Hall, who came from Devonshire, Eng., in 1636. He settled in Taunton and was the great-great grandfather of Mary Hall, our ancestress.

2. Henry Andrews, who bought land in Taunton from the Indians in 1637, was one of the wealthiest men of the

vicinity and an ancestor of Grandmother Abiah.

I find two Original Proprietors of Middleboro among our ancestors:

1. Lieut. John Thompson, who bought 6,000 acres of land in Middleboro from the Indians.

2. David Thomas, who came from Wales in 1640 and "is known by the fortunate circumstance of being called as a witness to the charge of unseemly conduct of Bartol's wife." (What curious items the old records contain.) He is an ancestor of Grandmother Nancy's mother.

Abraham Shaw was an original proprietor of Watertown, Mass., and later moved to Dedham. He is an ancestor of Great-grandmother Mary Hall.

Nicholas Phillips was one of the first settlers of Dedham and an ancestor of Great-grandmother Mary Hall.

John Cooke was an original proprietor of both Dartmouth and Fairhaven.

Gen. John Otis was an original proprietor of Hingham and a hill there is named Otis Hill for him. He is an ancestor of Grandmother Abiah.

John Alden, Moses Simmonds, and Solomon Leonard are all original proprietors of Duxbury.

Samuel Hinckley was an original proprietor of Barnstable and an ancestor of Grandmother Abiah. His old house was taken down about sixty years ago. Its site is still plainly seen. The present owner of the place is Mr. Z. H. Jenkins from whom I have recently had a courteous letter containing this sentence, "I had a visit from the seventh or ninth Samuel, direct descendant of the first." The first two of this long line of Samuels are our own ancestors. The story of the original Samuel has been told in Chapter IX. He was a noble liberal from whom we are glad to be descended.

Religious Affiliations in Our Family Connection

The Separatist or Congregational type is predominant in our family connection. All of our twenty-eight Pilgrim ancestors belonged to this class, and many others who came later. The James Leonard family of Bridgewater into which I was born were Congregationalists.

The Baptist strain is also predominant in the family connection. Great-grandmother Mary Hall was an ardent Baptist and two of her sons, David A. and Zenus Leonard were both Baptist preachers, as was also Grandmother Nancy's only brother, Rev. Otis Thompson. Aunt Carrie Ward was a Baptist.

One of Zenus Leonard's daughters married Rev. Francis Emmons who was associated with Rev. Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Campbellite or Christian Church. Cornelia Leonard, a daughter of our Great-uncle David married William Grover of Warsaw, Ill., of Quaker stock. Great-grandfather David's brother was an ardent Methodist who settled at Ware, Mass., where he died at the age of eighty-seven. One of Solomon Leonard's descendants, through his son, Samuel, was Orrin Leonard of Wattrousville, Mich., who filled many public offices and was an ardent spiritualist, as was also William Henry Pratt of Davenport, Ia., who was a descendant of Great-grandfather David Leonard. We find one amazing Mormon in our family connection, Truman Leonard descended from Solomon Leonard through his son, Samuel. This Mormon had three wives living at once and married two of them the same day.

Occupations

We have several noted ministers in our family connection, among whom we may mention John Robinson, pastor of the Pilgrim Church at Leyden, John Eliot, apostle to the Indians, John Bourne, missionary to the Mashpee Indians, our great-uncles, Otis Thompson, David and Zenus Leonard, all Baptist ministers, a line of ministers in Joseph Alden's descendants, and Levi and Bernard Paine, our first cousins. Rev. H. D. Goodenough was both a minister and foreign missionary.

We have a number of physicians in the connection. The earliest on our records is Dr. John Deighton of Gloucester, Eng., a descendant of Charlemagne, who died in 1636. He was "a celebrated chirurgeon" or surgeon, and was an ancestor of Great-grandmother Mary Hall on her father's side. Great-grandfather David had a nephew, Dr. Jonthan Leonard, who with a son of the same name, practiced medicine many years successfully in Sandwich, Mass. Dr. Park

Leonard, a descendant of Solomon Leonard through his son John, was a wonderful homeopathic doctor of Fort Wayne, Indiana, who was the only doctor who saved his patients in the terrible cholera epidemic of 1851 and 1852 which ravaged that section and took at least one among our relatives there, viz., Lucretia, wife of Charles Frederick Leonard, son of our Great-uncle David. In an earlier epidemic of the same disease in 1833, Evelyn Leonard of the same family and her husband, John Hay Farnham, both died, ninety people in one little western town being swept off in two weeks' time. I had three second cousins, descendants of Great-uncle Zenus, who were all doctors, viz., Drs. Zenus and Henry Leonard, and their cousin, Dr. Charles Leonard. Our sister Clara had three doctors in her family, her husband, Dr. Chester Irving Fisher, her daughter, Dr. Gertrude Fisher McCann, and Gertrude's husband, Dr. William McCann.

The physician who comes closest to us is our own beloved and never forgotten son, Dr. Charles Douglas Goodenough, who passed out when the joybells of the world were ringing at noon of the first Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, a victim of the World War as truly as though he had been shot down when with the allied armies in France. The influenza epidemic that took him was the undoubted result of that most terrible war, the pestilence which invariably follows war, and with this great sorrow of our own family we stand a foe to all war forever more. Our noble son was not only a victim to war, but he was a self-immolated sacrifice to humanity; appointed as district surgeon over a large section in Natal, and having to care almost single-handed for hundreds of dead and dying at that crisis, having only three hours of sleep at night, no wonder that there was no resistance in him to combat the disease which struck him down.

The lawyer who comes closest to us in the family connection is our own brother, James Henry Leonard, who practiced law for thirty-five years in Elyria, Ohio. He has been sketched in Chapter XV, and in Chapter X three other lawyers in the family connection are sketched, Judge Henry Braley, his son, Abner Braley, and his brother-in-law, Edward Leach.

We have had several college professors in the connection. Levi Paine was professor of Church History at Bangor, Me. He published two theological books and was an exponent of liberal theology. Our two sons, Harold and Aubrey Goodenough, are both college professors.

The teachers in the family connection are legion. Our father's uncles, David, Bernard, and Zenus, and Zenus' son, Manning, were all teachers, also Cousin Manning's daughter, Anna Leonard. All my sisters were teachers, as sketched in Chapter XV. Sister Mary was a teacher at Bridgewater Normal School for fifteen years and after that taught at Winthrop College at Columbia, S. C. Sister Lizzie's son, Wilfred Childs, and his daughter, Mary, and our daughter, Edith, were all teachers of physical training. My sister, Edith Leonard, had a teaching career of twenty-seven years, most of the time at the Santee School for Indians under the A. M. A. Our Grandmother Abiah, her daughter, Jane, our mother, and our father also, and our cousin, Carrie Leach Braley, were all teachers before their marriage.

Our family connection is very rich in those who have held offices of civic responsibility, apart from the Kings, Earls and Barons of our distant heredity. The most impressive instance of this is John Hay, Secretary of State under Roosevelt and Ambassador to England. He has been sketched in Chapter VII. A number of our ancestors were prominent officials in Plymouth Colony in Pilgrim days. Governor Carver, our ancestor, was the first governor of Plymouth. John Alden was assistant-governor for almost forty-two years. John Howland was assistant-governor for three years; Francis Cooke, Referee for Plymouth Colony affairs; Thomas Spooner, senatorial representative of Ohio to the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for president. Charlotte Leonard, daughter of our Great-uncle David, married a United States Congressman named Thomassen. Our great-grandfather, Hon. Isaac Thompson, and our Uncle James Ward were both Massachusetts Senators. Anthony Gulliver, Capt. James Leonard, and Thomas White were all Massachusetts Representatives. Hon. Thomas Leonard was Probate Judge, and the judgeship was held among his descendants for a hundred years. Philip Eliot

was deputy to the Plymouth General Court. Grandfather Caleb was justice of the peace. Those who have held town offices of trust such as select-man or town treasurer, and those who have held positions as elders and deacons in the Church are too numerous to mention.

We have some mariners in the family connection. Great-grandfather David Leonard was "a master mariner" and had a ship. Whether this was one of the ships built on Town River in Bridgewater and floated down the Taunton River to the sea in time of flood we do not know. Capt. Joseph Hall of Taunton, who married Elizabeth Leonard, granddaughter of James Leonard, the immigrant, was also a sea-captain who went voyages in his own ship between New York and the West Indies. Col. John Gorham, 1651-1716, one of the progenitors of Grandmother Abiah on her mother's side, was the commander of a whale-boat fleet of forty-four to fifty ships. He ranked next to Colonel Church in King Phillip's War. There is also another ancestor of Grandmother Abiah on her father's side who was a mariner. He was Capt. John Gallop who came from England in 1630. He was a noted sea-captain and Boston pilot. His son, John Gallop, also born in England, was one of the six military captains killed in the great Narragansett Swamp Fight in 1675 in King Phillip's War. We are also connected with a notable family of sea-captains of Sandwich. Mary Haskell, daughter of Lot Haskell, of Rochester, in 1821 married Capt. George Gibbs and was the mother of five sea-captains, George, John, Charles, Joseph, and Lot. It was Capt. Lot Gibbs who took on a sea voyage to Palestine, Cousin Lucy Cobb, mentioned in Chapter V. She described to us in our childhood the Mount of Olives as she saw it then. Lucy used to visit us often when she attended Bridgewater Normal School. She eventually went to Ohio and married there. Her brother, Willie Cobb, also mentioned in Chapter XI, went into the Civil War and disappeared entirely. His fate is unknown.

We have a few instances of slavery in our family connection. Capt. Joseph Hall, grandfather of Mary Hall by his first wife, Elizabeth Leonard, left slaves, by will, to his second wife. Probably he had brought them on his ship

from the West Indies. Joseph Hinckley, of Barnstable, 1672-1753, willed a negro slave girl to his daughter, Mercy, our ancestress. Thomas Pope, of Plymouth, husband of Desire Howland, owned two Indian slaves, Lydia and Gcolo. Hon. George Leonard, of Norton, owned a whole gang of negro slaves that he used to work his large plantation where he lived "in almost baronial state."

Violent Deaths

We find several violent deaths during the last four hundred years among those from whom we are directly descended.

One of these was in 1540 when young Thomas Fiennes, the ninth Baron Dacre of the South, was beheaded on Tower Hill for the falsely alleged killing of a game-keeper. I little thought when the gruesome headsman's mask was shown me in London Tower many years ago that the hideous thing was in the last sight of one of my own ancestors and that his blood, which flows in my own veins, had helped in the dark staining of the headsman's ax I then saw.

Another violent death among my ancestors is that of John Billington, Mayflower Pilgrim in 1630, whose story is told in Chapter XXI. This crime is to be laid at the door of religious bigotry. Speed the day when our Nation, heeding such protests against capital punishment as that lately presented by our distinguished contemporary, Clarence Darrow, before a committee at Washington, shall wipe forever this relic of barbarism from our statute books.

A third violent death among our ancestors is that of our brave and good James Bell who was killed in his field by Indians in ambush in 1676. This murder is laid to savagery and revenge. Avarice, Bigotry and Revenge, the Demons that still lurk in our world that struggles and gropes for deliverance from them.

Further back we find several other violent deaths connected with political intrigues — namely the murder of Edward II and the execution of Hugh Despensers, who was Edward's favorite—and that of Roger Mortimer, the instigator of Edward's murder; a great-grandson of Hugh, named Thomas Despenser, was beheaded in 1400, doubtless for political reasons. Further back we still learn that our

ancestor, Edmund Ironside, was foully murdered in 1017. Malcolm III, of Scotland, was killed by treachery in an attempt to invade England, 1093 A. D., and his father, Duncan, was murdered by his cousin, MacBeth, about 1041. Their ancestor, Fergus Mor MacErca, first king of Scotland, was drowned 404 A. D. Prince Llewelyn, of Wales, was murdered unarmed by a spear run through him, where he had been treacherously lured by Mortimer's men to Llangantem Parish, where people say no broom has ever grown again. A more gallant soul never passed to God.

An Illustration of Our Royal and Baronial Lines

The Mississippi River system may be used as a rough illustration of our various royal and baronial lines of ancestry.

Let the main stream represent our royal Carolingian line starting from Charlemagne, represented by Lake Itasca and joining the line of the Norman kings.

Let the Missouri system in its far beginnings in the upper Rockies represent our presumable descent from the Scythian kings and the Pharaohs of Egypt, down through the Irish and Scottish kingly lines, joined by our royal Saxon lines, and finally joining the Carolingian and Norman lines by the marriage of Edith Matilda of Scotland with Henry I of England.

The Ohio River may represent our Capetian line into which flows the Scandinavian, Turkish and Russian lines. These join at last the Norman lines through the marriage of Princess Isabella with Edward II of England.

The Arkansas River may represent our line of Welsh princes who believed themselves to occupy King Arthur's royal throne in the mountains of Snowdon.

The Red River may represent the union of our baronial families of the Dacres, Monceaux, Nevilles and Fiennes, which join the royal stream of the Mississippi in our illustration by the marriage of Lady Mary Neville to Thomas Fiennes.

CHAPTER XXIII

A HOUSE OF MEMORIES

"We learn by making mistakes."
JANE N. LEONARD.

OUR Rochester home is a house haunted by memories of the past. In every one of its rooms are articles reminiscent of our three principal ancestral families, the Leonards, Thompsons, and Haskells. When my mother moved back to her birthplace in 1887, she brought with her many heirlooms and utensils from the Leonard home in Bridgewater, and these are now mingled with the Thompson and Haskell relics of an earlier generation.

The Ancestral Cabinet

One article brought from Bridgewater was a curious cupboard with curved shelves. This is now used as a repository of the smaller family souvenirs, and stands in the Rochester sitting room. On its top are ten pieces of great-grandmother Mary Hall's white tea set, her glass salt-cellar and a tall bottle which belonged originally in the elegant Leonard sideboard, and which probably was used for spirits. Inside the cabinet is a shelf of old books, some with leather bindings and with the old fashioned s which looks like an f. Great-grandmother Mary's hymn book, printed in 1792, is among these, with her name on the fly leaf, "Widow Mary Leonard," doubtless in her own hand writing.

In the cabinet also is a leather bound hymn book which belonged to Grandfather Isaac and has his autograph on the fly leaf. Some of his favorite hymns are marked; among them are "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," and also "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing." There is a lock of his dark hair with a few threads of gray in it in a box in this cabinet. It was doubtless cut from his head after his sudden death in 1835. If he could have known how much his granddaughter who never saw him desires a picture of him, he would doubtless have had one preserved, but it was

before the days of photographs, and he was a poor man. One souvenir of him which I particularly value is a tiny trunk with his initials, I. T., on the cover, made by the heads of brass nails. A larger trunk that belonged to Grandmother Abiah is similarly marked with her initials, A. H. This is lined with a newspaper bearing the date 1800. The trunk was presumably an old one at that date. It now contains specimens of Abiah's beautiful weaving and quilting.

In the box with Grandfather Isaac's lock of hair is also one of our mother's, evidently cut after her death and scarcely turned from its original black although mother was 72 when she died. Little Jennie's brown curls are in the same box. We have the souvenirs that mother always cherished of her lost darling: her pretty "punkin" hood of red and blue silk, her rag doll made by Mary's skillful hands, her sewing just as she left it, the needle still threaded and carefully inserted in the work, showing her accurate personality even at the age of five.

The Ancestral Cabinet contains a pretty basket which was Grandmother Nancy's, and in it with other precious things, is her girlhood's manuscript book of verses. An oil painting of her in her old age hangs on the sitting room wall, showing her kind placid face framed in a white cap and embroidered collar. Her chair, with short rockers, is now my favorite seat, and I can see again in memory my dear grandmother sitting in it knitting stockings as I saw her in my childhood.

Our father's favorite rocking chair of capacious size is also in the sitting room, and in the cabinet is the sand sprinkler he used in his secretary, and the big handkerchief he wrapped the church record book in, being clerk of the church for many years. His fine picture hangs in the dining room, and on the kitchen shelf is his gaily painted clock, still our stand-by for time keeping, which was his personal care to wind each night. His books, of which he had many, are scattered through the house with his familiar autograph on the fly leaf.

A beautiful oil painting of mother, painted by Nettie

Walker, hangs over our piano. I still use the big mending basket upon which mother worked those tense evenings during the Civil War when father read aloud the papers with the news of the battles. In our dining room stands the little closet used in our childhood for toys, but kept locked except for particular occasions. But we were allowed to open it on rainy days when we could not go out to play. I have always admired mother's practical wisdom in thus reserving some toys for a special treat. Some of these treasures still exist, such as the battered remains of a doll's tea-set which we were wont to set out on a wooden cricket which we still own. I use daily mother's big steamer from which emerged so many hot suppers in the Scotland home. We have the board on which was rolled the crust of mother's innumerable pies. We still use her white stone dishes that she saved her butter money so long to buy.What a proud day it was when the set came home, two closets-full.

Souvenirs also of Aunt Carrie Ward are abundant in our home, and are much prized for their intrinsic beauty and value. Her gorgeous oriental carpet adorns our sitting room, and her graceful vases, choice engravings and ornaments beautify our home. Her silver and linen and china are brought out when we have guests. I value highly the gold watch she carried so many years, and the afghan she knitted is in use on our sofa.

The house itself is the chief souvenir of our Uncle Zebulon as also are the great trees in front of it. When sister Edith saw him for the last time as she was leaving for the west, he said, "The old trees will be here when you come back if I am not." The long sofa and round table and big brown arm chair in the sitting room were his. His clock still ticks on the dining room shelf, and when we retire on cold nights we take with us the hot soap-stones as foot-warmers which he made for us all. One of these, larger than the rest, has mother's initials cut in the stone.

Sister Mary has left many specimens of dainty handicraft. There are eight of her paintings on the walls, one a lovely sea picture. Some of the others are our well-loved wild flowers. Two exquisite embroidered scarfs for shelf and

bureau, of Mary's work, are used by us on festive occasions. One souvenir of her I highly prize is a large hymnal, on the margins of which she has carefully written her notes concerning the authors of various hymns. It must have taken much research to gather this valuable information.

Sister Emma had framed several pictures of family interest. One is a painting of wild roses by her niece, Edith, who was to her as a daughter. A painting by Edith of a wild lady's-slipper is also on the walls, and a circular linen table cover of elaborate embroidery which Edith made for her Aunt Emma is highly prized in the home. Sister Edith also has paintings on our walls. One of the most beautiful of these is of the side-saddle flower.

I cannot omit in these details the mementos of my deeply mourned son, Charles. One is an artistic bit of poker work on wood made during his high school days, the design being a large bear with three smaller bears following. I have also a beautiful thermometer plaque for the wall. This was made by him in his manual training class at Worcester and given originally to his beloved Aunt Emma. I remember the happy ring in his voice as he told me what he was going to do with it. His various gifts to ourselves are about the house, always selected in perfect taste: a volume of Tennyson in red morocco binding, a brooch with a pearl in the center, and a soft silk shawl from Madeira. One relic is the warm English coat he picked out for my voyage across the Atlantic in winter, in England where mother and son met for the last time.

The articles of my husband's use are constant reminders of him: his Bible, voluminous letter books showing the interest and carefulness of detail which he put into his thirty-one arduous years of mission work, his polished cane, the gift of a Zulu who had made it, and carried constantly by him thereafter (He loved the Zulus and they loved him.), his brown leather hand bag used on his journeys (how he loved to travel!), his small dictionary still in daily use, his worn pocket knife connected in memory with the usual critical look at his finger nails before meal time. Even in his last months of feebleness he said when I tried to hurry him

to a waiting meal, "I must be in order." How often his young sons were sent from the table by their father to wash up before eating! His deliberate movements were a joke in the family and with himself also. Harold, as a child in Africa, worked a motto, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty." It was put on the wall above his father's picture and slipped down until all that was visible was "He that is slow," often quoted thereafter in humorous vein.

Last year a new bath room was installed in the Rochester home, and my husband who had always taken an interest in building make-shift bathrooms in our various primitive homes, was delighted with this modern improvement. When he became too feeble to use the bath and had to be taken to his meals in a wheel chair, he would usually open the bath-room door as his chair passed, and pause to look earnestly in. This gesture on his part was both amusing and pathetic to us who were caring for him.

It was hard for him to relinquish his activities one after another, yet how patiently he bore his increasing weakness! One memorable day last year he took a last walk in the woods alone, lost his sense of direction and wandered for five hours in the pathless woods. The neighborhood was aroused to search for him, and he was finally brought home by the State Constabulary, having been found near night-fall a mile or more away. This was his last life adventure and he wished his visitors to hear about it. He died in sleep in the west downstairs bedroom where mother also died thirty-five years previous. His funeral, held in the sitting room August 27, 1927, was conducted by his dear friend, Dr. Wm. Goodell Frost, whose text was "To Die is Gain." Aubrey and his family and our daughter Carolyn were present. He is buried in the old Thompson lot in Rochester cemetery next to our Uncle Zebulon. The cabled news of his death brought great grief to the family of Leonard in Africa who held him very dear. Harold could not come, but rejoiced in the memory of his recent visit from the west with his family when he was able to take his father out for pleasure rides in his car, those last

outings on earth for the beloved father to whom he bade a tender last farewell on June 27, 1927. He had wheeled his chair out on the front piazza to see his son's family depart. His sister Elsie, who adored him, wrote, "It seems as though the bottom had dropped out of everything."

The deaths and funerals of my sisters Emma and Mary occurred in the west front room downstairs. Uncle Zebulon died in the back east chamber upstairs, which had always been his room.

Awaited

Are the children all at home, father?
The evening hour grows late;
Is any lingerer straying
Outside the cottage gate?
I cannot close my eyes, father,
There is no sleep for me,
Till every child is sheltered,
Beneath the old roof-tree.

I'm thinking lying here, father,
How some day you and I
Will wait again their gathering,
To join us by and by.
While earth's worn pilgrims enter
That land without a tear,
We'll say at last with gladness,
"The children all are here."

. . . . .

"But see you come in lordly state,
With mountain winds aglow,
When I by dazzling gate shall wait
To greet and love you so;
Dear Hearts,
That will be heaven I know."

CHAPTER XXIV

GENEALOGIES

The Lasting Quality of Love

The comrade that once marched with me,
Or dared adventure keen,
My spirit's comrade still shall be
Tho' silence intervene.

The friend with whom I once have shared
Some banquet of the soul
Can never from my heart be spared
Tho' seas between us roll.

This lasting quality in love
A part I take to be
Of that safe treasure laid above—
And—immortality.

Christmas, 1927. Wm. Goodell Frost.

Our Alden Line

1. John Alden, 1599-1687, Mayflower Pilgrim, m. Priscilla Mullens.
2. Joseph Alden, 1627-1697, 3rd child, m. 1659 Mary Simmonds, dau. Moses Simmonds.
3. John Alden, 1674-1730, 3rd son, m. Hannah White, 1681-1732, Middleboro.
4. Mary Alden, 1712-1787, m. Noah Thomas.
5. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1823, m. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833, Middleboro.
6. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, m. 1807 Caleb F. Leonard of Bridgewater, 1778-1840.
7. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson of Rochester.

Our First Andrews Line

1. Henry Andrews, d. 1653, wealthy orig. prop. of Taunton in 1637.

2. Mary Andrews, 1628-1700, m. 1st Wm. Hodges, d. 1654, Taunton.
3. Henry Hodges, 1652-1717, age 65, m. Ester Gallop, Taunton.
4. Charity Hodges, 1682-1729, Taunton, m. Ensign Elkanah Leonard.
5. Abiah Leonard, 1707-1791, Middleboro, m. 2nd Elder Mark Haskell.
6. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, age 73, had Abiah Haskell, had Jane Thompson.

Our Second Andrews Line

1. John Andrews, b. Wales, d. 1679, sea-cooper, m. Hannah Jackson.
2. Capt. John Andrews, b. 1662, Boston, d. 1742, m. Alice Shaw.
3. Capt. Edmund Andrews, 1692-1750, m. 2nd Hannah Lincoln.
4. Mary Andrews, 1724-1814, m. Dea. Joseph Hall of Taunton.
5. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m. Capt. David Leonard, 1734-1813.
6. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. Nancy Thompson, had James M. Leonard.

Our Third Andrews Line

1. Thomas Andrews of England.
2. Joseph Andrews, 1597-1680, age 83, came to America 1635, Hingham & Duxbury.
3. Abigail Andrews, b. Duxbury 1647, d. 1723, age 76, m. Dea. John Wadsworth.
4. Abigail Wadsworth, 1670-1744, m. Jacob Thompson, 1663-1726, Middleboro.
5. Caleb Thompson of Middleboro, m. Abigail Crossman, 1714-1791.
6. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833, m. Hannah Thomas, had Nancy Thompson, had James M. Leonard.

NOTE: *These three Andrews lines, leading to three different grandparents of ours seem to be distinct lines, but may unite further back in England or Wales.*

Daniel Keith Andrews' Line

1. Samuel Andrews, b. Providence, R. I., 1797, d. Riceville, Mitchell Co., Ia., 1884, m. Roxana Butterfield. The ancestors of both Samuel and Roxana were in the Revolution. Samuel's ancestors fought at Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill. Samuel's only brother, Lafayette Andrews (called "Uncle Lafe"), d. unmarried in Iowa in 1910.
2. Cornelius Vickery Andrews, b. Centerville, Allegheny Co., N. Y., d. 1907 at Vermillion, So. Dakota. He was a great Bible reader. Wife b. Raleigh, N. C., 1854. Martha Ann Taylor.
3. Elva Cornelius Andrews, b. 1877, Burbank, S. D., m. 1912 Carolyn L. Goodenough.
4. Daniel Keith Andrews, b. Vermillion, So. Dak., March 18, 1913.

Our d'Audley Line

1. Baron Hugh d'Audley, d. 1347, m. Margaret de Clare, widow of Piers Gaveston.
2. Margaret d'Audley, m. Sir Ralph Stafford who d. 1372.
3. Hugh de Stafford, d. 1386, m. Lady Philippa Beauchamp.
4. Lady Margaret de Stafford m. Sir Ralph Neville.
5. Lady Philippa Neville m. Thomas de Dacre, Baron of Gillesland, d. 1457.
6. Hon. Thomas de Dacre m. Lady Elizabeth Bowers.
7. Lady Joan Dacre m. Sir Richard Fiennes.
8. Sir Thomas Fiennes, Sr., 8th Baron Dacre, d. 1534, m. Anne Bouchier.
9. Sir Thomas Fiennes, Jr., beheaded 1541, m. Lady Mary Neville.
10. Lady Margaret Fiennes, 1540-1611, m. Sampson Leonard. This pair were the grandparents of James Leonard of Taunton.

Our Austin Line

1. Mary Austin m. Thomas Lincoln, Jr., who d. in Taunton 1694.
2. Thomas Lincoln (3) b. 1656, m. 2nd Susanna Smith; served in King Philip's War.

3. Hannah Lincoln, 1692-1763, m. Capt. Edmund Andrews, 2nd wife.
4. Mary Andrews, 1724-1814, m. Dea. Joseph Hall; lived in Hall House, Taunton.
5. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m., 1770, Capt. David Leonard; lived by Nipenicket.
6. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. 1807 Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863.
7. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

Our Bangs Line

1. Edward Bangs, d. 1678, shipwright, Pilgrim of Fortune; 1623 m. 3rd Mercy Hoskins (?).
2. Mercy Bangs, m. Stephen Merrick.
3. Sarah Merrick, m. 1703 Nathaniel Crossman, 1680-1757, had ten children.
4. Abigail Crossman, 1714-1791, m. Caleb Thompson, Middleboro.
5. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833, m. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1823.
6. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, m. 1807 Caleb F. Leonard, had James M. Leonard.

NOTE: *Edward Bangs came from England with a wife, Rebecca, and two children. His second wife was Lydia Hicks. Mercy Bangs may be a granddaughter, instead of a daughter of the original Edward Bangs. The family moved to Eastham in* 1644, *leaving Bradford and Howland only in Plymouth of the original Pilgrim men.*

Our Beauchamp Line
Family Founded at Conquest

1. Walter de Beauchamp, d. 1235, m. Bertha de Braose; fought against John.
2. Walcheline Beauchamp, m. Joan, dau. of Roger Mortimer, who d. 1215.
3. William Beauchamp, Sr., d. 1268, m. Isabel, heiress of Wm. Mandit, Earl of Warwick.
4. William Beauchamp, Jr., Earl of Warwick, d. 1298, m. Maud Fitz John.
5. Guy Beauchamp, called The Black Dog of Ardume, d.

1315, m. Alice de Toni.
6. Thomas Beauchamp, Sr., d. of plague at Calais 1369, m. Catherine Mortimer, dau. of Roger.
7. Thomas Beauchamp, Jr., d. 1401; kept in Tower; banished to Isle of Man; m. Margaret Ferrars.
8. Richard Beauchamp, d. 1439, m. Isabel Despenser.
9. Elizabeth Beauchamp, heiress of the Despensers, descended from Charlemagne, m. Sir Edward Neville.
From here consult Neville Line.

Our Bell Line

1. James Bell, killed with two sons by Indians 1676, m. Ester Lugg, 1636-1721.
2. Mary Bell, b. 1669, m. Capt. Joseph Hall, 1642-1706. (Joseph Hall, 1694-1763, m. Eliz. Leonard, 1694-1750.)
3. Capt. Joseph Hall, Jr., 1720-1807, m. 1749 Mary Andrews of Taunton, 7 children.
4. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m. 1770 Capt. David Leonard of Bridgewater, 1734-1813.
5. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. 1807 Nancy Thompson.
6. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson.

NOTE: *James Bell was awarded an island for bravery in the Great Swamp Battle where he was wounded. Soon after, while working in a field he and his sons were murdered by Indians in ambush. His widow lived with a daughter who married a Marshall.*

Our Benham Line

1. Agnes Benham, b. Benefield, Eng., m. 1572 James Gorham.
2. Ralph Gorham, had Capt. John Gorham, Sr., m. Desire Howland.
3. Col. John Gorham, Jr., had Mary Gorham, m. Jos. Hinckley, Barnstable.
4. Mercy Hinckley, b. 1707, m. John Bourne, b. 1698, had 8 ch.
5. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731, Falmouth, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763.
6. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell, had Abiah Haskell, m. Isaac Thompson.

7. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. Jas. M. Leonard of Bridgewater.

Our Best Line

1. Henry Best of Ovendon, Eng.
2. Bridget Best, 1592-1638, d. Dedham, Mass., m. in Eng. Abraham Shaw.
3. John Shaw, 1630-1704, came with parents from Northowran, Eng., m. Alice Phillips.
4. Alice Shaw, 1666-1735, m. Capt. John Andrews.
5. Capt. Edmond Andrews, 1692-1750, m. 2nd Hannah Lincoln.
6. Mary Andrews, 1724-1814, m. Joseph Hall, had Mary Hall, who had Caleb Leonard, who had James Leonard.

Our Billington Line

1. John Billington, Mayflower Pil., executed Sept. 1630, m. in Eng. Eleanor—2 sons.
2. Francis Billington, b. 1604 in Eng., May'r Pil., d. 1684, m. 1634 Christian Penn Eaton.
3. Isaac Billington, 1652-1708, founder of 1st Ch., Middleboro, m. Hannah Glass.
4. Mary Billington, 1684-1752, m. 1712 Elnathan Wood, Middleboro.
5. Lydia Wood, 1722-1766, m. John Thompson, 1717-1766, had 10 children.
6. Hon. Isaac Thompson, had Isaac Thompson, who m. Abiah Haskell, who had Jane Thompson.

NOTE: *John Billington, the twenty-sixth signer of the Mayflower Compact, was unjustly executed for accidentally killing one John Newcomen who was interfering with his hunting in the woods.*

Our Bourne Line

1. Richard Bourne, b. 1609, Devonshire, Eng., d. 1682, Sandwich, m. Bathsheba Hallet.
2. Shearjashub Bourne, 1644-1718, m. Bathsheba Skiff.
3. Hon. Melatiah Bourne, 1673-1743, m. Desire Chipman, 1673-1705.
4. John Bourne, b. 1698, m. Mercy Hinckley, b. 1707, had 8 children.

5. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731, Falmouth, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763.
6. Abigail Swift, m. Zebulon Haskell, had Abiah Haskell, who m. Isaac Thompson and had Jane Thompson.

NOTE: *Richard Bourne was the famous missionary to the Cape Cod Indians. His descendant, Elizabeth Bourne, married for her second husband, Thomas Tabor, of Marion Their son's wife, Elizabeth Tabor, founded Tabor Academy, Marion.*

Thomas B. Bourne's Line

1. Richard Bourne, 1609-1682, m. Bathsheba Hallet, dau. Andrew Hallet.
2. Elisha Bourne, b. 1641, second son.
3. Nathan Bourne, b. 1676, m. Mary Bassett, had eight children.
4. Thomas Bourne, 1716-1824, m. 1747, Mary Randall, had 11 children.
5. William Bourne, third son, had four children.
6. Henry Bourne, of Sandwich, m. 2nd Sarah Haskell of Rochester.
7. Thomas B. Bourne, civil war hero, still living—story related in Chapter VIII.

Phillips Brooks' Line

1. John Howland, m. Elizabeth Tilley 1623.
2. Desire Howland, m. 1643 Capt. John Gorham.
3. Col. John Gorham, m. 1674 Mary Otis.
4. Stephen Gorham, m. 1703 Eliz. Gardner.
5. Nathaniel Gorham m. Mary Soley.
6. Nathaniel Gorham, Jr., m. Rebecca Call.
7. Lydia Gorham, m. 1798 John Phillips.
8. Mary Ann Phillips, m. 1838 Wm. G. Brooks.
9. Phillips Brooks, b. 1835.

NOTE: *Bishop Brooks is our relative by the Howland, Otis, Jacob, and Gorham lines. etc.*

Our Brooks Line

1. Gilbert Brooks of Rehoboth and Scituate, d. about 1695, wife Elizabeth. Some suppose Elizabeth to have been a daughter of Gov. Edward Winslow.

2. Hannah Brooks, m. 1679 Robert Crossman, Jr., 1657-1738.
3. Nathaniel Crossman, 1680-1757, m. Sarah Merrick, 10 children.
4. Abigail Crossman, 1714-1791, m. Caleb Thompson of Middleboro.
5. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833, m. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1823.
6. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, m. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, had Jas. M. Leonard.

Our Brown Line

1. Peter Brown of Mayflower, d. 1634, m. 1st widow Martha Ford, Pilgrim of Fortune.
2. Mary Brown, m. Ephraim Tinkham.
3. Mary Tinkham, d. 1731, age 76, m. John Thompson, d. 1725, age 76, son of Puritan Middleboro soldier.
4. Shubael Thompson, 1686-1734, m. Susanna Parler, d. 1734.
5. John Thompson, 1717-1766, m. 1741 Lydia Wood, descendant of John Billington.
6. Hon. Isaac Thompson, m. Lucy Sturtevant, had Isaac Thompson, who had Jane Thompson.

NOTE: *We know by Goodwin's record of the cattle division in Plymouth where our ancestress, Mary Brown, is listed with her mother, Martha Ford, as having right to "a red heifer," that we are descended from Peter Brown's first wife, and not from his second wife, Mary, who was the ancestress of John Brown of Ossawatomie.*

One of the descendants of Pilgrim Peter Brown is Mrs. Heloise Aymar Thompson, of Halifax. She married successively two Thompsons, both descendants of Lieut. John Thompson. Eldon Thompson, of Bridgewater, is her grandson by her first marriage.

Line of John Brown of Ossawatomie

1. Peter Brown, Mayflower Pilgrim, b. Yorkshire 1594, d. Duxbury, 1633, m. 2nd Mary.
2. Peter Brown, Jr., b. Duxbury, 1632, d. Windsor, Ct., 1692.
3. John Brown.

4. Capt. John Brown.
5. Owen Brown, m. Ruth Mills, granddaughter of Hon. Oliver Humphrey.
6. Capt. John Brown, b. 1800, Torrington Ct., d. Charleston, W. Va. 1859.

Our Bryant Line

1. John Bryant, carpenter in Scituate, b. 1639, m. 3rd Mary Hiland, 10 children.
2. Joseph Bryant, b. 1671, lived White Oak Plain, Scituate.
3. Deborah Bryant, m. 1737 Samuel Sturtevant 3rd, had 9 children.
4. Lucy Sturtevant, d. 1834, m. 1774 by Mr. Briggs, Hon. Isaac Thompson.
5. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, m. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853.
6. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 James M. Leonard of Bridgewater.

NOTE: *John Bryant's first wife was Mary Lewis of Barnstable, seven children. The names of the nine children of Samuel Sturtevant and Deborah were: Desire, Mary, Jesse, Elsie, Deborah, Samuel, Huldah, Lucy, and Barze. Three of them married Thompsons.*

Our First Carver Line

1. James Carver, Lincolnshire, Eng.
2. John Carver, 1st Gov. Plymouth Republic, d. 1621, m. Katherine Robinson.
3. A daughter (name unknown) died in Holland before 1620, m. John Tilley, 1st w.
4. Elizabeth Tilley, Mayflower Pilgrim, 1607-1687, orphan at 14, m. John Howland.
5. Desire Howland, m. Capt. John Gorham, who d. from exposure in Indian campaign.
6. Lieut. Col. John Gorham, Jr.
7. Mary Gorham, m. Joseph Hinckley.
8. Mercy Hinckley, m. Dea. John Bourne.
9. Elizabeth Bourne, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift.
10. Abigail Swift, m. Zebulon Haskell.
11. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835.

12. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 James M. Leonard, 1810-1880.

NOTE: *Elizabeth Tilley came with her father and stepmother, Bridget Van de Velde, who both died in the first sickness as did also both her grandparents.*

Our Second Carver Line

1. John Carver, d. 1621, m. Katherine Robinson, sister of Pastor John Robinson.
2. A daughter, name unknown, d. Holland before 1620, m. John Tilley, Mayflower Pilgrim.
3. Elizabeth Tilley, 1607-1687, m. John Howland, Mayf. Pilg., sec. Gov. Carver.
4. Hope Howland, 1629-1683, m. Eld. John Chipman, 1621-1708, who came to Am. 1637.
5. Desire Chipman, 1673-1705, m. 1692 Hon. Melatiah Bourne, 1673-1743.
6. John Bourne, b. 1698, m. 1722 Mercy Hinckley, b. 1707.
7. Elizabeth Bourne, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift, of Dartmouth, 1732-1763.
8. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820.
9. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, had Jane Thompson.

NOTE: *A silver spoon marked J. and M. B. for John and Mercy Bourne was an heirloom belonging to our cousin, Lucretia Haskell.*

Our Chandler Line

1. Roger Chandler had three daughters, Sarah and Phoebe m. respectively John and Jacob Leonard, brothers.
2. Phoebe Chandler, d. 1678, was first wife of Jacob Leonard of Bridgewater.
3. Joseph Leonard, Sr., 1670-1749, m. Martha Orcutt, 1671-1752, built old house Bridgewater Centre.
4. Joseph Leonard, Jr., 1696-1786, m. Mary Packard, 1696-1770 from Nipinicket.
5. Capt. David Leonard, 1734-1813, m. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, of Taunton.
6. Caleb Francis Leonard, 1778-1840, m. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863.

7. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, lived Bridgewater.

Our Chipman Line

1. Thomas Chipman, b. Brispital, Dorsetshire, Eng., near Dorchester.
2. Elder John Chipman, b. 1621 Eng., lived with Uncle Christopher Durkey, m. Hope Howland.
3. Desire Chipman, 1673-1705, youngest dau. m. Melatiah Bourne, oldest son.
4. John Bourne, b. 1698, m. Mercy Hinckley, b. 1707.
5. Elizabeth Bourne of Falmouth, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift who died young.
6. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820.
7. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Isaac Thompson, had Jane Thompson, who m. Jas. Leonard.

NOTE: *Elder John Chipman came to Am. at age of* 16 *as a servant to his cousin, Richard Durkey. He believed the Durkeys had cheated him out of his inheritance from his father. He is the ancestor of all the Chipmans in New England.*

Our de Clare Line

1. Gilbert de Clare, d. 1114, built Cardigan Castle, descended from Alfred the Great.
2. Richard de Clare, slain by Welsh in ambush in wooded defile 1135.
3. Gilbert de Clare, d. 1152.
4. Richard de Clare, d. 1218, m. Amicia Gloucester, who was descended from King Henry I.
5. Gilbert de Clare, d. 1229, inherited Glamorgan from mother, m. Isabel Marshal.
6. Richard de Clare, m. 2nd Maud Lacy, dau. of Magna Charta Baron.
7. Gilbert de Clare, "the Red", m. 2nd Joan, dau. Edward I, built Caerphilly Castle.
8. Margaret de Clare, widow of Piers Gaveston, m. Hugh d'Audley.

From here consult d'Audley line.

Our First Cooke Line

1. Francis Cooke, 1582-1663, Mayflower Pilgrim, m. Hester Mahien.
2. John Cooke, b. 1613, Mayflower Pilgrim, m, Sarah Warren, Pilg. of Anne.
3. Sarah Cooke, m. Arthur Hathaway, lived near Dartmouth or Cape Cod.
4. Jonathan Hathaway, m. Susanna Pope, granddaughter of Thos. Pope and Sarah Jenney.
5. Deborah Hathaway, m. Dea. Jireh Swift, Jr., of Acushnet.
6. Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763, m. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731 Falmouth.
7. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, of Middleboro.
8. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, lived Rochester.
9. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

NOTE: *John Cooke came as a boy on the Mayflower with his father. He was excommunicated from the Plymouth Church, where he was deacon, for taking the part of the Quakers. He removed to Dartmouth.*

Our Second Cooke Line

1. Francis Cook, 1582-1663, Mayflower Pilgrim, age 38, m. Hester Mahien.
2. Mary Cooke, b. 1626 Plymouth, d. 1714 Middleboro, m. Lieut. John Thompson.
3. John Thompson, 1648-1725, m. Mary Tinkham, 1655-1731.
4. Shubael Thompson, 1685-1734, m. Susanna Parler, 1687-1734.
5. John Thompson, 1717-1766, age 49 m. Lydia Wood, 1723-1761.
6. Hon. Isaac Thompson, 1746-1819, m. 1774 Lucy Sturtevant, 1754-1834.
7. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, m. 1807 Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853.

8. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 James M. Leonard, 1810-1880.

NOTE: *The Cooke family, originally spelled Cok, is very old in England. To it belong Richard and Walter Cook, crusaders, who went to the Holy Land in* 1191.

Our Third Cooke Line

1. Francis Cooke, b. Bantry or Blythe, Yorkshire, Eng., m. in Leyden "Hester, the Walloon."
2. Mary Cooke, 1626-1714, m. Lieut. John Thompson, b. Wales, 1616, d. Middleboro, 1696.
3. Jacob Thompson, 1662-1726, m. Abigail Wadsworth, 1670-1744, Middleboro.
4. Caleb Thompson, m. Abigail Crossman, 1714-1791, of whom we have a picture.
5. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833, m. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1823.
6. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, m. Caleb F. Leonard.
7. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. Jane Thompson. 1819-1892, lived Bridgewater.

NOTE: *Francis Cooke was a Roman Catholic who joined the Separatists and early went to Leyden where he married his Walloon wife Hester. He came on the Mayflower with his son, but left Mrs. Cooke and three children to follow later by the Anne. Francis was "a man of judgment, who could see both sides of a question." He is called in the records "The Ancestor."*

Our Crossman Line

1. John Crossman, b. Eng., d. before 1675, m. Joanna Thayer, came to Taunton 1639.
2. Robert Crossman, Sr., only son, b. Eng., m. 1652 Sarah Kingsley, Dedham, 12 ch.
3. Robert Crossman, Jr., 1657-1738, m. 2nd Hannah Brooks, 7 ch.
4. Nathaniel Crossman, 1680-1757, m. 1703 Sarah Merrick, Taunton, 10 ch.
5. Abigail Crossman, 1714-1791, age 77, m. Caleb Thompson of Middleboro.
6. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833, m. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1823.

7. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, m. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, 3 ch.
8. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. Jane Thompson, 8 ch.

NOTE: *Robert Crossman, Jr., was a miller in Taunton of rare ability, self-educated, Rep. to Plym. Court,* 1702-05, *selectman several times in Taunton. Sarah Merrick was from a wealthy Taunton family that had a castle and coat of arms in its genealogy. Abigail Crossman's picture is preserved.*

Our Dacre Line

1. Ranulph de Dacre, builder of Naworth Castle near Cumberland,, 1385 eloped with 17-year-old Margaret de Multon.
2. Thomas de Dacre, d. 1457 Naworth Castle, m. Philippa Neville.
3. Lady Joan Dacre, m. Sir Richard Fiennes, went to live at Hurstmonceaux Castle.
4. Sir Thomas Fiennes, Sr., 1471-1534, 8th Baron Dacre, m. Anne Bouchier.
5. Sir Thomas Fiennes, Jr., beheaded 1541 at age 24, m. Lady Mary Neville.
6. Lady Margaret Fiennes, 1540-1611, m. Sampson Leonard, 11th Baron Dacre.

From here consult our James Leonard line.

NOTE: *The name Dacre is derived from the exploits of this family at the Siege of Acre in the Holy Land.*

Our Deighton Line

1. Dr. John Deighton, d. 1646, royal descent, m. Jane Bassett, d. 1631.
2. Jane Deighton, b. Gloucestershire, Eng., one of 3 sisters who came to Am., m. John Lugg in England.
3. Esther Lugg, b. Eng. 1636, d. Mass. 1721, age 85, m. James Bell, killed by Indians 1776.
4. Mary Bell, b. 1669, m. 1693 Joseph Hall, Sr., 1642-1703, of Taunton, 4 ch.
5. Capt. Jos. Hall, 1694-1763, m. Elizabeth Leonard, 1694-1750, dau. James Leonard, Taunton.
6. Dea. Joseph Hall, 1720-1807, age 87, m. 1749 Mary Andrews of Taunton, 7 ch.

7. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m. 1770 David Leonard, 1734-1813, 13 ch.
8. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. 1807 Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, 8 ch.
9. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, 8 ch.

NOTE: *Jane Deighton's husband was of noble family. They lived at School St., Boston. Their daughter, Esther, lived in her widowhood with a daughter who m. Mr. Marshall, to whom Esther willed her property for taking care of her in her old age.*

I find among the notes of my sister, Mary H. Leonard, the following, "Deightons traced to Louis III of France." "On the Kinship of Men."

Our Despenser Line—Family Founded in Reign of Henry I

1. Hugh Despenser, killed Evesham 1205, had custody of Henry III after Lewes, m. Aliva Bassett.
2. Hugh Despenser (2), hanged in 1326 at age of 90 for being a favorite of Edward II, m. Isabel Beauchamp.
3. Hugh Despenser (3), impeached and hanged 1327, favorite of Edward II, m. Eleanor de Clare, dau. of Gilbert.
4. Edward Despenser, Sr., d. 1342, m. Anne Ferrars.
5. Edward Despenser, Jr., d. 1375, m. Elizabeth de Berghersh.
6. Thomas Despenser, Earl of Gloucester, beheaded 1400, m. Constance, granddaughter of Edward III by his 5th son, Edmund.
7. Isabel Despenser, m. Richard Beauchamp, Lord Abergavenny.
8. Elizabeth Beauchamp, m. Edward Neville, who obtained through his wife the Baronies of Despenser and Abergavenny.

From here consult our Neville line.

Henry Martyn Dexter's Line

1. Richard Dexter came from Ireland with his wife, Bridget, refugees from persecution.
2. His descendant, perhaps grandson, Dea. Elijah Dexter, lived in Rochester.

3. Rev. Elijah Dexter, b. 1786, pastor Plympton, m. 1st Mary Morton of Freetown, 2nd Lydia Thompson, b. 1799.
4. Henry Martyn Dexter, 1821-1890, brought up by stepmother as cousin to our mother.

NOTE: *Lydia Thompson was a sister of Grandfather Isaac Thompson.*

Our Eliot Line

1. Burnet Eliot, d. Nazing, Eng., 1621, m. Lettye Aggar, d. 1620, Widford, Hartford Co., Eng.
2. Philip Eliot, b. 1602, Widford, Eng., m. 1624 Eliz. Lybethorpe, came on Hopewell 1635 with children.
3. Lydia Eliot, b. Nazing, Eng. 1631, d. 1672, came to Am. with parents when 3, m. John Smith.
4. Lydia Smith, b. Dedham 1662, m. Samuel Packard, lived by Nipenicket, 13 ch.
5. Mary Packard, m. Joseph Leonard, Jr., lived at Bridgewater Centre.
6. David Leonard, 1734-1813, m. 1770 Mary Hall of Taunton, 1750-1839.
7. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, of Middleboro.
8. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, lived by Nipenicket.

NOTE: *Philip Eliot was a brother of John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians. The Eliots settled in Dedham. After Lydia's death, her husband m. Jael Packard and the family moved to Taunton. Her daughter, Lydia Smith, lived on our Nipenicket farm after her marriage to Samuel Packard.*

Our Fiennes Line

1. John de Fiennes came with William I to Eng., made Admiral in 1084.
2. Ingleram de Fiennes, Crusader to Holy Land, fell in Siege of Acre 1190.
3. William Fiennes, helped win Magna Charta from King John 1214.
4. Ingelram Fiennes, conspicuous in Civil War in time of Henry III.
5. Sir Giles Fiennes, d. 1293, Crusader to Holy Land with

St. Louis, later with Edward I.

6. Sir John Fiennes, d. 1351, m. Maud de Monceaux, heiress of Hurstmonceaux Manor House.
7. William Fiennes, d. 1361, brass tablet in Hurstmonceaux Church marks grave; m. Joan.
8. Sir Roger Fiennes, b. 1384, built Hurstmonceaux Castle 1449, in Battle Agincourt.
9. Sir Richard Fiennes, d. 1484, m. Lady Joan Dacre, Baroness from Dacres of the North.

From here consult our Dacre line.

NOTE: *Maud de Monceaux was granddaughter of Waleran de Monceaux who was heir to the Hurstmoceaux estate in* 1200.

Our Fitzrandolphe Line

1. Edward Fitzrandolphe was in Scituate 1638-1644, "probably went to Georgiana."
2. Mary Fitzrandolphe, m. Samuel Hinckley (2) of Barnstable.
3. Joseph Hinckley, 1672-1753, age 81, m. 1699 Mary Gorham, b. 1680.
4. Mercy Hinckley, b. 1707, m. 1722 at age of 15 John Bourne, 8 ch.
5. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763.
6. Abigail Swift, 1779-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell.
7. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835.
8. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. James Madison Leonard, 1810-1880.

NOTE: *The Hinckley Family with which the Fitzrandolphes married were wealthy and prominent people on Cape Cod.*

Our Gallop Line

1. Capt. John Gallop, Sr., commander of whale boat fleet, b. Eng., came to America 1630, wife Christabel.
2. Capt. John Gallop, Jr., m. Hannah Lake, came with mother from England 1633, killed Great Swamp Battle with Indians 1675.
3. Ester Gallop, b. 1653, m. 1674 Henry Hodges, 1652-1717, of Taunton.

4. Charity Hodges, 1682-1739, m. Ensign Elkanah Leonard, 1682-1707, 7 sons.
5. Abiah Leonard, 1707-1791, m. 2nd Elder Mark Haskell, 1709-1785.
6. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, m. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, lived Hay Hall.
7. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, Rochester.
8. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

Our Gibbs Line

1. Thomas Gibbs was in Sandwich 1639, a First Comer, d. 1685, age 80.
2. Son of the above, but whether Thos., Jr., b. 1636, Samuel, b. 1639 or John, b. 1644, is unknown.
3. Abigail Gibbs, m. Jireh Swift, Sr.
4. Dea. Jireh Swift, Jr., m. Deborah Hathaway, 1711-1794.
5. Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763, m. Elizabeth Bourne.
6. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell of Middleboro.
7. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835.
8. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880.

Our Goodell Line

1. Robert Goodell, wife Catherine, came from England 1634.
2. Elizabeth Goodell, m. John Smith of Salem.
3. Mary Smith, m. 1678 Mark Haskell, who came to Rochester 1692.

From here consult our Haskell line.

NOTE: *William Goodell Frost is descended from Robert Goodell.*

William Goodell Frost's Line

1. Robert Goodell, came to Salem 1634.
2. Zecheriah Goodell, b. 1640, m. Elizabeth.
3. Thomas Goodell, b. 1676 at Pomfret, Ct., m. Sarah Merrill.

4. Capt. Zechariah Goodell, 1701-1783, m. Hannah.
5. Lieut. Zechariah Goodell, 1737-1799, m. Cous. Harriet Cheney, Convert of Whitefield, Rearer of Edwards.
6. Frederick Goodell, m. Rhoda, 1762-1807, Coventry, N. Y.
7. William Goodell, 1792-1878, m. 1823 Clarissa, Boston, Prov., N. Y., Utica, editor and author, 1797-1878.
8. Maria Goodell, 1826-1899, m. Lewis M. Frost, 1824-1893.
9. William Goodell Frost, 1854—, Ex-Pres. Berea College.

Family of Amelia Isadore Goodenough
Eldest Sister of Rev. H. D. Goodenough

1. Amelia Isadore Goodenough, 1840-1879, m. 1859 Martin G. Blackman; had Grace, b. 1860, Winifred, b. 1863, Fred, b. 1866, Willie, 1868-1877, Eugene, 1870-1873, Myrta, b. 1872, Ethel, 1876-1885.
2. Grace May Blackman, m. Frank E. Smith, home Long Beach, Cal., no ch.
3. Their adopted dau., Elizabeth Irene, m. Clyde Vineyard of Los Angeles, 4 ch.—Billy, Jack, Betty, Austin,
4. Winifred Alberta Blackman, m. 1st 1894 Samson D. Hart, no ch., adopted Mr. Hart's grandson, m. 2nd Cyrus Marshall, home in Madera, Cal.
5. Frederick E. Blackman, plumber, m. 1892 in Rockwell City, Ia., Margaret McAllister, b. 1872, had 3 ch., who d. in infancy; later they adopted 2 girl sisters, Blanch and Pearl. Family lives in Long Beach, Cal.
6. Myrta Irene Blackman, m. 1898 Willis O. Wilcox, b. 1864, had Vernon Eugene, b. 1900, Helen b. 1903, Winifred, b. 1904, Katherine, b. 1909, Roy, b. 1912. Family lives in Janesville, Wis.
7. Vernon Eugene Wilcox, m. 1920, Alice Fox, had Shirley Frances, b. 1921, Alice, b. 1923, Helen, b. 1924.

NOTE: *The eldest brother of H. D. Goodenough was William, d.* 1890, *m. Emily,* 3 *ch. The only son of William and Emily Goodenough is Darwin, b.* 1868, *who lives in Lake Worth, Fla.*

Family of Catherine Goodenough
Eldest Daughter of Wm. Goodenough, Eldest Brother of

H. D. Goodenough

1. Catherine Goodenough, m. 1893 Dr. Oscar R. Wright, had Marie, b. 1895, Margaret Emily, b. 1897; lives at Huron, S. D.
2. Marie Wright, m. 1916 Harold Luther Tillson; ch. of above—Catherine, b. 1917, Harold, Jr., b. 1918, Edward, b. 1921, Joan, b. 1924. This family live in De Moines, Ia.

Family of Youngest Daughter of William and Emily Goodenough

May Goodenough, b. 1869, m. Joseph Nelson, 2 ch.

1. Warren Nelson, b. 1898, m. 1922, 1 son, Warren, Jr., b. 1925.
2. Willian (a daughter), b. 1904.

The family lives in Fort Dodge, Ia.

Family of Charles Summer Goodenough Youngest Brother of Herbert Delos Goodenough

Charles S. Goodenough, b. Barton, Wis., 1856, m. 1879 May Ustick, b. 1860, had 7 ch., viz., Roy, 1880-1882, Carl, b. 1883, Brady, b. 1886, Leafy, b. 1888, Grace, b. 1890, Albert, 1895-1919, Darwin, b. 1898.

1. Carl Herbert, m. 1915 Katherine Zacker, b. 1889, 2 ch., Lola, b. 1916, Leafy, b. 1918, Fresno, Cal.
2. Brady Abner, m. 1909 Iona Blair, b. 1891, 7 ch., viz., Elsie, b. 1910, Eva, b. 1913, Eugene, b. 1915, Irene, b. 1917, Eloise, b. 1920, Patty, Doris.
3. Leafy Elsie, m. 1911 Will F. Haney, 2 ch., Louis, b. 1912, Lettia, b. 1916.
4. Grace Edna, m. 1st 1910 Mansur S. Dewitt, 2 ch., viz., Miriam, b. 1911, Leslie Albert, b. 1913, in Texas; Grace m. 2nd Paul Nolan, now lives in Cal.
5. Albert Ellis, m. 1915 Mabel Hughison, 2 ch. twins b. 1918, Richard and Robert; Albert died of influenza which turned to pneumonia when his sons were 8 mo. old. His widow m. L. Helpenstell. This family live in Stockton, Cal.
6. Darwin Ernest, m. 1920 Edna Eckhoff, 1 son d. in infancy.

NOTE: *Chas. and May Goodenough have* 21 *living grandchildren.*

Herbert Delos Goodenough's Line
Paternal

1. One of the three Goodenow brothers, Edmund, John and Thomas, who came in Confidence 1638 to Sudbury.
2. John Goodenough, 1742-1802, m. widow Mary Demming Healy, 1751-1841, 8 ch.
3. David Goodenough, 1782-1862, b. Chesterfield, Mass., 3rd child, m. Hannah Keen, 1787-1858, of New Bedford.
4. Darwin Erasmus Goodenough, 1814-1874, 5th child, m. 1838 Malvina Fitzelon Price, 1820-1895.
5. Herbert Delos Goodenough, b. May 22, 1852, d. Rochester, Mass., Aug. 24, 1927, 5th ch., m. 1878 Caroline L. Leonard of Bridgewater.

NOTE: *Herbert D. Goodenough was born at Barton, Wis. Went to Africa as missionary* 31 *years. His Grandmother, Hannah Keen was dau. of Wm. Keen and Phoebe Mason of Freetown and granddaughter of Hezekiah Keen and Pamel West of Freetown, Bristol Co., Mass.*

Maternal

1. William Price, Sr., 1758-1831, son of British officer, m. Elizabeth Hall, 1766-1841.
2. William Price., Jr., 1789-1844, m. at Irma, N. Y., Elsie H. Dow.
3. Malvina Fitzelan Price, 1820-1895, m. Darwin Erasmus Goodenough.
4. Herbert Delos Goodenough, 5th ch., b. 1852, Barton, Wis., m. Caroline L. Leonard.

NOTE: *This family came from N. J. and Pa., then moved to western N. Y. My husband remembers his maternal grandmother as Grandma Crowley because she had married (2nd) a Mr. Crowley. Elsie Goodenough, sister of Herbert, is named for her.*

She was the daughter of Thomas Dow, b. 1743 *at Amesbury, Mass., d.* 1822 *at Yorkshire, N. Y. and buried at Arcade, N. Y. He was m.* 1767 *to Mary Barbur at Pawtucket Falls, Mass. They lived at Methuen, Mass. until* 1778 *then moved to Danville, Vt. where Thomas kept a*

tavern. He was in the Revolution, had the rank of Corporal on the Lexington Alarm Roll in 1775. *He served at intervals throughout the war. See "Mass. Sailors and Soldiers in War of Rev.," vol.* 4, *p.* 916, *also "Historical Sketch of Methuen, Mass.," by J. S. Howe, p.* 27.

Our Gorham Line

1. James Gorham, Benefield, Eng., 1550-1576, m. Agnes Benham.
2. Ralph Gorham, b. Eng. 1575, d. Plymouth, 1643, m. Plymouth 1637.
3. Capt. John Gorham, only child, b. Eng. 1620, d. 1675, age 54, m. Desire Howland.
4. Lieut. Col. John Gorham, Jr., 1651-1716, m. Mary Otis, family of patriot.
5. Mary Gorham, b. 1680, m. Joseph Hinckley, lived Barnstable.
6. Mercy Hinckley, m. John Bourne, parents of Elizabeth Bourne.

NOTE: *Capt. John Gorham died in Swansea away from home and buried there. Death due to exposure in a snowstorm causing retreat in King Phillip's War. Lieut. Col. John Gorham, Jr., was com. of whaleboat fleet of from* 44 *to* 50 *vessels in King Phillip's War. Ranked next to Col. Church.*

From here consult Bourne line.

Our Gulliver Line

1. Anthony Gulliver, 1620-1706, from Ireland, m. Elinor Kingsley.
2. Lydia Gulliver, 1658-1705, m. as second wife Capt. Jas. Leonard of Taunton.
3. Elizabeth Leonard, 1694-1750, m. Capt. Joseph Hall (2) of Taunton, 1694-1763.
4. Dea. Joseph Hall, 1720-1807, m. Mary Andrews, 1724-1814, lived in Taunton.
5. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m. 1770 David Leonard of Bridgewater, 1734-1813.
6. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, lived by Nipenicket.

7. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, 8 ch.

NOTE: *Lydia Gulliver lived and died in the House of Seven Gables, Raynham, built by her husband. The marriage of her great-granddaughter, Mary Hall, united the Bridgewater and Taunton Leonards.*

Our Hall Line

1. George Hall, b. 1600 Eng., d. 1669 Taunton, came from Devonshire 1636, wife Mary.
2. Joseph Hall, 1640-1705, m. 1693 Mary Bell, made axle 3 days before he died, age 63.
3. Capt. Joseph Hall, 1694-1763, 1st ch., m. Elizabeth Leonard, 1694-1750, dau. Capt. James Leonard.
4. Dea. Joseph Hall, 1720-1807, age 87, m. 1749 Mary Andrews, 7 ch.
5. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, twin of Peris, 1st ch., m. David Leonard, 1734-1813.
6. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863.
7. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

NOTE: *George Hall was one of the 46 original proprietors of a tract of land bought from the Indian Chief Massasoit which included Taunton, Berkeley and Raynham. He was wealthy in land and had an interest in the iron business of the Leonards. His six children were John, Joseph, Samuel, Charity, Sarah, and Mary.*

Our Hallet Line

1. "Mr." Andrew Hallet "of good estate" came from Eng. with his wife, Mary, 1637.
2. Bathsheba Hallet, 1st dau., came with parents, m. Richard Bourne, Cape Cod.
3. Shearjashub Bourne, 1644-1718, m. Bathsheba Skiff, b. 1648.
4. Hon. Melatiah Bourne, 1673-1743, m. Desire Chipman, 1673-1705.
5. John Bourne, b. 1698, m. Mercy Hinckley, b. 1707.
6. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763.

7. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell, d. 1820.
8. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835.
9. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. James M. Leonard, Bridgewater.

NOTE: *"Mr." Andrew Hallet, "gentleman" ancestor of the Yarmouth Hallets, left a cow for the use of the poor at Yarmouth.*

Our Hardy Line

1. John Hardy, d. 1652, m. Elizabeth of Salem, d. before 1683, fish merchant, Salem.
2. Elizabeth Hardy, m. Roger Haskell, 1613-1657, who came to Am. 1632.
3. Mark Haskell, d. 1699, m. 1678 Mary Smith of Salem, settled in Rochester.
4. Dea. Roger Haskell, b. 1680 Salem, m. 1707 Joanna Swift, b. 1683, 7 ch.
5. Elder Mark Haskell, 1709-1785, m. 2nd Abiah Leonard (Nelson), 1707-1791, widow, lived Hay Hall.
6. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, m. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, 3 ch.
7. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, set. Rochester.

Our Harmon Line

1. Elizabeth Harmon, m. John Leonard, Barrister, Knole, Kent.
2. Sampson Leonard, 1545-1615, 11th Lord Dacre, m. Lady Margaret Fiennes.

From here consult our James Leonard line.

Our Haskell Line

1. Edward (?) Haskell, m. Mary, Bristol, Eng., had 4 ch. who came to Am. 1632.
2. Roger Haskell, 1613-1657, settled Beverly, Mass., m. 1st Thursa Stone, dau. John S., m. 2nd Elizabeth Hardy, d. Salem, 1676.
3. Mark Haskell, 1650-1699, m. Mary Smith of Salem, settled in Rochester.
4. Dea. Roger Haskell, b. 1680, m. Joanna Swift of Sandwich, b. 1683, 7 ch.

5. Elder Mark Haskell, 1709-1785, m. 2nd widow Abiah Leonard Nelson, 1707-1791.
6. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, m. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, 3 ch.
7. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, 7 ch.

NOTE: *The oldest son of Roger Haskell* (2) *was John who settled in Middleboro.*

The Ebenezer Haskell, Sr., Line

1. "Witchcraft" Mark Haskell, d. 1699, town clerk of Rochester, had 6 ch.
2. Dea. Roger Haskell, b. 1680 Salem, ancestor of all the Haskells now in Rochester.
3. Ebenezer Haskell, Sr., b. 1716, m. widow Anna Fearing Gurney, 7 ch.
4. Ebenezer Haskell, Jr., b. 1761, d. 1840, m. Bathsheba Crocker d. 1815, bought Savery House 1795.
5. Louisa Haskell, b. 1803, (3) m. Charles Holmes, Sr., 2 ch., the daughter Emma m. David Stillwell.
6. Charles Holmes, Jr., m. Mary Anna Remington, 3 ch., Mary, Anna, and Charles.

NOTE: *Ebenezer Haskell, Jr., had an unmarried daughter, "Aunt Hope," b.* 1796, *who lived till her death in* 1863 *in the Old Savery House. His daughter, Almira, b.* 1800, *m. Henry Bourne* (1*st wife*). *Almira's son, Henry, rescued his half-brother, Thos. B. Bourne, Civil War prisoner. Emma Stillwell's daughter, Mrs. Louisa Nevius, lives in Rochester, widow, had five children. Her son, Stillwell, m. Helen Brown, has one daughter, Jane.*

The Ephraim Haskell Line

1. Ephraim Haskell, 1711-1773, 2nd son of Dea. Roger, m. 1738, Mehitable Tobe of Sandwich. Their ch. were Deborah, m. Dexter, Elizabeth, m. Merrick, Ephraim, Jabez, Barnabas, d. at sea, Ebenezer, and Elias.
2. Jabez Haskell, 1746-1816, genealogist and silk manufacturer, m. Eliz. Bissell, Windsor, Ct. One of their descendants is Jabez Haskell Hayden of Windsor, Ct.

NOTE: *See book on The Haskell Family by Dr. Thomas Robbins of Mattapoisett, Mass. Samuel Haskell, killed in La.,* 1862, *was brother of Jabez.*

The Jesse Haskell Line

1. "Witchcraft Mark Haskell", 1650-1699, ran away in the night on horseback from Salem re. witchcraft, settled Rochester.
2. Dea. Roger Haskell, b. 1680, oldest son, built "Lily Patch House" in old Haskell field, Rochester.
3. Ebenezer Haskell, Sr., 1716-1779, m. 1757 widow Anna Fearing Gurney of Wareham, 9 ch., lived in "Lily Patch House."
4. Jesse Haskell, b. 1767, d. 1829, youngest son, bought Ephraim Haskell house, m. 1799 Zeruiah Burgess, Wareham.
5. Dea. George Haskell, m. Martha Burgess, 2 ch., both still living in Rochester, dau. Sarah.
6. Dea. George B. Haskell, Jr., m. Annie Joslyn, 3 ch., Ernest, Ethel, and Royal.
7. Royal Haskell, m. Myrta Brown.

NOTE: *Hon. Jesse Haskell was prominent man holding high offices. Served in war,* 1812. *Had eight children. One dau., Susan, m. Addison Weld, Sr., of New York. Her three children live in Rochester, Lucy, b.* 1851, *Addison Weld, Jr., b.* 1846, *and Caroline, b.* 1854, *who m. D. S. Lewis, had one dau., Winnifred, deceased. Another dau. of Jesse Haskell was Anna, d.* 1857, *m. Dr. Thomas Gage, b.* 1800.

The John Haskell Line

1. John Haskell, 1681-1728, 2nd son of Mark (3), m. Mehitable Clark of Boston, 10 ch.
2. John Haskell, m. Ruth Sprague, descendant of John Alden, Pilgrim.
3. David Haskell, grandfather of Mrs. Wood of Taunton.

NOTE: *John Haskell settled by Mary's pond, Rochester, and has many distinguished descendants. His grandson, Roger, enlisted three times in Revolution and would not draw his pension. Ira Haskell, of Lynn, is his descendant. John's dau., Rebecca, m. Christopher Page and his dau., Mary, m. Dudley Jordan.*

The father of Mrs. Wood was born in the "old Paine House," recently burned down, near Mary's pond in Roches-

ter. Her grandfather was David Haskell, the son of John Haskell, Jr., who m. Ruth Sprague, a descendant of John and Priscilla Alden. John, Jr., joined the church when an old man of 70.

The Joseph Haskell Line

1. "Witchcraft Mark Haskell," m. Mary Smith who joined him in Rochester, 1697.
2. Joseph Haskell, youngest son, m. 1716 Bethuah Hammond, lived Rochester Common.
3. Elnathan Haskell, Sr., m. widow Dorothy Peckham, had 3 sons in Revolution, one killed.
4. Major Elnathan Haskell, Jr., distinguished Rev. officer, m. dau. of Col. Wm. Thompson of Fourt Moultrie.

NOTE: *Major Elnathan Haskell's picture is in the dome of the Capitol at Washington where is depicted Burgoyne's surrender. His brother, Nathaniel, Sr., built on Walnut Plain Road, Rochester, and was the father of Major Nathaniel Haskell, Jr., who m. Delia Hall and was the father of "Miss Eugenia,"* 1820-1907. *Nathaniel, Sr., had a son, Dr. Joseph Haskell, who was the village doctor in Rochester in our mother's girlhood and the father of her chum, Elizabeth Haskell, who had two doctor brothers, Charles and Joseph.*

The Lot Haskell Line

1. "Witchcraft Mark Haskell" came to Rochester 1692. His wife Mary and children joined him 1697.
2. Dea. Roger Haskell, b. 1680 Salem, "became head of the family on his father's death 1699."
3. Ebenezer Haskell, Sr., b. 1716, m. Anna Fearing Gurney who outlived him. Lived with son, Jesse.
4. Lot Haskell, b. 1758, d. 1844, oldest son, built in 1800 old Lot Haskell House, Rochester, m. 2nd Elizabeth Cotton, 1765-1822, dau. John Cotton of Plymouth, 6 ch.
5. William Haskell, b. 1806, m. 1843 Joanna Thompson, b. 1809, second marriage for both.
6. Charles Haskell, m. Mrs. Mary Ellis Ryder.
7. Phoebe Haskell.

NOTE: *Wm. Haskell's son by his first marriage to Mary Dexter, William Prince Haskell, married Lucretia Randall. Their dau., Ellen, m. Edward Barrows whose son, Chester*

Barrows, m. Mildred White, having two daughters, Barbara and Louise. The son of William and Lucretia Haskell is Wm. Fred Haskell of Lynn. His son by his first marriage to Lilla Taylor is Robert Haskell who m. Margery French. Fred has a dau., Louise, by his second marriage to Ella Frazier. William and Lucretia's daughter, Mrs. Lucy Sturtevant, is a widow. The oldest son of Lot and Elizabeth Haskell was John Cotton Haskell who m. another Lucretia Randall and lived in New Bedford. Lot's oldest dau., Mary, married 1821 *Capt. Geo. Gibbs, was the mother of five sea captains. Lot's dau., Lucy, m.* 1827 *Nathaniel Cobb. They were the parents of Lucy Cobb. Lot's son, Israel Haskell, married Joanna Thompson, mother's sister, who later married Israel's brother, William.*

Mark Haskell (4) *Line*

1. Mark Haskell, 1683-1760, 3d son of "Witchcraft Mark," m. Rebecca Thomas, built "Savery House" 1707, 5 ch., Joanna, Mary, Thomas, Mark, Seth.
2. Seth Haskell, b. 1722, m. Abiah Nelson, dau. of Abiah Leonard, step-dau. Elder Mark Haskell.
3. Job Haskell, m. Elizabeth, Mattapoisett, ancestors of E. G. Haskell.
4. Roxallana Haskell, m. Mr. Dean of Marion, ancestor of Mrs. C. F. White.

NOTE: *Seth Haskell's son, Zebulon, m.* 1st *Thankful Dexter of Rochester, m. 2nd Mrs. Susanna Sherman; by this second marriage he is the ancestor of Mrs. Mary Moore and her dau., Mrs. Tatem. Seth Haskell bought from his father a* 20 *acre farm and this passed to his dau., Abiah, who m. Benjamin Pickens. This pair sold the place in* 1814 *to Isaac Thompson and it is now the home of Edith Leonard.*

The Elder Mark Haskell Line
By First Marriage

1. "Witchcraft Mark Haskell," m. Mary Smith, dau. of John and Elizabeth Goodell Smith of Salem, settled in Rochester.
2. Dea. Roger Haskell, b. 1680, m. 1707 Joanna Swift of Sandwich, b. 1683, dau. of Ephraim and Sarah Swift, 7 ch.

3. Elder Mark Haskell, 1709-1785, m. 1st Mary Spooner, b. 1709, 3 sons, Nathaniel, Samuel and Mark, who changed his own name to Micah.
4. Nathaniel Haskell had many distinguished descendants.
5. Prince Haskell, distinguished for bravery in Revolution, praised by Washington.
6. Edward Haskell.
7. Burnette G. Haskell, editor of Haskell Journal.
8. Astaroth Haskell, b. 1886.

NOTE: *Mary Spooner was the dau. of William Spooner and Alice Blackwell of Dartmouth.*

The Elder Mark Haskell Line
By Second Marriage

1. Elder Mark Haskell, b. 1709-1785, m. 2nd wife, Abiah Leonard Nelson, 1707-1791, 3 sons, Roger, 1742, Elisha, 1743-44, and Zebulon, b. 1747.
2. Roger Haskell, 1742-1813, m. 1765 Judith Nelson, 1743-1806. Their sons were Simeon, b. 1767, Mark, b. 1771, Thomas, 1768-1795, drowned.
4. Simeon Haskell, b. North Brookfield, grandson of the above, moved to Chatauqua Co., N. Y.
5. Mark Haskell held civic offices in Oakham. Had 3 preachers among his descendants.
7. George Haskell, grandson of above, millionaire oil speculator, "the only democrat ever known among the Haskells.

NOTE: *Mark Haskell* (6), *brother of Simeon, settled in Woodstock. His brother, Capt. George, is the ancestor of Rev. Thomas Haskell and of Mary E. Haskell, of Col. Elisha Haskell* (5) *settled in New Bedford and is the ancestor of the Acushnet Haskells and of Alice Lee, the first wife of President Roosevelt.*

Judith Nelson was the dau. of Thomas Nelson and Judith Prince of Middleboro.

The Zebulon Haskell Line

1. Elder Mark Haskell, 1709-1785, m. 2nd widow Abiah Leonard Nelson, granddaughter of James Leonard.
2. Zebulon Haskell, youngest son, 1747-1820, m. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, 3 ch., John, Abiah, and Betsey.

3. Betsey Haskell, m. Edwin Howard of West Bridgewater, 2 sons, Charles and Horatio.
4. Charles Howard had two daughters, Isabelle, 1845-1922, and Abigail named for her great-grandmother.
5. Abigail Howard, b. 1842, m. 1869 Horace Bartlett of West Bridgewater, 3 ch.

NOTE: *This family lives in West Bridgewater. The son, Henry, b.* 1871, *is in the dairy business. One dau., Helen, b.* 1874, *lives at home. The youngest dau., Jane, b.* 1877, *is in business in Washington, D. C. John Haskell, the only son of Zebulon and Abigail Haskell had a dau., Lois Haskell, who after the death of her mother lived with her Aunt Betsey Howard in West Bridgewater and married there Molbry Ripley. Her son, Frederick Ripley, is a teacher in Boston. Her dau., Helen, m. Sumner Packard of West Bridgewater and their dau. Louise, is a teacher.*

Our Hathaway Line

1. Arthur Hathaway, 1615-1705, age 90, came to Plymouth 1630, m. Sarah Cooke.
2. Jonathan Hathaway, 1671-1727, age 56, m. Susanna Pope, 1681-1760, 10 ch.
3. Deborah Hathaway, 1711-1794, buried Acushnet, m. Dea. Jireh Swift, 8 ch.
4. Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1st ch., 1730-1763, m. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731, 1 ch.
5. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. 1775 Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, lived Hay Hall.
6. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, settled in Rochester.
7. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

NOTE: *Sarah Cooke was the daughter of two Mayflower Pilgrims, John Cooke and Sarah Warren.*

Our Hicks Line

1. Robert Hicks, d. 1648, m. in England Margaret, came on Fortune 1621. Margaret came 1623.
2. Phoebe Hicks, youngest child, d. 1665, m. Geo. Watson,
3. Mary Watson, 1642-1723, age 81, m. Judge Thomas Leonard, 1641-1713, Taunton, 10 ch.

4. Ensign Elkanah Leonard, 1679-1714, m. Charity Hodges, 1682-1739, Middleboro.
5. Abiah Leonard, 1707-1791, m. 2nd Elder Mark Haskell, 1709-1785, lived Hay Hall.
6. Zebulon Haskell, youngest son, 1747-1820, m. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, 3 ch.
7. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, settled in Rochester.
8. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. James Madison Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater by Nipenicket.

NOTE: *George Watson, a prominent citizen, had a silver bowl which came from England with him; now in possession of his descendant Nehemiah Hall of Mansfield. Robert Hicks was one of the founders of Eastham.*

Our Hinckley Line

1. Samuel Hinckley, Sr., came from Sandwich, Eng. with wife, Sarah, d. 1656, 4 ch.
2. Samuel Hinckley, Jr., b. 1642, d. Barnstable, m. 2nd Mary Fitzrandolphe.
3. Joseph Hinckley, 1672-1753, Barnstable, m. Mary Gorham. He was wealthy.
4. Mercy Hinckley, b. 1707, m. John Bourne, b. 1698, 8 ch.
5. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763, 1 dau.
6. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. 1775 Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, lived Hay Hall.
7. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. 1808, Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, Rochester.
8. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

NOTE: *Samuel Hinckley came to Scituate* 1634 *in Hercules with Capt. John Wethersby,* 102 *emigrants. He was a liberal who had to swear conformity to Episcopate to order to get away. One son, Thomas, b.* 1618, *who came with him was Governor of Massachusetts nine years. Samuel was twice indicted for entertaining strangers, probably Quakers.*

Our Hodges Line

1. William Hodges, b. Eng., d. 1654 in Taunton, m. Mary

Andrews, 1628-1700.
2. Henry Hodges, 1652-1717, age 65, m. Ester Gallop.
3. Charity Hodges, 1682-1739, m. Ensign Elkanah Leonard, 1682-1777.
4. Abiah Leonard, 1707-1791, m. Elder Mark Haskell, 1709-1785.
5. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, m. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, lived Hay Hall.
6. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, Rochester.
7. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

Our First Howland Line

1. John Howland, 1592-1672, age 80, b. Essex, Eng., m. 1621 Elizabeth Tilley, 1606-1687, both Mayflower Pilgrims.
2. Desire Howland, m. Capt. John Gorham who died from exposure at Swansea in King Phillip's War.
3. Lieut. John Gorham, Jr., 1651-1716, m. Mary Otis, family of Patriot.
4. Mary Gorham, b. 1680, m. Joseph Hinckley of Barnstable, wealthy family.
5. Mercy Hinckley, b. 1707, m. John Bourne, b. 1698, 8 ch.
6. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763, 3 ch.
7. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. 1775 Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, lived Hay Hall.
8. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. 1808 Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, Rochester.
9. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 James Madison Leonard, 1810-1880.

Our Second Howland Line

1. John Howland, 1590-1672, b. Eng., m. 1621 Elizabeth Tilley, 1606-1687, both Mayflower Pilgrims.
2. Hope Howland, m. Elder John Chipman who came Am. 1637.
3. Desire Chipman, 1673-1705, m. Hon. Melatiah Bourne, 1673-1743.

4. John Bourne, b. 1698, m. Mercy Hinckley, b. 1707.
5. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763.
6. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. 1775, Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, 3 ch.
7. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. 1808 Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, 7 ch.
8. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. James Madison Leonard, Bridgewater.

Our Jacobs Line

1. Nicholas Jacobs, Hingham.
2. Mary Jacobs, m. 1653 Gen. John Otis, Jr., b. Devonshire Eng. 1620, came Am. 1635.
3. Mary Otis, 1653-1733, m. Col. John Gorham, Jr., son of Desire Howland.
4. Mary Gorham, b. 1680, 3rd ch. m. 1699 Joseph Hinckley, 1672-1753, Barnstable.
5. Mercy Hinckley (also called Marcy), b. 1707, oldest child, m. 1722 John Bourne, b. 1698.
6. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763, age 33, 3 ch.
7. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, lived Hay Hall.
8. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, Rochester.
9. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

NOTE: *John Otis is buried in Scituate. His stone is broken and defaced, but legible.*

Our First Jenny Line
(Also written "Jenne")

1. Hon. John Jenny, b. Norwich, Eng., d. Plymouth 1644, came on "Little James" with wife, Sarah Carey, 1625.
2. Abigail Jenny, b. Leyden, came with parents to Am., m. Henry Wood.
3. Abiah Wood, b. 1658 Plymouth, d. 1714, age 61, m. Bowen.
4. Elnathan Wood, 1684-1752, m. 1712 Mary Billington, 1st wife.

5. Lydia Wood, 1722-1761, age 39, m. 1741 John Thompson, 1717-1766, age 49, Middleboro.
6. Hon. Isaac Thompson, 1746-1819, m. Lucy Sturtevant 1754-1834, age 80, b. Halifax.
7. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, m. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, settled in Rochester.
8. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

NOTE: *Hon. John Jenny was a brewer who went to Holland from Scrooby* 1609 *as a Separatist. His wife was from Montstone, Eng. They had five children and lived in Rotterdam and Leyden. He was a miller in Plymouth and was on the Governor's Council.*

Our Second Jenny Line

1. Hon. John Jenny, d. 1644, m. Sarah Carey, d. 1656. They came to Plymouth with three children.
2. Sarah Carey Jenny, 4th and youngest child b. after family arrived Plymouth, m. Thomas Pope, 2nd wife.
3. Capt. Seth Pope, 1648-1727, m. 1st Deborah, d. 1710, 9 ch.
4. Susanna Pope, 1681-1760, m. Jonathan Hathaway, descendant of Richard Warren, 10 ch.
5. Deborah Hathaway, 1711-1794, m. Dea. Jireh Swift, buried Acushnet, 8 ch.
6. Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763, m. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731, 3 ch.
7. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811 (had 2 bros., John, b. 1754, Daniel, b. 1756), m. Zebulon Haskell.
8. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, 7 ch.
9. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. Dea. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

NOTE: *Hon. John Jenny was a man of wealth and importance; an owner of ships.*

Our First Kingsley Line

1. Stephen Kingsley of Dorchester, d. 1673, Braintree Representative 1666.
2. Elinor Kingsley, m. Anthony Gulliver, d. 1706, age 86,

came from Ireland Rep. in 1666, same year as Stephen Kingsley.

3. Lydia Gulliver, 1658-1705, m. as 2nd wife, Capt. James Leonard, Taunton.
4. Elizabeth Leonard, 1694-1750, m. Capt. Joseph Hall (2), 1694-1763.
5. Dea. Joseph Hall (3), 1720-1807, m. Mary Andrews, 1724-1814.
6. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m. 1770 Capt. David Leonard of Bridgewater, 1734-1813.
7. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863.
8. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

Our Second Kingsley Line

1. Joseph Kingsley, Dedham, m. Mellicent.
2. Sarah Kingsley, d. 1686, m. 1652 Robert Crossman, Sr., of Taunton.
3. Robert Crossman, Jr., 1657-1738, m. Hannah Brooks.
4. Nathaniel Crossman, 1680-1757, m. 1703 Sarah Merrick, 10 ch.
5. Abigail Crossman, 1714-1791, m. Caleb Thompson, Middleboro.
6. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833, m. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1823.
7. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, m. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840.
8. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

Our Lake Line

1. John Lake, merchant, d. Dublin, m. Margaret Reade who came Am. 1631 on "Lion" with 2 daughters.
2. Hannah Lake, b. Dublin, came Am. 1631 with mother, m. Capt. John Gallop, Jr., Taunton.
3. Ester Gallop, b. 1653, m. 1674 Henry Hodges, 1652-1717, Taunton.
4. Charity Hodges, 1682-1739, m. Ensign Elkanah Leonard, 1682-1777, Middleboro.
5. Abiah Leonard, 1707-1791, m. 2nd Elder Mark Haskell,

1709-1785, Middleboro.
6. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, m. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, lived in Hay Hall by Lake Quittacus.
7. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, Rochester.
8. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

NOTE: *The sister of Margaret Lake was Elizabeth, wife of Gov. John Winthrop. The sisters came together on "The Lion" in* 1631 *with Hannah and Martha Lake, Margaret's daughters. There was a great reception given to welcome the Governor's wife, public demonstration. Governor Bradford, of Plymouth, came to pay his respects at "the great framed house."*

Our Lane Line

1. William Lane—see "Savage's Account."
2. Andrew Lane, d. 1675, m. Tryphena, d. 1707, age 95.
3. Mary Lane (called in some records, Martha), m. "Mr." William Urquehart of Scituate.
4. Martha Urquehart (later spelling Orcutt), 1671-1752, b. Scituate, m. Joseph Leonard, Sr., 1670-1749.
5. Joseph Leonard, Jr., 1699-1786, m. 1721 Mary Packard from Nipenicket farm.
6. Capt. David Leonard, 1734-1813, m. 1770 Mary Hall, thus uniting Bridgewater and Taunton Leonards.
7. Caleb Francis Leonard, 1778-1840, m. 1807 Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863; lived by Nipenicket.
8. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, from Rochester.

NOTE: *Joseph Leonard, Sr. and Martha Orcutt lived in the "Clara Washburn house," Bridgewater, built by Joseph. Their grandson, David, bought his mother's early home by Nipenicket from his uncle.*

Our Solomon Leonard Line

1. Solomon Leonard, dissenter, b. Eng. 1610, came Am. 1630, wife Mary, settled Duxbury, later Bridgewater 1656.
2. Jacob Leonard, 1647-1717, b. Duxbury, 3rd son of Solomon, m. 1st Phoebe Chandler, d. Bridgewater.

3. Joseph Leonard, Sr., 1670-1749, m. 1695 Martha Orcutt, 1671-1752, lived Bridgewater Centre.
4. Joseph Leonard, Jr., 1699-1786, m. 1721 Mary Packard from Nipenicket farm, Scotland.
5. Capt. David Leonard, 1734-1813, m. 1770 Mary Hall, a descendant of James Leonard.
6. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. 1807 Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863.
7. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.
8. James Henry Leonard, 1852-1917, m. 1882 in Elyria, O., Mary C. Johnston, d. 1925.
9. Charles Manning Leonard, 1886-1922, m. 1901 Donna Russell, b. 1887.
10. Richard Manning Leonard, b. 1908.

NOTE: *The two lines of Leonards which coalesced in the marriage of David and Mary are of the same English Baronial stock from Hurstmonceaux Castle. The early Saxon Leonards, who came to Kent, England from Germany were the forest iron workers of past centuries.*

Our First James Leonard Line

1. George Leonard lived in reign of Henry VI, m. Anna Bird, dau. John Bird.
2. John Leonard, 1479-1556, of Knolle, bought Chevening Kent 1551.
3. John Leonard, 1508-1590, m. Elizabeth Harmon.
4. Samson Leonard, 1545-1615, 11th Lord Dacre, m. Lady Margaret Fiennes, d. 1611.
*5. Sir Henry Leonard, b. 1569, 12th Lord Dacre, m. Lady Chrisogona Baker, dau. Sir Richard of Kent.
6. Richard Leonard, d. 1630, 13th Lord Dacre, m. Lady Anne Throckmorton.
7. Thomas Leonard, younger son of above and brother to Frances, 14th Lord Dacre, m. Lydia White.
8. James Leonard, d. 1691, m. Mary Martin. Came to Am. from Pontipool, Wales about 1650.
9. Judge Thomas Leonard, 1641-1713, m. Mary Watson, 1642-1723, 10 ch.
10. Ensign Elkanah Leonard, 1677-1714, m. Charity Hodges, 1682-1739, Middleboro.

11. Abiah Leonard, 1707-1791, m. 2nd Elder Mark Haskell, 1709-1785, Middleboro.
12. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, Rochester.
13. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

**See note on following table.*

Our Second James Leonard Line

1. George Leonard lived in reign of Henry VI, m. Anna Bird, dau. John Bird.
2. John Leonard, 1479-1556, of Knolle, bought Chevening Kent 1551.
3. John Leonard, Barrister of Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1508-1590, m. Elizabeth Harmon.
4. Samson Leonard, 1545-1615, 11th Baron Dacre, m. Lady Margaret Fiennes, d. 1611.
5. Sir Henry Leonard, b. 1569, 12th Baron Dacre, m. Lady Chrisogona Baker, dau. Sir Richard.
6. Richard Leonard, d. 1630, 13th Baron Dacre, m. Lady Anne Throckmorton.
7. Thomas Leonard, younger son of above and brother to Francis, 14th Baron Dacre, m. Lydia White.
8. James Leonard, d. 1691, m. Mary Martin in Eng., came to Am. about 1650.
9. Capt. James Leonard, 1643-1726, m. Lydia Gulliver, lived in House of Seven Gables, Taunton.
10. Elizabeth Leonard, 1694-1750, m. Capt. Joseph Hall, Jr., 1694-1763, Mariner with ship.
11. Dea. Joseph Hall, 1720-1807, m. Mary Andrews, 1724-1814, dau. of Hannah Lincoln.
12. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m. Capt. David Leonard uniting Bridgewater and Taunton Leonards.
13. Caleb Francis Leonard, 1778-1840, m. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, Nipenicket.
14. James Madison Leonard, 1810-1880, m. Jane Thompson of Rochester, 1819-1892.

NOTE: *Browning's book, "Americans of Royal Descent," puts in two genealogical links between Sampson Leonard and Thomas Leonard of Pontipool, who was the father of James Leonard of Taunton. Bishop William Andrew*

Leonard, in his book, "Stephen Banks Leonard," also puts in two links, viz., Sir Henry Leonard, 12th Baron Dacre and Sir Richard Leonard, 13th Baron Dacre. Fanny Leonard Koster, however, in her book, "The Annals of the Leonard Family," says that Thomas Leonard of Pontipool, 1577-1638, was the third son of Lady Margaret and Sampson and her dates seem to me more plausible than those of the others. Sir Henry Leonard, b. 1569, was only eight years older than Thomas Leonard of Pontipool, and could not have been his father, and still less his grandfather. Therefore I follow Fanny Leonard Koster's data in this matter, in most of my tables.

The Leonard-Capeheart Line

1. Major Thomas Leonard, 1641-1713, m. Mary Watson, 1642-1723.
2. Ensign Elkanah Leonard, 1677-1714, m. Charity Hodges, 1682-1739.
3. Hon. Elkanah Leonard, m. Elizabeth Tisdale, lived in Middleboro.
4. Charity Leonard, m. Wm. Canedy.
5. Charity Canedy, m. Ebeneza Hinds.
6. Charity Hinds, m. Ebeneza Peirce.
7. Elbridge Gerry Peirce, m. Sarah Jane Gorham.
8. Elizabeth Peirce, m. Dole Wadleigh.
9. Sara Wadleigh, m. 1886 Edward E. Capehart, Captain in U. S. Navy.
10. Lt. Wadleigh Capehart, b. 1888, Portsmouth, N. H., m. 1915 Elizabeth H. Scudder, 3 ch.

NOTE: *A brother of the above is Lt. Everett D. Capehart b. 1890, m. 1926 Christina Chace.*

The Leonard-Dunham Line

1. James Leonard, d. 1691, immigrant to Taunton, m. Mary Martin.
2. Capt. James Leonard, 1643-1726, m. Lydia Gulliver.
3. James Leonard—third generation.
4. James Leonard—fourth generation.
5. Capt. Abiatha Leonard, m. 1760, Sara Williams, dau. Brig. Gen. James Williams.
6. Abiatha Leonard, Jr., b. 1764, m. 1790, Susan Deane,

10 ch., viz., Abiatha, m. Susan Eddy, Cyrus, m. Clarissa Burt, Alfred, m. Rebecca Wilcox, Lewis, m. Elizabeth Parker, Elbridge, m. Amelia Salsbury, Abby, m. Artemus Gushee, Caroline, m. Daniel Burt.

7. Cyrus Leonard, 1796-1857, m. 1833 Clarissa m. Burt, 4 children, viz., Andrew, b. 1837, d. in Civil War, Angenette, m. Frederick Dunham, Albert, m. Jenney Lincoln, Cyrus Barney.
8. Angenette Leonard, m. Frederick Dunham, son of Schuyler Dunham of Taunton, 2 ch., viz., Frederick, m. Betsey Derrickson, chil., Edith, m. John Layton, Henry.
9. Crawford Dunham, m. 1892 Anne Wheeler, 3 children, viz., Beatrice, m. 1913 Bancroft Winsor, two ch., Sylvia, b. 1914, Philip, b. 1915, Roswell Burt, m. 1922 Mary Goldthwaite, Crawford Dary, b. 1910.

Line of William Ellery Leonard—The Poet

1. Henry Leonard, brother of James Leonard, iron manufacturer of Taunton, b. 1620.
2. Samuel Leonard, b. 1650, lived in New Jersey where his father went to start iron business.
3. James Leonard, b. 1685.
4. James Leonard, b. 1732.
5. John Leonard, b. 1768.
6. James Leonard, 1796-1878, age 82.
7. William James Leonard, 1837-1920, age 83.
8. William Ellery Leonard, b. 1876, a Prof. at Madison, Wisconsin and author of note.

Our Lincoln Line

1. Robert Lincoln, England, d. 1543, m. Johan (Cowper?), lived in Hingham, Eng.
2. Robert Lincoln, eldest son, d. 1556, m. Margaret Alberye, lived in Hingham, Eng.
3. Richard Lincoln, surprised by sudden death from apoplexy, lived in Hingham, Eng., m. 1574—Elizabeth Remching.
4. Edward Lincoln, d. 1648.
5. Thomas Lincoln (1), b. Hingham, Eng. 1603, came with wife and children to Hingham, Mass., 1635.

6. Thomas Lincoln (2), b. Eng., d. Taunton 1694, m. Mary Austin, came to Am. with parents.
7. Thomas Lincoln (3), b. 1656, m. 2nd Susanna Smith, lived Taunton, served in Philip's war.
8. Hannah Lincoln, 1692-1762, age 72, m. Capt. Edmond Andrews, 2nd wife.
9. Mary Andrews, 1724-1814, m. Dea. Joseph Hall, Taunton, lived in Hall House.
10. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m. Capt. David Leonard of Bridgewater, 1734-1813.
11. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, Nipenicket.
12. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, of Rochester.

Abraham Lincoln's Line

1. Robert Lincoln, d. 1543, m. Johan—Cowper?—lived in Hingham, Eng.
2. Robert Lincoln, eldest son, d. 1556, m. Alberye, lived in Hingham, Eng.
3. Richard Lincoln, m. 1st 1574 Elizabeth Remching—had three later wives.
4. Edward Lincoln, d. 1640, had a Chancery Suit, with his half sisters by 4th wife of father.
5. Samuel Lincoln, 1622-1690, great-great-great-great-grandfather of President Lincoln—came to America.
6. Mordacai Lincoln, Sr., 4th child, blacksmith and miller, b. Hingham, Mass. 1667, m. Sarah Jones.
7. Mordacai Lincoln, Jr., b. Hingham, Mass. 1686, went to New Jersey, m. Hannah Salter.
8. John Lincoln, oldest son, weaver, sold N. J. land, went to Penn., m. Rebecca.
9. Thomas Lincoln, 2nd child, moved to Ky. near Lexington.
10. Abraham Lincoln, 1739-1785; shot by Indians.
11. Thomas Lincoln, 1780-1851, age 72, m. 1806 Nancy Hanks, d. 1818.
12. Abraham Lincoln, b. Buffalo, Hardin Co.,—now La Rue Co.—Ky. Feb. 12, 1809, d. 1865, President of United States.

NOTE: *It will be seen from the above table that we have the*

same original stock as has the Greatest American. Our common ancestor is Edward Lincoln of Hingham, Eng., whose three sons, Thomas, Daniel, and Samuel, all emigrated to America and all settled in Hingham, Mass., which was named from their old home in England. Thomas and Daniel came first, Samuel, who was somewhat younger, arrived in Mass. in 1637, *the others came* 1635. *They were all staunch lovers of liberty. The family story is stirring with resistance to oppression.*

Our Llewelyn Line

1. Llewelyn the Great, Prince of Wales, m. Joanna, natural daughter of King John, d. 1240.
2. Gwladys, m. Ralph Mortimer.
3. Roger Mortimer, m. Maude de Braose.
4. Edmund Mortimer, d. 1303, m. Margaret, a Spaniard related to Queen Eleanor.
5. Roger Mortimer, hanged 1330, Paramour of Queen Isabella, m. Joan, dau. of Lord Trim of Ireland.
6. Catherine Mortimer, m. Thomas Beauchamp, Sr., who d. of Plague 1369.
7. Thomas Beauchamp, Jr., d. 1401, m. Margaret Ferrais, imprisoned, banished to Isle of Man.
8. Elizabeth Beauchamp, heiress, m. Sir Edward Neville, 1st Lord Abergavenny.
9. Sir George Neville, Sr., 2nd Lord Abergavenny, m. Margaret Fiennes, dau. of Hugh.
10. Sir George Neville, Jr., 3rd Lord Abergavenny, m. Mary Stafford, dau. of Duke of Buckingham.
11. Lady Mary Neville, m. Sir Thomas Fiennes, 9th Lord Dacre, beheaded 1541.
12. Lady Margaret Fiennes, 1540-1611, m. Sampson Leonard, 11th Lord Dacre, grandparents of James Leonard of Taunton.

NOTE: *The grandson and namesake of Llewelyn the Great was also noble. He was a son-in-law of Simon de Montfort. He was murdered in* 1282 *and his head was sent to London where it was displayed in derision crowned with ivy.*

It is said of Llewelyn, "A gallanter soul never passed to God." In a dingle covered with broom in the parish of

Llangantem, Wales, Llewelyn, unarmed, was run through with a spear by Franklin, one of Mortimer's men, serving Edward I. It is said that the broom has never grown since in that place. This murder is described in "The World's Story," Vol. X by Eva March Tappan.

Our Lugg Line

1. Lugg, alderman Gloucestershire, Eng., noble family, d. before 1647.
2. John Lugg, m. in Eng. Jane Deighton. Came with family to Boston.
3. Ester Lugg, b. Eng. 1636, d. in Am. 1721, age 85, m. James Bell, killed by Indians 1676.
4. Mary Bell, b. 1669, m. 1693 Joseph Hall (1), 1642-1705, Taunton, 4 ch.
5. Capt. Joseph Hall (2), 1694-1763, m. Elizabeth Leonard, 1694-1750, dau. James Leonard.
6. Dea. Joseph Hall (3), 1720-1807, age 87, m. 1749 Mary Andrews, 7 ch.
7. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m. 1770 Capt. David Leonard of Bridgewater, 13 ch.
8. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. 1807 Nancy Thompson of Middleboro, 1784-1863.
9. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson of Rochester, 1819-1892.

NOTE: *Jane Deighton, b. Gloucestershire, Eng., is of royal descent from Louis III of France. Mary Andrews is descended from Edward Lincoln, the ancestor of Abraham Lincoln.*

Our Mahien Line

1. Jan Mahien, French Huguenot, refugee to Leyden, Holland.
2. Hester Mahien, called "the Walloon," m. 1610 Leyden Francis Cooke, joined him Am. 1623.
3. Mary Cooke, 1626-1714, m. Capt. John Thompson, b. Wales, 1616-1696, lived in Middleboro.
4. John Thompson, 1648-1725, m. Mary Tinkham, granddaughter of Peter Brown, Pilgrim.
5. Shubael Thompson, 1685-1734, age 46, m. 1713 Susanna Parler, d. 1734.

6. John Thompson, 1717-1766, age 49, m. Lydia Wood, descendant of John Billington.
7. Hon. Isaac Thompson, 1746-1819, m. Lucy Sturtevant, 1754-1834, 10 ch.
8. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, m. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, settled in Rochester.
9. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 Dea. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

Our Manning Line

1. Elizabeth Manning, m. George Salter.
2. Hannah Salter, m. 1638 Nicholas Phillips of Weymouth, d. 1672.
3. Hannah Phillips, m. Capt. Ebenezer White of Weymouth.
4. Hannah White, m. John Alden (3), d. 1730, grandson of Pilgrim John.
5. Mary Alden, 1712-1787, m. Noah Thomas, 1750-1833, age 49.
6. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1823, age 73, m. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833.
7. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, m. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, Bridgewater.
8. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

NOTE: *Nancy Thompson's only brother, Rev. Otis Thompson,* 1776-1859, *had three wives—by the first, Rachel Chandler, he had* 9 *ch., viz., Sabina, Lucena, Rachel, Charlotte, Alden, Lucius, Josiah, and Otis. His other wives were Charlotte Fales and Polly Stone.*

Our Marshal Line

1. William Marshal, 1141-1219, Earl of Pembroke, built Pembroke Castle; Lord Protector of England, m. Isabel de Clare.
2. Isabel Marshal, m. Gilbert de Clare, d. 1229.
   From here consult de Clare line.

Our Merrick Line (*Also Written Maverick*)

1 Ensign Wm. Merrick from Bordorgan Castle, 1000 yrs. old, Anglesey, Wales, came to Am. 1636, m. 1642 Rebecca.

3. Sarah Merrick, youngest dau., m. 1703 Nathaniel Crossman, 1680-1757, 10 ch.
4. Abigail Crossman, 1714-1791, handsome portrait by grandson, m. Caleb Thompson.
5. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833, m. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1840, descendant John Alden.
6. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, m. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, of Bridgewater.
7. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, from Rochester.

NOTE: *Wm. Merrick was the oldest of four brothers, who came to Charleston in the James. He left a large property, d.* 1705, *made will* 1696 *"when going forth to fight the Indians." Probably a relative of a famous Samuel Maverick, who took many Indian orphans—left by small-pox—to his home.*

Our Monceaux Line

1. The Monceaux family came from Normandy with William I; William de Herst added the name of Monceaux, his native territory.
2. Waleran de Monceaux entertained Henry III in Manor House 1264.
3. Maude de Monceaux m. Sir John Fiennes, d. 1405.
4. Sir William Fiennes, Manor House, pulled down by son in reign of Henry V.
5. Sir Roger Fiennes, built Hurstmonceaux Castle 1440-49, cost £3800.
6. Sir Richard Fiennes, m. Lady Joan Dacre, dau. of Thomas Lord Dacre.
7. Sir Thomas Fiennes, Sr., d. 1534.
8. Sir Thomas Fiennes, Jr., beheaded 1541, 9th Lord Dacre, m. Lady Mary Neville.
9. Lady Margaret Fiennes, 1540-1611, m. Sampson Leonard, 11th Lord Dacre.
10. Thomas Leonard of Pontipool, brother of Francis, 14th Lord Dacre (?).
11. James Leonard, d. 1691, immigrant to Taunton, Mass., m. Mary Martin.
12. Capt. James Leonard, 1643-1726, m. Lydia Gulliver.
13. Elizabeth Leonard, m. Capt. Joseph Hall, sea-captain.

14. Dea. Joseph Hall, m. Mary Andrews, dau. of Hannah Lincoln.
15. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m. Capt. David Leonard of Bridgewater.
16. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863.
17. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

Our Mortimer Line

1. Roger Mortimer, said to be descended from Charlemagne.
2. Ralph Mortimer, fought at Hastings for Wm. Conqueror.
3. Hugh Mortimer, d. 1185, opposed accession of Henry II.
4. Roger Mortimer, d. 1215, constantly fighting the Welsh.
5. Ralph Mortimer, m. Gladuse, dau. of Llewelyn the Great.
6. Roger Mortimer, d. 1282, fought for Henry III, m. Maude de Braose.
7. Edmund Mortimer, d. 1303, m. Margaret, a Spaniard related to Queen Eleanor.
8. Roger Mortimer, Paramour of Queen Isabella, hanged 1330, m. Joan, dau. of Lord Trim of Ireland.
9. Catherine Mortimer, m. Thomas Beauchamp, Sr., who d. of plague 1369.
10. Thomas Beauchamp, Jr., d. 1401, imprisoned in Tower, m. Margaret Ferrars.
11. Elizabeth Beauchamp, heiress of the Despensers, m. Sir Edward Neville.

From here consult our Neville line.

Our Mullins Line

1. William Mullins, Mayflower Pilgrim, d. on Mayflower Feb. 21, 1621, wife Alice d. soon after.
2. Priscilla Mullins, 1608-1687 (after), m. 1621 (or 3) John Alden, Mayflower Pilgrim, 1599-1687, 11 ch.
3. Joseph Alden, 1627-1697, m. Mary Simmonds, dau. Moses Simmonds, Pilgrim of Fortune.

From here consult our Alden line.

NOTE: *The Mullins family was from the Norman Fortress*

Molyneaux, which meant the mill by the water. Their coat of arms had a plume of peacock feathers. Some of the family followed William the Conqueror to England. Joseph Mullins, Priscilla's brother, died soon after his parents, leaving Priscilla alone.

Our Neville Line

1. Richard de Neville, 4th son of Baldric the German.
2. Gilbert Neville, Admiral of Wm. Conqueror's fleet.
3. Geoffrey de Neville, d. 1194, m. Emma.
4. Isabella Neville, heiress, m. Robert Fitz Maldred, Lord of Raby.
5. Sir Ranulf Neville, Baron of Raby, m. Anne, dau. of Earl of Warwick.
6. Sir Ralph Neville, m. Euphemia Clavering. Brother of Robert, "Peacock of the North."
7. Sir Ralph Neville, 1291-1367, m. Alice d'Audley. Fourth Baron of Raby.
8. Sir John Neville, 5th Baron of Raby, m. Maud, dau. of Henry Lord Percy.
9. Sir Ralph Neville, 1364-1425, m. 1st Margaret Stafford, 2nd Joan Beaufort, 23 ch.
10. Sir Edward Neville, d. 1476, son of Ralph and Joan, m. Elizabeth Beauchamp, heiress of Despensers.
11. Sir George Neville, m. 1st Margaret Fiennes, m. 2nd Catherine Howard, excommunicated on account of his 2nd marriage and a scandal connected with it.
12. Sir George Neville, 1471-1535, m. Mary Stafford, 3rd Baron Bergavenny.
13. Lady Mary Neville, m. Thomas Fiennes, 9th Baron Dacre, beheaded.
14. Lady Margaret Fiennes, 1540-1611, m. Sampson Leonard.

From here consult our James Leonard lines.

Our Orcutt Line (Also Spelled Urquehart)

1. William Orcutt, d. 1694, came from Scituate to Bridgewater. Orig. Prop., m. Martha Lane.
2. Martha Orcutt, 1671-1752, m. Joseph Leonard, Sr., 1670-1749, lived in Joseph Leonard House Br.
3. Joseph Leonard, Jr., 1699-1786, m. 1721 Mary Packard

from Nipenicket farm, Scotland.

4. Capt. David Leonard, 1734-1813, m. 1770 Mary Hall, 1750-1839, lived Bridgewater.
5. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. 1807 Nancy Thompson,1784-1863, from Middleboro.
6. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, from Rochester.

NOTE: *Miss Harriet Orcutt of Ruskin, Florida is descended from the Bridgewater Orcutts, viz., Caleb, Sr., m.* 1738 *Mehitable Harvey, 2nd. Caleb, Jr., b.* 1743, *was in Revolution, had Barret, b.* 1782, *had Daniel, b.* 1817. *Susanna Orcutt, m. Dea. Sam Edson, their dau., Susanna of "majestic figure, and great benignity" was the wife of the famous minister, James Keith.*

Our Otis Line

1. Gen. John Otis (1), b. Barnstable Eng. 1581, d. Weymouth 1662, wife Margery d. 1653.
2. Gen. John Otis (2), b. Devonshire, Eng. 1620, came Am. with parents 1635, m. 1652 Mary Jacobs.
3. Mary Otis, 1653-1733, m. Lieut. Col. John Gorham, son of Desire Howland, lived Scituate.
4. Mary Gorham, b. 1680, third child, m. 1699 Joseph Hinckley of Barnstable, 1672-1753.
5. Mercy Hinckley, b. 1707, m. 1722 John Bourne, b. 1698, 8 ch.
6. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763, 3 ch.
7. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, 3 ch.
8. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. 1808 Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835.
9. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 Dea. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880.

Our Packard Line

1. Samuel Packard, d. 1684, came with wife and sons on Diligence 1638 from Eng.
2. Nathaniel Packard, d. 1720, settled first in Hingham, then Bridgewater (probably brother of Mary, not father).

3. Joseph Packard settled on Nipenicket farm.
4. Mary Packard, 1696-1770, m. Joseph Leonard, Jr., 1696-1786, lived Bridgewater Centre.
5. Capt. David Leonard, 1734-1813, m. 1770 Mary Hall, 1750-1839, of Taunton.
6. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. 1807 Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863.
7. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

The Levi Paine Line

1. Dea. Levi Paine, m. 1829 Clementina Maria Leonard, 1808-1870.
2. Rev. Levi Leonard Paine, 1832-1902, m. 1861 Jennette Holmes, d. 1925.

Children of Above

Leonard Gregory Paine, m. Elizabeth Lane (deceased), 1 child, Elizabeth, res. Philadelphia.

Antoinette Langdon Paine, d. 1917, m. Merrin Clark, 1 child, Langdon Clark.

Frederick Holmes Paine, m. Mary E. Tillinghast, 2 ch., Frederick and Priscilla, res. Brooklyn.

Mary Louise Paine, m. J. H. Gould, 1 child, Leonard H. Gould, res. Williamstown.

Edward Stetson Paine, m. Florence Bragg, 3 ch., Edward, Wingate, Leonard, res. N. Y. City.

The Bernard Paine Line

1. Dea. Levi Paine, m. 1829 Clementina Maria Leonard, 1808-1870, lived E. Randolph.
2. Rev. Bernard Leonard, 1834-1894, m. 1867 Eliza Smith Blossom, b. 1843, Sandwich, d. Braintree, Mass, June 22, 1926.

Children of Above

Isidore Paine, b. 1869, a librarian, lives in Braintree, Mass.

Grace Paine, b. 1874, a teacher, lives in Braintree.

Gertrude Paine, b. 1876, m. Dr. Loring B. Packard of Brockton, 1 child, Elinor, b. 1911.

Bernard Leonard Paine, b. 1878, grad. Amherst, Mass. Bar, lives Braintree.

Clementine died in infancy .

Our Parler Line

1. Susanna Parler, 1688-1734, age 46, m. 1713 Shubael Thompson, d. same month as wife.
2. John Thompson, 1717-1766, m. Lydia Wood, 1722-1761, age 38, descendant John Billington.
3. Hon. Isaac Thompson, 1746-1819, m. Lucy Sturtevant, 1754-1834, of Halifax.
4. Dea. Isaac Thompson, Jr., 1781-1835, m. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, settled in Rochester.
5. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 James M. Leonard, 1810-1880.

Our Percy Line

1. Wm. de Percy, 1030-1096, a Crusader who d. near Jerusalem, m. Emma Port.
2. Alan de Percy, fl. 1116, a Baron who inherited 112 lordships near Scottish border.
3. Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of Alan, m. Jocelain de Louvain, 4th Baron Percy.
4. Henry de Percy, oldest son.
5. Wm. de Percy, eldest son, 1183-1245, m. Elena Balliol.
6. Henry de Percy, 1228-1272, Prisoner Battle of Lewes, m. Eleanor Warrene.
7. Henry de Percy, 1272-1352, called "Scourge of Scotland," m. Idonea Clifford.
8. Maud Percy, m. Sir John Neville, 5th Baron of Raby. From here consult Neville line.

NOTE: *The Percys of Northumberland owned all the land between New Castle and the Town of Berwick which was the gate between Scotland and England. There were constant battles between the English Percys and the Scotch under Douglas. In the Battle of Chevy Chase both Percy and Douglas were killed.*

Our First Phillips Line

1. Nicholas Phillips, d. Weymouth 1672, m. Hannah Salter—Dedham and Weymouth.
2. Alice Phillips, m. John Shaw, b. 1630, Northowram, Eng., d. Weymouth 1704.
3. Alice Shaw, b. 1666, m. Capt. John Andrews, d. 1735.
4. Capt. Edmund Andrews, 1692-1750, m. Hannah Lincoln, 2nd wife.

5. Mary Andrews, 1724-1814, m. Dea. Joseph Hall, of Taunton.
6. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m. Capt. David Leonard of Bridgewater, 1734-1813.
7. Caleb Francis Leonard, 1778-1840, m. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863.
8. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

Our Second Phillips Line

1. Nicholas Phillips, d. 1672, m. Hannah Salter—first settlers in Dedham.
2. Hannah Phillips, m. Capt. Ebenezer White of Weymouth.
3. Hannah White, 1681-1732, m. John Alden, 1674-1730, grandson of Pilgrim John.
4. Mary Alden, 1712-1758, m. Noah Thomas, 1709-1758, Middleboro.
5. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1823, m. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833, age 82.
6. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, m. 1807 Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840.
7. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

Our Pope Line

1. Thomas Pope, b. Eng. 1608, d. Plymouth 1683, m. Sarah Jenny, second wife, d. 1710.
2. Capt. Seth Pope, 1648-1727, m. 1st Deborah, d. 1710, 9 ch., Plymouth, Dartmouth, and Fair Haven.
3. Susanna Pope, 1681-1760, m. Jonathan Hathaway, descendant of Richard Warren.
4. Deborah Hathaway, 1713-1794, b. Acushnet, m. Dea. Jireh Swift, 1709-1782, 8 ch.
5. Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763, Dartmouth, m. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731 Falmouth.
6. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell, lived in Hay Hall, Middleboro.
7. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. 1808 Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835.
8. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

NOTE: *Capt. Seth Pope deserves honorable mention as one of the jurors who in 1677 brought in a verdict of not guilty for Goodwife Ingham accused of witchcraft. This ended the witchcraft craze in Plymouth. There had been one case before which was dismissed as slander. Seth settled later in Dartmouth and lived about a mile back from the river in Fair Haven, on the road to Mattapoisett.*

Our Reade Line

1. Margaret Reade, m. Dublin John Lake, came on Lion, widow, 2 dau. 1631, sis. of Elizabeth, wife Gov. Winthrop.
2. Hannah Lake, m. John Gallop who came to Am. 1636 with mother Christobel killed by Indians.
3. Ester Gallop, b. 1653, m. 1674 Henry Hodges of Taunton.
4. Charity Hodges, 1682-1739, m. Ensign Elkanah Leonard, Middleboro, 7 sons.
5. Abiah Leonard, 1707-1791, m. 2nd Elder Mark Haskell, lived Hay Hall.
6. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, m. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, lived Hay Hall.
7. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. 1808 Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835.
8. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 Dea. James M. Leonard of Bridgewater.

Our Remching Line

1. Elizabeth Remching, b. Carbrooke, Eng., m. 1574 Edward Lincoln, Hingham, Eng.
2. Thomas Lincoln, Sr., emigrated to Hingham, Mass., 1635.
3. Thomas Lincoln, Jr., b. Eng., d. Taunton, 1694 m. Mary Austin.
4. Thomas Lincoln, b. 1656, m. 2nd Susanna Smith; was in Philip's War.
5. Hannah Lincoln, m. Edmund Andrews of Taunton.
6. Mary Andrews, 1724-1814, m. Dea. Joseph Hall of Taunton.
7. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m. Capt. David Leonard, 1734-1813.

8. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. Nancy Thompson, had James M. Leonard.

Our Robinson Line

1. Katherine Robinson—sister of Pastor John Robinson—m. Gov. John Carver.
2. Daughter—name unknown—d. Leyden, Holland, 1st wife of John Tilly of Mayflower.
3. Elizabeth Tilley, 1607-1687, m. John Howland, 13 yrs. her senior, of Mayflower.
4. Desire Howland, m. John Gorham, Sr., d. of exposure after Great Swamp Battle.
5. Lieut. Col. John Gorham, Jr., 1651-1716, commander whale boat fleet, m. Mary Otis.
6. Mary Gorham, b. 1680, m. Joseph Hinckley, wealthy family Cape Cod.
7. Mercy Hinckley, m. John Bourne, a descendant of Hope Howland, Desire's sister.
8. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift, m. 2nd Thomas Tabor.
9. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820; lived Hay Hall.
10. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. 1808 Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835.
11. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

NOTE: *We are descended from Katherine Robinson by another line through Hope Howland. John Robinson was the Junior Pastor of the Scrooby Church in Eng. He was Master of Arts and Bach. of Divinity from Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and is called the most learned and polished of the Separatist fugitives who escaped from England in* 1608 *and founded a church at Leyden, Holland, because they found factions among the Separatists at Amsterdam where they first went. John Robinson in* 1611 *purchased a house and lands by the walls of Leyden University where he matriculated as a student of theology. Houses for the whole Separatist Community were built on this land. A marble slab now marks the site of Robinson's church and house where he died in* 1625. *The Separatists acquired handicrafts in the manufacturing city of Leyden and were doing*

well financially, but feared the worldly influences there would turn their children away from a pure faith and so left earthly prospects to found the Plymouth Colony in Mass. In July, 1620, *Robinson went with the departing Pilgrims as far as Deltshaven to see them off on the Speedwell. There was sorrow at the religious services which Robinson led. Those who went, knowing "that they were Pilgrims, lifted up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits." Robinson stayed with those at Leyden who could not go, but it was the dearest wish of his life to join the Plymouth Colony which, however, he was not able to do.*

Our First Royal Alfred the Great Line

1. Alfred the Great, 849-901, "The best king of all human history."
2. Edward, the Elder, "First King of All England."
3. Edgar, "The Peaceable."
4. Ethelred II, "The Unready," m. 1st Elfleda.
5. Edmund Ironside, 1017.
6. Edward, "the Outlaw."
7. Margaret, m. Malcolm III of Scotland.
8. Edith-Matilda, m. Henry 1st of Eng., uniting Saxon and Norman.

From here consult the Royal Wm. the Conqueror line.

NOTE: *Queen Margaret and King Malcolm lived in splendor at the castle of Dumfernline. They had gold and silver dishes and the auburn-haired Margaret dressed beautifully. She was a Catholic and very benevolent.*

Our Second Royal Alfred the Great Line

1. Alfred the Great.
2. Edward the Elder.
3. Princess Edgina, m. 2nd Hugh the Great, Count de Vermandios.
4. Hugh Capet, 946-996, chosen King of France 987 A. D.
5. Robert II, "The Pious," 996-1031, m. 1st Bertha, 2nd Constance.
6. Princess Adela, m. Baldwin V, Count of Flanders.
7. Lady Matilda, m. William the Conqueror of England.

From here consult our royal Wm. Conqueror line.

Our Third Royal Alfred the Great Line

1. Alfred the Great.
2. Edward the Elder.
3. Princess Edgina, m. 1st Charles III of France, called "The Simple," d. 877.
4. Daughter of above, m. 885 A. D. Rollo, gigantic Norseman Chief.

5-10. Dukes of Normandy.

11. Robert, "the Devil," had by Herleve illegitimate son, Wm. "the Conqueror."
12. Wm. the Conqueror, m. Maude-Matilda of Flanders. From here consult our royal Wm. Conqueror line.

Our Royal Capetian Line

1. Robert, Duke of Paris.
2. Hugh the Great, also called Hugh the White, m. Adela.
3. Hugh Capet, 946-996.
4. Robert II, King of France, 970-1031, "The Pious," m. 1st Bertha, m. 2nd Constance.
5. Henri I, King of France, 1005-1060, m. Anne of Russia. A brave man.
6. Philippe I, King of France, 1052-1108; his jest caused death of Wm. the Conqueror.
7. Louis VI, King of France, 1081-1137; too fat to mount a horse; but capable.
8. Louis VII, King of France, 1120-1180, m. 1st Eleanor, who when divorced m. Henry II, of Eng.; m. 2nd Alix.
9. Philippe Auguste, King of France, 1165-1223, son of Alix. Had an important reign.
10. Louis VIII, King of France, 1187-1226, reigned only three years, m. Blanche of Castile, good woman.
11. Louis IX (St. Louis), King of France, 1215-1270, character molded by mother, m. Marguerite. Finest product of Christianity of his time, the fullest embodiment of its virtues and ideals. He d. of plague at Tunis, age 55.
12. Philippe III, King of France, 1245-1285, mediocre, m. 2nd Marie of Brabant.
13. Philippe IV, King of France, 1268-1314, physically beautiful, despotic, m. Jeanne of Navarre; d. at age of 46.
14. Isabella, m. Edward II, King of England; conspired with Mortimer against husband.

15. Edward III, of Eng., m. Philippa of Hainault; avenged his father's murder.
16. John of Gaunt, had by Katherine Swynford (Regent of England; hated by people).
17. Lady Joan Beaufort—legitimatized—m. Sir Ralph Neville.
18-21. The Nevilles to Lady Mary, who m. Sir Thomas Fiennes, beheaded 1541.
22. Lady Margaret Fiennes, m. Sampson Leonard, 11th Lord Dacre. These were the grandparents of James Leonard of Taunton.

NOTE: *This line is named for Hugh Capet who wore an abbot's "cappa" on his head. The Capetian line succeeded the Carolingian line because the descendants of the great Charlemagne were a weak line of kings. The Capets exist today as a family.*

Our Royal Carolingian Line

1. Pippin, the Old, d. 639 A. D.
2. Begga, dau. of above, m. Anseghis, son of Arnulf.
3. Pippin, of Heristal, had illegitimate son, Charles Martel.
4. Charles Martel, 689-741, Conqueror of the Moors at Tours.
5. Pippin, the Short, d. 768, Conqueror of Lombards and Aquitaine.
6. Charlemagne, 742-814, crowned by Pope Emperor of the West, m. Hildegarde.
7. Louis I, the Gentle, reigned 814-843, m. 2nd Judith of Bavaria, d. on island in the Rhine.
8. Charles II, "the Bald."
9. Charles III, "the Simple," m. Edgina, dau. of Saxon King Ed. the Elder.
10. Daughter of above, m. Rollo 885 A. D., Gigantic Norseman no horse could carry.

From here consult our third royal Alfred the Great line.

NOTE: *Charlemagne is said to have had nine wives or concubines. His first wife, Hildegarde, had a roaring voice and bellowed at him. He would not let his eight daughters marry because he wanted their company. He ate with his*

14 *children and took them often with him. Charlemagne was a German but reigned over France, half of Germany, and four-fifths of Italy. He taught himself to speak Latin and studied astronomy, rhetoric, and music. He encouraged learning and established a school at aix-la-Chapelle.*

Our First Royal Gloucester Line

1. King Edward III, m. Lady Philippa, of Hainault.
2. Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son m. Eleanor, dau. Earl of Hereford.
3. Lady Anne, m. Edmond, 5th Earl of Stafford.
4. Humphrey Stafford, 1439-1469, 1st Duke of Buckingham, m. Margaret Beaufort, dau. Sir Edmund Beaufort and granddaughter of John of Gaunt.
5. Henry Stafford, K. G., 2nd Duke of Buckingham,. m. Catherine Woodville, sister of Eliz., wife of King Ed. IV.
6. Edward Stafford, 1478-1521, 3d Duke of Buckingham, m. Alianore Percy; unjustly executed on Tower Hill by Henry VIII.
7. Mary Stafford, m. Sir George Neville, Jr., K. G., 3rd Baron Abergavenny.
8. Lady Mary Neville, m. Sir Thomas Fiennes, beheaded in 1541.
9. Lady Margaret Fiennes, Baroness Dacre, m. Sampson Leonard.
10. Thomas Leonard, of Pontipool, 1577-1638, m. Lydia White.

From here consult our James Leonard lines.

Our Second Royal Gloucester Line

1. Henry I of England.
2. Robert, of Gloucester, nat. son of Henry I, m. Mabel, heiress of Fitz Hamon. He obtained Glamorgan through wife. An able statesman, patron of learning.
3. Earl William, of Gloucester.
4. Amicia, Gloucester, m. Richard de Clare, who d. 1218.

From here consult our de Clare line.

Our Royal Line of Lancaster

1. King Edward III, 1327-1377, m. Lady Philippa of Hainault.

2. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, d. 1399, m. Catherine, wife of Sir Hugh Swynford.
3. Lady Joan Beaufort (widow), d. 1440, m. 2nd Sir Ranulf Neville, 1364-1425, 1st Earl of Westmoreland.
4. Sir Edward Neville, K .G., m. Elizabeth Beauchamp, heiress of Despensers and Baron of Abergavenny.
5. Sir George Neville, Sr., 2nd Baron Abergavenny, m. Margaret Fiennes, d. 1485, dau. of Sir Hugh.
6. Sir George Neville, Jr., 1471-1535, 3rd Baron Abergavenny, m. Mary Stafford, dau. Ed., 3rd Duke of Buckingham.
7. Lady Mary Neville, m. Sir Thomas Fiennes, beheaded 1541, 9th Lord Dacre.
8. Lady Margaret Fiennes, 1540-1611, Baroness Dacre, m. Sampson Leonard.
9. Thomas Leonard, of Pontipool, 1577-1638, m. Lydia White.
10. James Leonard, d. 1691, emigrated with brother Henry to America; built forge at Taunton.

From here consult our James Leonard lines.

Our Royal Plantagenet Line

1. Henry I, of England, 1068-1135, m. Edith Matilda, Scottish Princess.
2. Maude-Matilda, m. Geoffrey of Anjou, called Plantagenet.

From here consult our royal Wm. Conqueror line.

Our Royal Russian Line

1. Rurik, a Scandinavian, invited by Slavs to rule.
2. Igor, the Brave.
3. Svyalastolof, by his mistress Malushka had
4. Vladimir, 950-1015—also written Wolodomer—Grand Duke of Russia, m. St. Anne, dau. Romanus II, of Constantinople.
5. Yaroslav, the Wise—also written Jaroslaus—m. Indegard, dau. of Olaf, King of Norway.
6. Lady Anne, of Russia, m. Henri I of France.

From here consult Capetian line.

NOTE: *The capitol of Rurik was Novogorod, which at one time had seventy minarets. The University of Kiev is*

named for Vladimir whose grandmother, Olga, "the wisest of women," had been baptized at Constantinople. Vladimir compelled his subjects to be baptized and destroyed the old Russian idols. His son, Yaroslav, gave great privileges to his people who were assembled by a great Bell and were the real rulers of Russia.

Our Royal Spanish Line

Ferdinand III of Spain.
Alphonso X of Castile.
Eleanor of Castile, m. Ed. I of Eng.

From here consult Wm. the Conqueror line.

Our Royal Saxon Line

1. Cerdic, invaded Eng. 495 A. D., 1st King of Wessex.
2. Egbert, 800-836.
3. Ethelwulf, reigned 836-857, took young Alfred to Rome.
4. Alfred the Great, 849-901, established schools, translated books.
5. Edward, the Elder, reigned 901-925, First King of All England.
6. Edgar, the Peaceable, reigned 957-975.
7. Ethelred, "the Unready," reigned 979-1016, m. Elfleda.
8. Edmund Ironside, murdered 1017.
9. Edward, the Exile.
10. St. Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling, m. Malcolm III, of Scotland.
11. Edith-Matilda, m. Henry I, King of England, uniting Saxons and Normans.
12. Maude-Matilda, m. Geoffrey, of Anjou.
13. Henry II, of Eng., called Plantagenet, m. Eleanor, of Aquitaine.
14. King John, 1167-1214, m. Isabella, of Angouleme.
15. Henry III, 1207-1272, m. Eleanor, of Provence.
16. Edward I, 1239-1307, m. 1st Eleanor, of Castile.
17. Edward II, m. Isabella, dau. of Philippe IV, King of France.
18. Edward III, 1312-1377, m. Philippa, of Hainault.
19. John of Gaunt, regent during minority of Richard II, had by Katherine Swynford.
20. Lady Joan Beaufort, m. Sir Ralph Neville.

21. Sir Edward Neville, K. G., m. Elizabeth Beauchamp, heiress.
22. Sir George Neville, Sr., Baron Abergavenny, m. Margaret Fiennes.
23. Sir George Neville, Jr., m. Lady Mary Stafford, dau. Duke of Buckingham.
24. Lady Mary Neville, m. Sir Thomas Fiennes, Baron Dacre, beheaded 1541.
25. Lady Margaret Fiennes, m. Sampson Leonard, grandparent of James of Taunton.

Our Royal Scandinavian Line

1. Olaf, b. 960, King of Norway, 995 A. D., m. 1st Gyda, dau. Constantine II, m. 2nd Thyre, of Denmark.
2. Indegard, daughter of Olaf, m. Yaroslav the Wise, Ruling Prince of Slavs.
3. Lady Anne, dau. of Yaroslav, m. Henri I, of France.

From here consult Capetian line.

NOTE: *Olaf was converted to Christianity by a hermit after a wild career. After his second marriage he fought the Danes from his ship called Long Snake, from which he jumped overboard and disappeared. He was the hero of the Norwegians who believed him to be still living.*

Our Royal Scottish Line

1. Fergus MacErca, drowned 404 A. D., contemporary of King Arthur; elected King of Scotland for services in repelling the Picts.
2. Domangart, son of Fergus.
3. Eocha.
4. Eocha III.
5. Aodh Finn, son of Eocha III.
6. Eocha IV.
7. Alpin, d. 834 A. D., King of Scotland.
8. Kenneth I. Macalpine, d. 854 A. D.
9. Constantin II, d. 878 A. D.
10. Donal IV, d. 903 A. D. Called First Christian King of Scotland.
11. Malcolm I, d. 958 A. D.
12. Kenneth—also spelled Cenneth—d. 994 A. D.
13. Malcolm II, King of Scotland, d. 1041 A. D.

14. Princess Bethoc, m. Crinan Abbot, of Dunkeld.
15. Duncan I, King of Scotland, murdered by his cousin, MacBeth.
16. Malcolm III, King of Scotland, m. St. Margaret, descendant of the Saxon Kings.
17. Edith-Matilda, m. Henry I of Eng., uniting Norman and Saxon Kings.
18. Maude-Matilda, m. Geoffrey, of Anjou; contested throne with Stephen.

From here consult the royal Wm. the Conqueror line.

NOTE: *The Irish Kings had been crowned at Tara on the Stone of Destiny. There was a tradition that it was the stone which Jacob used as a pillow at Bethel and that it had been brought to Ireland by wanderers from the East. It was taken to Scotland and there used as a coronation stone for the Scottish Kings. Edward 1st had it removed to Westminster Abbey where it is still used at the Coronation of a Sovereign. There is a tradition that wherever the stone rests Princes of Scottish blood shall rule the land.*

Our Royal Turkish Line

1. Romanus II, Emperor of Constantinople, 959 A. D.
2. Lady Anne, m. Wolodomer, Grand Duke of Russia, Also written Vladimir.
3. Jaroslaus, also written Yaroslav, m. Indegard, dau. of Olaf, King of Norway.
4. Lady Anne, of Russia, m. Henri I, King of France.
5. Philippe I, King of France, 1052-1108.

6-12. Royal line of Capetian Kings of France.

13. Isabella, dau. of Philippe IV of France, m. Ed. II of England.
14. Edward III of Eng., m. Philippa, of Hainault.
15. John of Gaunt, regent, had by Katherine Swynford.
16. Lady Joan Beaufort, m. Sir Ralph Neville.

17-21. The Nevilles to Lady Mary Neville, who m. Thomas Fiennes.

22. Lady Margaret Fiennes, 1540-1611, m. Sampson Leonard, Baron Dacre. These were the grandparents of James Leonard, emigrant to Taunton.

Our Royal Welsh Line

1. Maeldov, the Old, made chair of waxed wings to float.

2. Maelgwn, ruled 550 A. D. His chair floated when the rising tide had thrown other chiefs' chairs.
3. Cadwallon, killed in battle 635 A. D.
4. Cadwaladr, "regarded himself as wearing the crown of Arthur."
5. Rhodri Molwynog, grandson of above, d. 755 A. D.
6. Conan, d. 815 A. D.
7. A daughter of Conan, m. Mervin, King of Wales.
8. Rhodri, the Great, contemporary of Alfred the Great, d. 877 A. D.
9. Anarawd, d. beginning of Tenth Century.
10. Conan, the exile, b. Ireland 1075, m. Rhaguel of Royal Irish descent.
11. Griffith ap Conan given the tunic of Griffith ap Llewelyn with kingly prophecy. His ancestors wore red tunics; carried on man's back from captivity in Chester; m. Augharad.
12. Owen Gwynedd, d. 1169 after a successful reign of 32 years; was buried in Bangor Cathedral.
13. Davydd, m. Groellian, dau. of Lord Rees.
14. Llewelyn, the Great, m. Joan, dau. of King John.
15. Gladys, m. Ralph Mortimer.

From here consult our Mortimer line.

NOTE: *Of all our Royal Lines none is pure and noble as the Welsh. It can be said of the Princes of Wales, they had never tortured a prisoner, or betrayed a guest, or wreaked inhuman vengeance on a fallen foe. "They represent as they believed the throne of Arthur. Ed. I of England, after his conquest of Wales, took to England what he believed to be Arthur's crown," and so the glory of the Welsh passed over to the English.*

Our Royal William the Conqueror Line

1. Robert, the Devil, Duke of Normandy, had by Herleve, a tanner's daughter.
2. William the Conqueror, 1027-1087, m. Maude-Matilda, of Flanders.
3. Henry I of Eng., 1068-1135, m. Edith-Matilda, uniting Norman and Saxon Kings.
4. Maude-Matilda, m. Geoffrey of Anjou, called Plantagenet.

5. Henry II, 1113-1189, m. Eleanor, of Aquitaine.
6. King John, 1167-1216, m. 2nd Isabella Angouleme.
7. Henry III, 1207-1272, m. Eleanor, of Provence, sister of French Queen.
8. Edward I, 1239-1307, m. Eleanor, of Castile, dau. of Alphonso X.
9. Edward II, 1284-1327, m. Isabella, dau. of Philip the Fair, King of France.
10. Edward III, 1312-1377, m. Philippa, of Hainault.
11. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, d. 1399, had by his mistress Katherine Swynford.
12. Lady Joan Beaufort—legitimatized—m. Sir Ralph Neville.
13. Sir Edward Neville, m. Elizabeth Beauchamp, heiress of Despensers.
14. Sir George Neville, Sr., m. Margaret Fiennes.
15. Sir George Neville, Jr., K. G., m. Lady Mary Stafford.
16. Lady Mary Neville, m. Thomas Fiennes, 9th Baron Dacre, beheaded.
17. Lady Margaret Fiennes, 1540-1611, m. Sampson Leonard, 11th Baron Dacre.
18. Thomas Leonard, of Pontipool, 3rd son, 1577-1635, m. Lydia White.
19. James Leonard, emigrant with brothers to Taunton, Mass., m. Mary Martin.
20. Capt. James Leonard, 1643-1726, lived by Raynham Forge, m. 2nd Lydia Gulliver.
21. Elizabeth Leonard, 1694-1750, m. Capt. Joseph Hall, 1694-1760, mariner.
22. Dea. Joseph Hall, 1780-1807, m. Mary Andrews, 1724-1814, Taunton.
23. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m. Capt. David Leonard, of Bridgewater.
24. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. Nancy Thompson, of Middleboro.
25. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. Jane Thompson, of Rochester.

Our Salter Line

1. George Salter, m. Elizabeth Manning.
2. Hannah Salter, m. 1638, Nicholas Phillips, d. Wey-

mouth, 1672.
3. Hannah Phillips, m. Capt. Ebenezer White, of Weymouth, 1672.
4. Hannah White, m. John Alden, of Middleboro, d. 1730, grandson of Pilgrim John.
5. Mary Alden, 1712-1787, m. Noah Thomas, 1709-1759, age 49.
6. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1823, m. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833, Middleboro.
7. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, m. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, Bridgewater.
8. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

Our Shaw Line

1. Abraham Shaw, b. Northowran, Yorkshire Co., Eng., m. Bridget Best, came to Dedham with family.
2. John Shaw, b. Eng. 1630, d. Weymouth, Mass., 1704, parents died when he was 8; m. Alice Phillips.
3. Alice Shaw, 1666-1735, m. Capt. John Andrews.
4. Capt. Edmund Andrews, 1692-1750, m. 2nd Hannah Lincoln.
5. Mary Andrews, 1724-1814, m. Dea. Joseph Hall, Taunton.
6. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m. Capt. David Leonard, of Bridgewater, 1734-1813.

Our Simmons Line—Also Written Simmonds—Originally spelt Symandson, Dutch Name

1. Moses Simmons, b. Leyden, Holland, d. 1689, unmarried Pilgrim of Fortune 1621, m. Sarah, Duxbury.
2. Mary Simmons, m. Joseph Alden, d. Bridgewater 1697, age 73, son of Pilgrim John.
3. John Alden, d. 1730, age 56, m. Hannah White, moved to Middleboro.
4. Mary Alden, 1712-1787, m. Noah Thomas, of Middleboro, 1709-1759, age 49.
5. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1823, m. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833.
6. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, m. Caleb F. Leonard, of Bridgewater, 1778-1840.

7. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

NOTE: *Hannah Thomas, our great grandmother, was born about 3 weeks after her father's death.*

Moses and Sarah Simmons opposed the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth, to Richard Sutton, of Roxbury. The Plymouth Court ordered Simmons to pay Sutton three pounds for loss of time and money—served Moses right for interfering with the course of true love. Moses Simmons was an original proprietor of Bridgewater but sold his claim to Nicholas Byram.

Our Skiff Line

1. James Skiff, d. 1688, came with wife, Mary, d. 1673, from London, lived in Lynn and Sandwich.
2. Bathsheba Skiff, b. 1648, m. 1673 Shearjashub Bourne, 1644-1718.
3. Hon. Melatiah Bourne, 1673-1743, m. 1692 Desire Chipman, 1673-1705.
4. John Bourne, b. 1698, m. Mercy Hinckley, 8 ch.
5. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763.
6. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, Hay Hall.
7. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, Rochester.
8. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 James M. Leonard, 1810-1880.

NOTE: *Goodwin, in his Pilgrim Republic, characterized James Skiff as one who withstood the harsh measures against the Quakers, for which he was refused his seat as deputy to the Mass. Court.*

Our First Smith Line

1. Henry Smith, of Dedham.
2. John Smith, m. Lydia Eliot of Roxbury, dau. of Philip Eliot.
3. Lydia Smith, b. Dedham 1663, family moved to Taunton, m. Nathaniel Packard.
4. Mary Packard, b. 1696 by Nipenicket, m. Joseph Leonard, Jr., Bridgewater Centre.

5. Capt. David Leonard, 1734-1813, m. 1770 Mary Hall of Taunton, 1750-1839.
6. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. 1807 Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863.
7. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

Our Second Smith Line

1. Samuel Smith.
2. Susanna Smith, b. 1669, m. 1689 Thomas Lincoln, Taunton.
3. Hannah Lincoln, m. Capt. Edmund Andrews, Taunton.
4. Mary Andrews, m. Dea. Joseph Hall (3), Taunton.
5. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m. Capt. David Leonard, 1734-1813, Bridgewater.
6. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. 1807 Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863.
7. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

Our Third Smith Line

1. John Smith, Salem, m. Elizabeth Goodale.
2. Mary Smith, m. 1678 Mark Haskell, d. 1699, wife joined him in Rochester 1697.
3. Dea. Roger Haskell, b. 1680, m. Joanna Swift, Sandwich, lived in lily-patch house in Rochester.
4. Elder Mark Haskell, b. Rochester, m. 2nd Abiah Leonard Nelson, 1707-1791, Hay Hall.
5. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, m. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, Hay Hall.
6. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, Rochester.
7. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 James M. Leonard, 1810-1880.

Our First Stafford Line

1. Ralph, 1st Earl of Stafford, K. G., d. 1372, great great grandson of Robert, Standard Bearer of Conquest who founded house.
2. Hugh de Stafford, 2nd Earl of Stafford, d. 1386, m. Lady Philippa Beauchamp, d. 1363.
3. Edmund Stafford, Earl, m. Lady Anne Woodstock,

brother of Lady Margaret Stafford, who m. Ralph Neville, Baron of Raby.

4. Humphrey Stafford, 1402-1468, Duke of Buckingham.
5. Son—name unknown—Stafford, m. Margaret, dau. of Edward Beaufort, grandson of John of Gaunt.
6. Henry Stafford, K. G., 2nd Duke of Buckingham, m. Catherine Woodville, sister of Queen Eliz., wife of Edward IV.
7. Edward Stafford, 1478-1521, 3rd Duke of Buckingham, beheaded on Tower Hill.
8. Mary Stafford, m. Sir George Neville, Jr., 1471-1535, 3rd Baron Abergavenny.
9. Lady Mary Neville, m. Sir Thomas Fiennes, Jr., 9th Lord Dacre, beheaded 1541.
10. Lady Margaret Fiennes, Baroness Dacre, 1540-1611, m. Sampson Leonard, grandparents of James Leonard of Taunton.

Our Second Stafford Line

1. Ralph, Earl of Stafford, K. G., d. 1372, great great grandson of Robert, Standard Bearer of Conquest.
2. Hugh de Stafford, 2nd Earl of Stafford, d. 1386, m. Lady Philippa Beauchamp, d. 1363.
3. Lady Margaret Stafford, m. Sir Ralph Neville, K. G. of Raby, Earl of Westmoreland 1399.
4. Lady Philippa Neville, m. Thomas, 6th Lord Dacre, of Gylisland.
5. Hon. Thomas Dacre, m. Elizabeth, dau. of Richard Bowers, England.
6. Lady Joan Dacre, Baroness, m. Sir Richard Fiennes, d. 1484, 7th Lord Dacre, Kings Council.
7. Sir Thomas Fiennes, Sr., 1471-1534, 8th Lord Dacre, m. Lady Anne, dau. Sir Humphrey Bouchier.
8. Sir Thomas Fiennes, Jr., beheaded 1541, 9th Lord Dacre, m. Lady Mary Neville, dau. Mary Stafford.
9. Lady Margaret Fiennes, 1540-1611, Baroness Dacre of Hurstmonceaux Castle, m. Sampson Leonard. Grandparents of James Leonard of Taunton.

Our Sturtevant Line

1. Samuel Sturtevant (1), b. Eng. 1622, at Plymouth 1642 or 1643 Surveyor of Highways.

2. Dea. Samuel Sturtevant, 1652-1736, age 83, m. Mary, 8 ch.; moved to Plympton.
3. Samuel Sturtevant (3), m. Mary Prince; this part of Plympton became Halifax.
4. Samuel Sturtevant (4), b. 1716, m. 1737 Deborah Bryant, Halifax.
5. Lucy Sturtevant, 1754-1834, age 80, m. Hon. Isaac Thompson, 1746-1819.
6. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, m. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853.
7. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

Our First Swift Line—Also Spelled Swyft

1. William Swift, Sr., b. Bocking, Essex Co., Eng., d. 1643, m. Joane, came to Sandwich 1630-4.
2. William Swift, Jr., d. 1705, m. Ruth, 11 ch., lived in Sandwich.
3. Ephraim Swift, 1656-1742, m. Sarah, 7 ch., lived in Sandwich.
4. Joanna Swift, 4th child, b. 1683, m. 1708 Dea. Roger Haskell, lived in lily-patch house in Rochester.
5. Elder Mark Haskell, 1709-1785, m. Abiah Leonard Nelson, 1707-1791, Hay Hall.
6. Zebulon Haskell, youngest son, 1747-1820, m. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, Hay Hall.
7. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. 1808 Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835.

NOTE: *Some children of William and Ruth Swift were Hannah m. Tobey, Mary m. Perry, Jireh m. Abigail Gibbs, Josiah m. Bodfish, Temperance m. Timothy Bourne, Esther m. Gibbs, Dinah m. Perry.*

Some children of Ephraim and Sarah Swift were Elizabeth m. Lawrence, Samuel m. Ruth Hatch, Sarah m. Kirby, Hannah m. Marshall, Moses m. Mary Foster.

Our Second Swift Line

1. William Swift, Sr., Bocking, Eng., m. Joane, came to Sandwich 1630-4.
2. William Swift, Jr., d. 1705, m. Ruth, 11 ch., lived in Sandwich.

3. Jireh Swift, Sr., 1665-1749, m. 1st 1694 Abigail Gibbs, Wareham, lived in New Bedford.
4. Jireh Swift, Jr., 1709-1782, m. 1st Deborah Hathaway, 1711-1794, buried Acushnet.
5. Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763, age 30, Dartmouth, m. Elizabeth Bourne.
6. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, age 73, Hay Hall.
7. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. 1808 Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835.
8. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 James M. Leonard, 1810-1880.

NOTE: *The Swifts have a coat of arms. The long line of Jireh Swifts was still in New Bedford in* 1898.

Our Thomas Line

1. David Thomas, d. 1689, came on Sampson 1640, wife Joanna, orig. prop. Middleboro.
2. Edward Thomas, 1669-1726, first child's birth in Middleboro records wife Barrows.
3. Noah Thomas, 1709-1758, age 49, m. Mary Alden, 1712-1787, Middleboro.
4. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1823, age 73, m. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833, age 82.
5. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, m. 1807 Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, Bridgewater.
6. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, from Rochester.

The Cephas Thompson Line

1. Capt. John Thompson, 1616-1696, m. Mary Cooke, 1626-1714, settled in Middleboro.
2. Jacob Thompson, 1662-1726, m. Abigail Wadsworth, 1670-1744, lived in old Thompson house.
3. Caleb Thompson, m. Abigail Crossman, 1714-1791, lived in old Thompson house.
4. William Thompson, m. Deborah Sturtevant, sister of Lucy, our great grandmother.
5. Cephas Thompson, m. 1st Olive Leonard, our great-aunt, m. 2nd Lucy Thompson, our great-aunt.

Our Isaac Thompson Line

1. Capt. John Thompson, b. 1616 in northern part of Wales, d. 1696, came to Plymouth 1622, m. Mary Cooke, 1626-1714.
2. John Thompson, Jr., 1648-1725, m. Mary Tinkham, granddaughter of Peter Browne.
3. Shubael Thompson, 1685-1734, age 47, m. 1713 Susanna Parler, d. same month as husband.
4. John Thompson, 1717-1766, age 49, m. Lydia Wood, descendant of John Billington.
5. Hon. Isaac Thompson, 1746-1819, m. Lucy Sturtevant, 1754-1834, 10 ch.
6. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, m. 1808 Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853.
7. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

Our Nancy Thompson Line

1. Capt. John Thompson, 1616-1696, from Wales, came when 5 years old with mother to Plymouth, m. Mary Cooke.
2. Jacob Thompson, 1662-1726, m. Abigail Wadsworth, 1670-1744.
3. Caleb Thompson, m. Abigail Crossman, 1714-1791, lived in Middleboro.
4. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833, age 82, m. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1823.
5. Nancy Thompson, 1884-1863, m. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, Bridgewater.
6. James Madison Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

NOTE: *The examination of the above tables will show that two of our grandparents are of Welsh extraction, therefore we may claim to be in reality as much Welsh as we are English from the standpoint of heredity. This should be considered a high honor. Our ancestor, John Thompson, was from the North of Wales inhabited by the descendants of the original ancient Britons driven into their mountain fastnesses around Snowdon by encroaching tribes. There these slow, strong dark-complexioned people, the brood of*

the eagle and the wolf, developed their grand national type in "The silent and majestic solitude of the mountains." Wales is the home of high ideals, of self sacrifice, of devotion to the cause of peace and justice, as well as the home of the bard, of the passion for beauty, and Nature. Wales is the home of liberty and of a pure and spiritual type of natural religion lacking in most of the other parts of the old world. No wonder that the Welsh were lofty patriots in their love of their mountain country, nor can we escape the thrill of romance of knowing that we are strongly marked by heredity in the Welsh strain of blood.

Our First Tilley Line

1. John Tilley, silk manufacturer at Leyden 1609-1620, m. 1st dau. John Carver.
2. Elizabeth Tilley, 1607-1687, m. John Howland, d. 1672, both Mayflower Pilgrims.
3. Desire Howland, m. Capt. John Gorham, Sr., 1620-1676, b. Eng., died of exposure in Indian campaign.
4. Lieut. Col. John Gorham, Jr., 1651-1716, commander whale-boat fleet, m. Mary Otis.
5. Mary Gorham, b. 1680, m. Joseph Hinckley, wealthy Cape Cod family.
6. Nancy Hinckley, m. John Bourne, a descendant of Hope Howland, Desire's sister.
7. Elizabeth Bourne, b. 1731, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1730-1763, age 33.
8. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, Hay Hall.
9. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. 1808 Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835.
10. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 Dea. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880.

NOTE: *Capt. John Gorham moved to Marshfield* 1646, *then to Yarmouth* 1652, *d. and buried at Swansea. His son is buried in Barnstable.*

Our Second Tilley Line

1. John Tilley, Mayflower Pilgrim, d. 1621, m. 1st dau. of Gov. Carver and Katherine Robinson.
2. Elizabeth Tilley, 1607-1687, m. John Howland, came on

Mayflower with father.

3. Hope Howland, m. Elder John Chipman, 1621-1708, came to Am. 1637.
4. Desire Chipman, 1673-1705, m. 1692 Hon. Melatiah Bourne, 1673-1743.
5. John Bourne, b. 1698, m. 1722 Mercy Hinckley, b. 1707.
6. Elizabeth Bourne Falmouth, m. 1st Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1732-1763.
7. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, Hay Hall.
8. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. 1808 Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835.
9. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 Dea. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880.

NOTE: *John Tilley's first wife died in Holland. He came on the Mayflower with his second wife, Bridget Vandevelde, and his daughter, Elizabeth, child of the first wife and granddaughter of the Carvers.*

Our Wadsworth Line

1. Christopher Wadsworth from Yorkshire, Eng., settled in Duxbury, orig. prop. Bridgewater.
2. Dea. John Wadsworth, 1638-1700, b. Duxbury, m. Abigail Andrews, 1647-1723.
3. Abigail Wadsworth, 1670-1744, m. Jacob Thompson, 1662-1726, of Middleboro.
4. Caleb Thompson, m. Abigail Crossman of Taunton, 1714-1791.
5. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833, m. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1823, Middleboro.
6. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, m. 1807 Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840.
7. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

NOTE: *The Wadsworth family had armorial bearings, a globe of the world with winged eagle rising on it and three fleur-de-lis. Christopher Wadsworth in* 1636 *was one of a committee to revise the ordinances of Plymouth Colony.*

Our Warren Line

1. Richard Warren, of Mayflower, d. Plymouth, 1628 m.

Elizabeth Jowett with pedigree.

2. Sarah Warren, came with mother on Anne, 1623 m. John Cook of Mayflower.
3. Sarah Cooke, m. Arthur Hathaway who came to Am. 1630, inherited land at Dartmouth.
4. Jonathan Hathaway, 1671-1727, m. 1710 Susanna Pope, 1681-1760, 10 ch.
5. Deborah Hathaway, 1711-1782, m. Jireh Swift, 1709--1782, buried Acushnet, 8 ch.
6. Capt. Jonathan Swift, 1732-1763, age 30, m. Elizabeth Bourne, of Falmouth.
7. Abigail Swift, 1757-1811, m. Zebulon Haskell, 1747-1820, lived at Hay Hall.
8. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853, m. 1808 Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835.
9. Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, m. 1842 James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, Bridgewater.

NOTE: *Richard Warren was a useful instrument and bore a deep share in the difficulties and troubles of Plymouth Colony. His descendant, Capt. Judah Hathaway, of Rochester, saw his whole ship, Allematia, burned before his eyes by the Pirate, Alabama. He spent two days in irons on the Alabama, later landed on Western Islands.*

Our Watson Line

1. Robert Watson and wife Elizabeth came to Plymouth from Eng. 1632 with 3 sons.
2. George Watson, b. Eng., m. Phoebe Hicks, dau. Robert Hicks, Pilgrim of Fortune.
3. Mary Watson, 1642-1723, m. Judge Thomas Leonard, 1641-1713.

From here consult 1st James Leonard line.

NOTE: *The Watsons were a prominent Plymouth family.*

Our First White Line

1. Lydia White, m. Thomas Leonard, Pontipool, Eng.
2. James Leonard, m. Mary Martin, established 1652 iron works at Taunton.
3. Capt. James Leonard, b. Pontipool 1645, m. 2nd Lydia Gulliver; built house of 7 gables, Raynham.
4. Elizabeth Leonard, 1694-1750, m. Capt. Joseph Hall

(2), of Taunton.

5. Dea. Joseph Hall (3), 1720-1807, m. Mary Andrews, 1724-1814, 7 ch.
6. Mary Hall, 1750-1839, m. 1770 Capt. David Leonard, 1734-1813, Bridgewater.
7. Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, m. 1807 Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863.
8. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892.

Our Second White Line

1. Thomas White, 1599-1679, m. Weymouth 1636, Representative 1657 and 1670.
2. Capt. Ebenezer White, m. Hannah Phillips of Dedham, lived in Weymouth.
3. Hannah White, 1681-1732, m. John Alden, grandson of Pilgrim, 1674-1730.
4. Mary Alden, 1712-1787, m. Noah Thomas, 1709-1758, Middleboro.
5. Hannah Thomas, 1759-1823, born after father's death, m. Nathaniel Thompson, 1750-1833.
6. Nancy Thompson, 1784-1863, m. 1807 Caleb F. Leonard, 1778-1840, Bridgewater.
7. James M. Leonard, 1810-1880, m. 1842 Jane Thompson, 1819-1892, Bridgewater.

Our Wood Line

1. Henry Wood, born England, m. Abigail Jenny, dau. Hon. John Jenny.
2. Abiel Wood, 1658-1719, age 61, m. Bowen.
3. Elnathan Wood, 1684-1752, m. 1st 1712 Mary Billington.
4. Lydia Wood, 1722-1761, age 38, m. John Thompson, 1717-1766, Middleboro.
5. Hon. Isaac Thompson, 1746-1819, m. Lucy Sturtevant, 1754-1834.
6. Dea. Isaac Thompson, 1781-1835, m. Abiah Haskell, 1779-1853.
7. Jane Thompson, 1819-1898, m. 1842 James M. Leonard, 1810-1880.

NOTE: *Henry Wood was one of the early Separatists, who*

with three others bought for $16,000 *a lot on Klok St., Leyden, Holland, measuring* 25 *feet on the street and* 125 *feet in length, which became the home of Pastor John Robinson combined with a place of worship for the congregation. It is now marked with a marble slab.*

And all is well, tho faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm.

. . . .

The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

O, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God has made the pile complete;

. . . .

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

There shall be one fold and one shepherd.

JESUS.

Epilogue

The foregoing chapters are essentially the story of pioneers in new lands or new thinking. A similar group of pioneers in religion is portrayed in the following extracts from an oration delivered at an interstate oratorical contest at Madison, Wis., by the delegate from Ohio, Herbert Delos Goodenough of the class of 1877, Oberlin College. It was printed in the Oberlin Review of May 23, 1877.

THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS

History and philosophy both prove that doubt is weakness. When the spirit of negation broods over the world conscience is lulled to sleep, vice holds open carnival. It is the old story of Laocoon crushing in its serpent coils Truth, Faith and Hope. Positive belief is strength.

The wildest scene that Edinburg ever witnessed, the grandest and most important in its results, was the signing of the Covenant on the last day of February, 1638. The wintry sun that rose late and cold, saw hurrying crowds pouring along the streets toward Grayfriars Churchyard. Surrounded by the graves of their fathers, the wind whistling around the old Gothic Church, they see nothing, they hear nothing but their gray-haired pastor reading the Confession of Faith. See the stern conviction in those weather-beaten faces! Listen! He is reading the Covenant to which their fathers had sworn when Mary was plotting against Protestantism, and Spain was preparing its Armada, and now he reads "We promise and swear by the name of the Lord our God to continue in obedience to our religion, and to defend it to the utmost of our powers all the days of our life."

Look! What wild tumultuous joy and enthusiasm! How they crowd forward to sign their names. Some weeping, some laughing, some shouting, they sign. The sun goes down and still they wait. They sign their names with their own blood, and add the words "till death." Far into the wintry night they wait till every corner of the parchment is filled. The enthusiasm spreads from Edinburg to Glasgow,

from Dumfries to Aberdeen, and in a day Scotland is a nation of Covenanters.

Thus was formed the great party which through fifty years fought the fight of religious liberty against the Stuarts, whose martyrs sleep on desolate moor and in wild glen. A closer analysis reveals character before whose moral grandeur the faults and foibles of the Covenanters sink out of sight. The first element in that character is stern, stubborn independence. The spirit of freedom came with their own mountain breezes, and the fierce conflict between the clans and the long struggle under Wallace and Bruce.

The second element in the character of the Covenanters is their unyielding adherance to the dictates of conscience. This is seen first of all in the persecutions which they have endured. Driven out of their churches, they hold meetings in the open air. Their only cathedral is the mountain chasm, whose walls are the eternal cliffs, and the blue sky its roof. Cave and glen are their temples, and the mountain stream their baptismal font. No moorland is too desolate, no morass too deep, no cave too dark, if there they may worship God according to their Conscience.

Weak women vie with strong men in patient endurance. On the beach of Solway Firth stands a young girl of eighteen bound to a stake. A little distance from her and nearer the advancing tide is an aged woman, around whose furrowed cheek the gray hairs of three score years are falling. Both are offered life if they will abjure the Covenant. No; they will not! The tide creeps on; hungrily, greedily, remorselessly on comes the sea; whispering, laughing, exulting, up, up, up, and gray hair, and furrowed cheek and aged head are its victim. The young girl sees the waves advancing. She prays and sings psalms. She gazes on the dying struggles of her companion; her cheek is not blanched. The beautiful sky, never so beautiful as on that bright May morning, the dear hills and lakes and valleys—never so dear as now—are in sight. She falters not. Loved ones call to her "Margaret, dear Margaret, only say God save the King!" "God save him if it be God's Will," she answers. "Will you renounce the Covenant?" asks the presiding officer?" "Never, I am Christ's. Let me go." And the

waves close over the young martyr.

O conscience, mysterious voice of God, thou doest make heroes of the frailest of thy followers!

The Scottish Covenanters did their work and the generations after them are enjoying its fruits. It has stamped upon the Scottish nation their strong grand character, that rough rugged honesty which we cannot but admire. Peer and peasant alike reveal it; palace and cottage are its abode "From scenes like this old Scotia's grandeur springs." Their monument shall be one of their own everlasting hills, fire-tested, bleak and bare and huge it lifts its solitary head six hundred feet in air. Against its eternal foundations the waves of ocean beat, but beat in vain. Away up on its lofty summit, like a stern ruler sits a lordly castle. Turret and tower and chapel point heavenward. Cannon and magazine darkly frown on sea and lake and hill. Dark and gloomy, but awfully grand and impressive in its stately solitude stands the rock and castle of Dumbarton. Be this a fitting monument to the character of the Scottish Covenanters. On its eternal foundations shall be inscribed "Conscience." "Independence" shall be chiselled on its fire tried rock. "Zeal" shall glow on cannon and magazine. And high over all on turret and watch tower and chapel shall be written "Devotion to God."

Pioneers

By an unknown writer, in the heart of Australia

We shall not travel by the road we make:
Ere day by day the sound of many feet
Is heard upon the stones that now we break,
We shall be come to where the cross-roads meet.

For them the shade of trees that now we plant,
The safe, smooth journey and the final goal,
Yea, birthright in the land of covenant—
For us day labor, travail of the soul.

And yet the road is ours as never theirs!
Is not one joy on us alone bestowed?
For us the Master-Joy, O Pioneers—
We shall not travel, but we make the Road.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 06662 436 0